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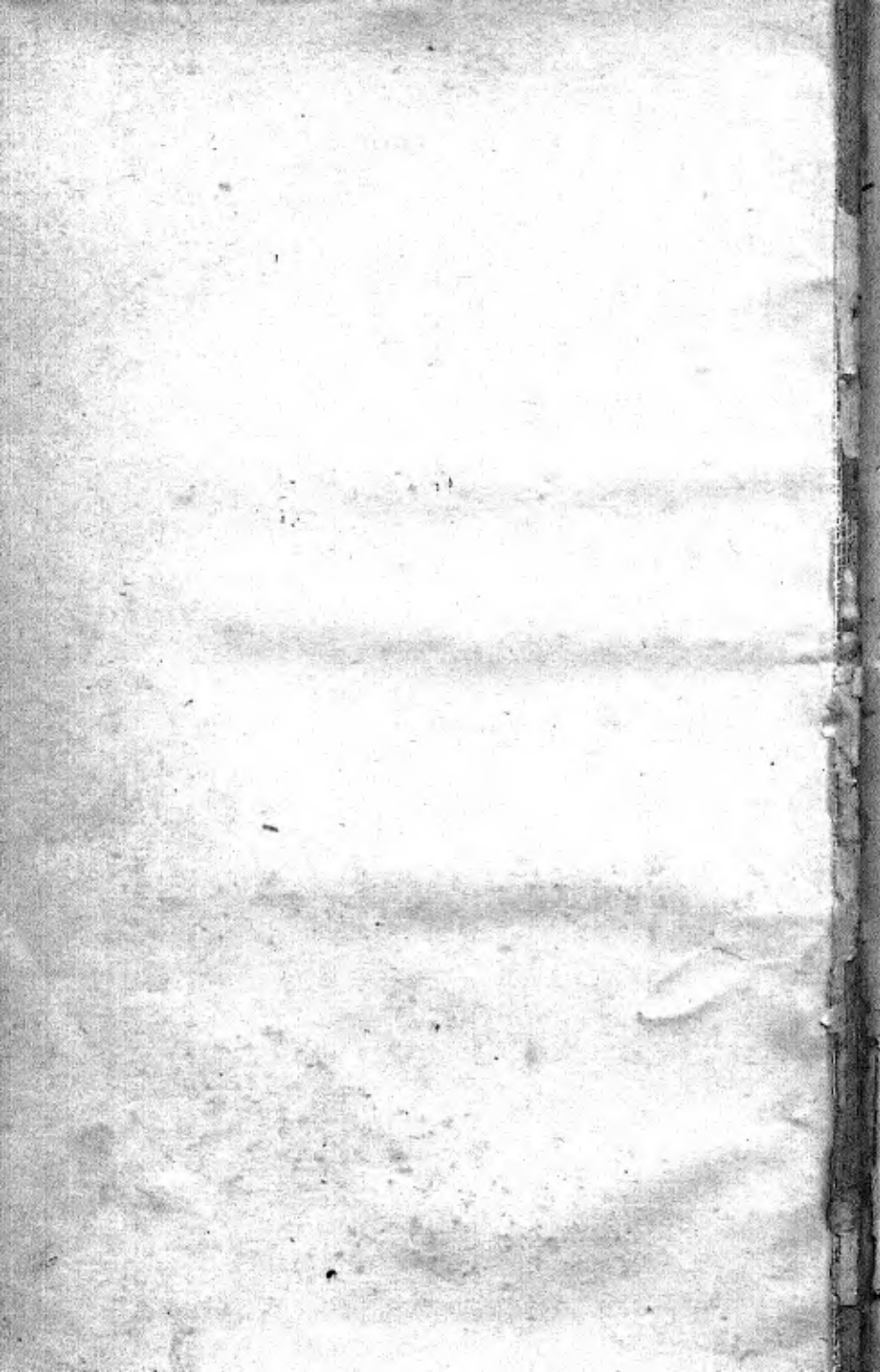
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संवत् सोरह सै इकतीसा  
करो कथा हरि पद धरि सोसा

सुनत अवन पादुय विश्रामा  
होइ सुखी जे इहि सर परहो

राम चरित मानस यह नामा  
मन करि विषय अनलबन जरी



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THE

# RAMAYANA

OF

## TULSI DÁS

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HINDI  
BY  
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"The Rámáyan of Tulsi Dás is more popular and more honoured by the people of the North Western Provinces than the Bible is by the corresponding classes in England."  
GRIFFITH.

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कहिहि हि सुनिहि समभसवेता  
कहिमलरहि तसुमगलभागी

जो यह कथा सनेह समेता  
होइहि राम चरन अनुगणी



संवत् सोरह सै प्रसी प्रसी शंग के तीर  
आवण शुक्रामनमी तुलशी तज्यो शरीर



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# THE RĀMĀYANA

OF  
TULSI DĀS.

BOOK II.

## AYODHYĀ.

*Sanskrit Invocation.*

MAY he on whose left side shines resplendent the daughter of the mountain-king ; on whose head is the river of the gods ; on whose brow the crescent moon ; on whose throat the poison-stain ; on whose breast a huge snake ; whose adornments are streaks of ashes ; the chief of divinities ; the eternal lord of all ; the complete, the omnipresent, the moon-like Siva, the holy Śankara ; may he protect me.

May he who neither rejoiced when anointed king, nor was saddened by painful exile in the woods ; the holy son of Raghu of the lotus face ; may he ever vouchsafe to me success and prosperity. Him I adore, with his body dark and soft as the lotus, with Sīta enthroned on his left side, with graceful bow and arrows in hand, even Rāma, the lord of the race of Raghu.

*Doha. 1.*

Cleansing the mirror of my soul with the sand from the lotus feet of the holy *guru*, I sing Rāma's spotless fame, the giver of all good things.

*Chaupai.*

From the time that Rāma returned home with his bride there was a constant succession of joys and delights. The fourteen spheres were like the great mountains, where clouds of virtue fall in showers of happiness ; wealth, affluence and prosperity were bounteous rivers, which overflowed into Avadh as into the ocean ; while the noble citizens, men and women alike, were its brilliant pearls, all precious and of per-

fect beauty. The magnificence of the capital was beyond description, it seemed the *chief d'œuvre* of the Creator. Gazing on Rámchandra's moon-like face, the people were perfectly happy; the queens and all their attendants were enraptured to see their heart's desire bear fruit; and still more enraptured was the king, as he heard tell and saw for himself Ráma's beauty and accomplishments and amiability.

*Dohá 2.*

In every heart was one desire, which they expressed in their prayers to Mahádeva: "O that the king in his own lifetime would entrust Ráma with the regency."

*Chaupái.*

One day the monarch sat enthroned in court with all his nobles. Himself the incarnation of every virtue, he was delighted beyond measure to hear of Ráma's renown. All kings were solicitous for his patronage, and the very gods desired his friendship. No man so blest as Dasarath in the three spheres of the universe, or in all time—past, present or to come. Words fail to describe his blessedness, who had for his son Ráma, the source of every bliss. The king happened to take a mirror in his hand, and looking at his face in it set his crown straight. Close to his ear was a white hair like old age whispering:—"O king, make Ráma regent, and thus accomplish the purpose of your life."

*Dohá 3.*

Having thus considered and settled it in his mind, the king on an auspicious day and at a fitting time, his body quivering with emotion and his soul full of joy, went and declared his purpose to his *guru*.

*Chaupái.*

Said the king: Hearken, great saint; Ráma is now perfect in every accomplishment. Servants, ministers, the whole body of citizens, whether my enemies or friends or indifferent to me, all hold Ráma as dear as even I do, and regard him

as a glorious incarnation of my lord's blessing. The Bráhmans and their families, reverend sir, have the same love for him as you have. They, who put on their head the dust from the feet of their spiritual father, obtain as it were the mastery over all dominion. There is no man my equal ; but all that I have flows from the worship of your holy feet. I have now a desire at heart ; it can only be accomplished, my lord, by your good favour." The saint was pleased to witness his sincere devotion and said: " O king give me your commands.

*Doha 4.*

Your name and glory, sire, provide for every wish ; on every desire of your soul, O jewel of kings, success follows naturally."

*Chaupái.*

When he saw the *guru* so amiably disposed, the king replied smilingly in gentle tones : " My lord, invest Ráma with regal powers ; be pleased to direct the necessary arrangements to be made. Let this happy event take place in my lifetime, that the eyes of all people may be gladdened by the sight. By my lord's blessing Siva has brought everything happily to pass, but I have still this one desire at heart. It will then be a matter of no concern whether I remain in the body or depart hence, if I have nothing on this score whereof, to repent." When the saint heard Dasarath's noble words, he experienced the greatest delight : " Harken, O king ; the lord whose averted face all creatures lament, and to whom one must pray for removal of all distress, has been born your son even the holy and compassionate Ráma.

*Dohá 5.*

Quick, O king, let there be no delay, but at once make all the preparations : happy and auspicious indeed the day when Ráma is proclaimed regent."

*Chaupái.*

The glad king proceeded to the palace and summoned his

servant, the minister Sumanta. He bowed the head, crying 'All hail,' and the king then declared to him the glad news : "To-day to my great joy the *guru* has charged me to install Râma as heir to the throne. If the proposal seems good to the council, prepare with gladness to impress the royal mark on Râma's brow." The minister was rejoiced to hear these gracious words, which fell like a shower of rain on the young plant of his desire. With clasped hands he made his petition : "O lord of the world, live for ever; the deed you propose is good and beneficent; haste, my lord, let us have no delay." The king was delighted by his minister's assent, like a creeper that spreads apace when it has once clasped a strong bough.

*Dohâ 6.*

Said the king: "Whatever orders the saint may give with regard to Râma's coronation, see that you perform with all speed,"

*Chaupâi.*

In gentle accents the glad saint spoke and said: "Bring water from all holy places, and all kinds of herbs, roots, fruits and flowers (enumerating by name every auspicious variety) with *chauries* of different sizes and apparel of all sorts, both of wool and silk and every other material, with jewels and all the auspicious things that there are in the world, that are fit for a king's installation." Then after repeating all the forms prescribed in the Veda, he said: "Erect in the city a number of pavilions, and plant the streets in every quarter with fruit-bearing<sup>1</sup> mangoes and trees of betel-nut and plantains, and fashion bright and beautiful jewelled squares, and have all the bazârs speedily decorated, and do reverence to Ganes and your *guru* and your family god, and diligently serve the Brâhmans.

1. For *sa-phal*, 'fruit-bearing,' some MSS. read *panas*, 'the jack-fruit or *Artocarpus integrifolia*.'

*Dohà 7.*

Make ready flags and banners and wreaths and vases, horses too, and chariots and elephants." All were obedient, to the holy sage's words and busied themselves each in his own special work.

*Chaupái.*

Whatever the order that any one had been given by the saint, that he regarded as the very first thing to be done. The king worships Bráhmans, saints and gods, and does everything to promote Ráma's prosperity. On hearing the glad news of Ráma's installation, all Avadh resounded with songs of jubilee. Good omens declared themselves in the body, both of Ráma and Síta by a sudden quiver of the lucky side, and they said affectionately to one another: "This betoken, Bharat's return. We have greatly missed him for many a long day. This good sign assures us of a friend's approach, and in the whole world there is no friend so dear to us as Bharat: this good omen can have but one meaning." Every day Ráma is as lovingly anxious about his brother as a turtle for its eggs in the sand far away.

*Dohá 8.*

At that time the ladies of the court were as delighted to hear these most glad tidings as the waves of ocean swell with joy on beholding the moon in its glory.

*Chaupái.*

First they took care that those who brought the news were richly guerdoned with jewels and robes; then with a body all quivering with emotion and soul full of love, they proceeded to make all festal preparations. Samitrá filled in a lovely square with exquisite gems of every kind; Ráma's mother, drowned in joy, sent for a crowd of Bráhmans and loaded them with gifts; then worshipped the local divinity and the gods and the serpents, and vowed them future sacrifices, praying: "In your mercy grant me this boon, that

Rāma prosper." Auspicious strains are chanted by moon-faced, fawn-eyed damsels, with voice sweet as that of the *koil*.

*Dohá 9.*

On hearing of Rāma's installation, all good women were glad of heart and began diligently to make festal preparations, thinking God to be gracious to them.

*Chaupái.*

Then the monarch summoned Vasishtha and sent him to Rāma's apartments to inform him of the coming event. When Raghunāth heard of the *guru's* approach, he came to the door and bowed his head at his feet, and after reverently sprinkling lustral water, conducted him in and paid him honour in the sixteen<sup>1</sup> prescribed modes. Then after again with Síta clasping his feet, Rāma thus spoke, with his lotus hands folded in prayer: "For a lord to visit his servant's house is a source of great joy, a cure for all distress; yet it had been more fitting, sir, and more in accordance with custom, had you kindly sent to say you wanted me. Since my lord has graciously waived his prerogative, my house has to-day become highly blest. Let me know, holy father, what are your orders; it is for a servant to do his master service.

*Dohá 10.*

On hearing these affectionate words the saint extolled Raghubír: "O Rāma, glory of the Solar race, it is like you to speak thus."

1 The 16 modes of showing honour are as follows: (1) *āsina*, a seat; (2) *argha*, lustral water; (3) *pádyā*, water for the feet; (4) *snán*, a bath; (5) *āchaman*, water for rinsing the mouth; (6) *gandhākhṣat*, perfumes and rice, the former only being offered to Vishnu, the latter to Mahādev; (7) *vastra*, raiment; (8) *dhūp*, incense; (9) *dīp*, lights; (10) *naivedya*, temple offerings; (11) *mukhahasta-jal*, water for the face and hands; (12) *tāmṇūla*, betel-leaf; (13) *yuga-phal*, betel-nut; (14) *dakṣhinā*, a gift; (15) *pradakṣhinā*, circumambulation; and (16) *nirājān*, lustration. As some of these ceremonies take place at the reception of a guest and some at his departure, they would never be all performed at once. But here, as in many other parallel phrases, a definite number, the highest that could under any circumstances be predicated of the subject, is used to express merely the general idea of completeness.

*Chaupái.*

After eulogizing Ráma's high qualifications and amiable character, the great saint with much emotion explained : "The king has prepared for a royal installation, and wishes to confer upon you the dignity of regent. To-day, Ráma, you should devote yourself to practices of devotion, that God may bring the matter to a happy issue." Having thus admonished him, the *guru* returned to the king; while Ráma's heart was all amazement: "My brothers and I were all born together, and together have we ate and slept and played in childhood; the piercing of our ears, the investiture with the sacred thread, our marriage, in short all our rejoicings have taken place together. This is the one flaw in a spotless line that the eldest only should be enthroned without his younger brothers." These gracious regrets on the part of the lord remove all unworthy suspicion from the mind of his votaries.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 11.*

Then came Lakshman, full of love and joy, and was welcomed with words of affection by the moon of the lily-like Solar race.

*Chaupái.*

There was a noise of music of every kind, and the delight of the city was beyond description. All prayed for Bharat's return, that he might come quickly and like them enjoy the spectacle. In every street and lane and house and market and place of resort, men and women were saying to one another: "When will to-morrow come and the auspicious moment in which God will accomplish our desire; when, with Síta by his side, Ráma will take his seat on the golden throne and all our wishes be gratified." They were all saying: "When will to-morrow come?" But the envious gods prayed that difficulties might arise; the rejoicings at Avadh

<sup>1</sup> If Ráma had at once and gladly accepted the proffered dignity, it might have been urged by objectors that he had taken an unfair advantage of his brother Bharat's absence.

pleased them as little as a moonlight night pleases a thief. So they humbly called in Sáradá and again and again threw themselves at her feet :

*Dohá 12.*

"O mother, regard our great distress and make haste to relieve it. If Ráma refuses the throne and retires into the forest, all will be well with us."

*Chaupái.*

On hearing this prayer of the gods, she stood still thinking sadly: "I am like a winter's night to a bed of lótu-ses." The gods seeing her hesitate cried yet once more: "O mother, not the least blame will attach to you; for Raghu-ráo—you know his nature well—is exempt from sorrow as from joy; and (as for his people) they, like all other creatures, have their share in pain or pleasure, under the law of necessity: go therefore to Avadh and befriend us gods." Time after time they clasped her feet, till she yielded and went, though still thinking to herself: "the gods are a mean-spirited crew; though they dwell on high, their acts are low; and they cannot endure to see another's prosperity." Again reflecting on the future, that the ablest poets would do her will,<sup>1</sup> she became cheerful of heart and flew to the city of Dasarath, as it were some intolerably inauspicious aspect of the planets.

*Dohá 13.*

Now Kaikeyi had a wicked handmaid, by name Manthará. Her ideas Sáradá first distorted and made her a very storehouse of meanness and then went her way.

*Chaupái.*

When Manthará saw the preparations in the city, the joyous festivities, the music and the singing, she asked the people: "What mean these rejoicings?" When she heard of

<sup>1</sup> If Ráma goes into exile, his adventures will form an inexhaustible theme for the poets of all time, who will therefore be always invoking my aid and propitiating my god will.

Ráma's inauguration, her soul was afire and she plotted, wicked wretch that she was, how that very night to defeat it; like a crafty hillwoman, who has spied a honeycomb hanging from a tree and schemes how to get hold of it. So she went crying to Bharat's mother. "What is wrong now?" the queen smiled and said. She gave no answer, but drew a deep sigh and, like a woman, began shedding a flood of tears. Said the queen laughing: "You were always an impudent girl, and Lakshman, I suspect, has been giving you a lesson." Still the wicked handmaid said not a word, but breathed hard like some venomous serpent.

*Dohá 14.*

Said the queen with a nervous smile: "Is Ráma not well, or the king, or Bharat, or Lakshman, or Satrugna?" These words tortured the heart of the hump-backed girl.<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupái.*

"Why, O lady, should any one give me a lesson, and who is there to encourage me in any impudence? With whom again is it well to-day if not with Ráma, whom the king is now associating with himself on the throne? God has been very gracious to Kausalyá; and after seeing her, who else can have any pride left? Why not go and see all the magnificence, the sight of which has so agitated me? Your son is away and you take no heed, making sure of your influence with the king, and not observing his treachery and wiliness so drowsy are you and so anxious for your bed and pillow." On hearing this affectionate address, the queen—who knew well her froward mind—cried: "Peace, have done. If you speak to me again in this way, you mischief-maker, I will have your tongue pulled out."

*Dohá 15.*

But remembering that the one-eyed, the lame and the hump-backed are ever vicious and vile, more especially if

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<sup>1</sup> Because the fact that the queen asked first of all about Ráma's welfare showed her intense love for him.

they be women to boot, and slaves, Bharat's mother smiled and added:

*Chaupái.*

"I have only given you kind advice and am not the least bit angry. If what you say is true, it is the best and happiest of days. It has ever been the custom in the Solar race that the eldest-born should be the lord, and the younger brothers his servants. If Ráma is really to be crowned to-morrow, ask of me, girl, what you will and I will give it you. There is no difference between Kausalyá and the other royal mothers. Ráma is equally fond of all: in fact he has a special affection for me, as I have often tested. If I am born again, God in his goodness grant that Ráma and Síta be again my son and daughter ! Ráma is dearer to me than life; why then should you be troubled at his being crowned king?

*Doha 16.*

I adjure you in Bharat's name, tell me the truth without any fraud or concealment ; declare to me the reason why you are in distress at such a time of gladness."

*Chaupái.*

"I have been satisfied once already ; have I a second tongue that I should speak again ? I deserve to have my head broken on the funeral pile, wretch that I am, since I pain you by my well-meant words. Those who make the false appear true are the people who please you, my lady ; while I offend you. Henceforth I too will speak only as my mistress pleases, or else will remain silent day and night. God has given me a deformed body and made me a slave : we must all reap as we have sown and take as we have given. Whoever is king, what do I lose ? Shall I cease to be a servant and become a queen ? It is only my worthless character that I cannot bear to see your disgrace, and hence I gave utterance to a word or two ; but pardon me, mistress, it was a great fault on my part.

*Dohá 17.*

On hearing these affectionate words, so deep and crafty, the queen, being only a weak-minded woman and under the influence of a divine delusion, really believed her enemy to be a friend.

*Chaupái.*

Again and again in kindly terms she questioned her, like a fawn bewitched by the song of a huntress. Her reason veered as fate would have it so ; and the slave-girl rejoiced at the success of her scheme : "You ask, but I am afraid to reply, now that you have given me the name of mischief-maker ;" thus spoke the malignant star<sup>1</sup> of Avadh, trimming and fashioning her speech in every way to win confidence : "You spoke, O queen, of Síta and Ráma as your friends ; and true enough Ráma did love you once, but now those days are past ; in time friends become foes. The sun invigorates the lotus, but burns it to ashes if it have no water : the rival queen would tear you up by the root : take care of your garden and hedge it about.

*Dohá 18.*

Thinking yourself the king's favourite and that he is quite in your power, you notice nothing ; but however fair his words, his heart is black ; but you are so good-natured.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma's mother, on the contrary, is deep and crafty ; and having found the means has played her own game. The king has sent away Bharat to his grandmother's by her suggestion, and because he is your son ; for she said all the other queens are well disposed to me, but Bharat's mother presumes on her influence with her lord. You, lady, are the thorn in Kausalyá's side ; she is too deep and crafty for you to fathom ; the king has greater love for you than for any one else, and like a rival she cannot bear to see it. For her own ends she has worked upon the king and got him to fix

1 *Sírh-súti*, literally '7½,' is a name for the malignant star Saturn, one of whose revolutions occupies a period of 7½ years.

a day for Ráma's inauguration. Now Ráma's promotion is a good thing for the family : all are pleased at it, and I too like it well. But I am alarmed when I consider the consequences ; heaven make them recoil on her own head ! ”

*Dohá* 19.

With innumerable crafty devices she planned her cunning tale, telling story after story of jealous wives, whereby to increase her resentment.

*Chaupái.*

Overmastered by fate, the queen was persuaded at heart, and adjured her by the love she bore her to speak out. “ What is it you would ask ? still do you not understand : even the brute beasts know what is good or bad for them. For the last fortnight the preparations have been going on, and it is only to-day that you learn the news from me. I am clothed and fed in your service, and I must therefore speak the truth at any cost. If I invent a word of falsehood, may God repay me for it ! Should Ráma be crowned to-morrow, God will have sown you a crop of misfortunes. I draw this line on the ground, O lady, and declare most emphatically that you will be like a fly in a milkbowl. If you and your son will submit to be servants, you will be able to stay ; but on no other conditions.

*Dohá* 20.

As Kadru tormented Binatá<sup>1</sup> so will Kausalyá treat you Bharat will be a slave in bonds, under Ráma and Lakhsman.’

*Chaupái.*

When she heard these cutting words, -Kekaya's<sup>2</sup> daughter could say nothing ; she was all in a fever for fear : her limb,

<sup>1</sup> Kadru and Binatá were the two wives of the patriarch Kasyapa, the former being the mother of the serpent race and the latter of the birds. A discussion arose between them regarding the colour of the horses of the sun, Binatá insisting that it was white, and Kadru that it was black. It was agreed that whichever of the two was proved to be in the wrong should become the servant of the other. Kadru then contrived to fasten one of her black snakes on to the horse's back and Binatá, taking it to be the animal's real tail, admitted herself defeated.

<sup>2</sup> The name of Kaikeyi's father was Asva-pati, but he is often called Kekaya from the country over which he ruled, supposed to be part of the Panjáb. The Brahmana of the white Yajur Veda mentions Asva-pati, king of Kekaya, as nearly contemporary with Sita's father, Janak : an interesting act noted by Prof. Monier Williams.

were bathed with perspiration ; and she trembled like a plantain stalk. Then Humpback bit her tongue<sup>1</sup> and with innumerable crafty speeches kept consoling the queen saying 'courage, courage,' till with her ill-teaching she warped her like a seasoned plank, which there is no bending straight again.<sup>2</sup> By a turn of fate the vile became a favourite, as though a beautiful flamingo should flatter an ugly crane. "Hearken, Manthará, your words are true ; my right eye is always throbbing and every night I have some ill dream ; but in my folly I did not tell you. What can I do, friend ? I am such an innocent that I cannot myself tell right from left.

*Dohá 21.*

Up to this day I have never of my own accord done an unkindness to any one : for what offence has heaven all at once put me to such intolerable distress ?

*Chaupái.*

Rather would I go and spend all my days in my father's house than live a servant of a rival wife. Whomever God creates the dependent of an enemy, it is good for him to die rather than live." Many such lamentable speeches did the queen utter, and Humpback, on hearing them, formed a thorough woman's device : "Why speak thus, as though patient of disgrace ? Your honour and wedded joy shall yet increase daily, and may he who has plotted you this misfortune in the end reap the fruit of it himself ? Since your servant, my lady, first heard the bad news, I could neither eat by day or sleep at night. I consulted the astrologers and they declared positively : 'Bharat shall be king, this much is certain.' If, madam, you will only act upon it, I can tell you a way : for the king is under an obligation to you."

*Dohá 22.*

"I would throw myself down a well if you told me to do so, or even abandon my husband and son. Speak, then : you

<sup>1</sup> Meaning probably to remind herself that she must be careful in what she said.

<sup>2</sup> This couplet appears to be an interpolation, as it is said not to be in the Rájapur MS.

see how great is my distress: why should I not do what will be for my good?"

*Chaupái.*

Taking Kaikeyi as a victim for the slaughter, the Humpback whetted the knife of treachery on her heart of stone; and the queen, like a sacrificial beast that nibbles the green sward, saw not the approaching danger. Pleasant to hear, but disastrous in their results, her words were like honey mingled with deadly poison. Says the handmaid: "Do you or do you not, my lady, remember the story you once told me of the two boons promised you by the king? Ask for them now and relieve your soul: the kingdom for your son, banishment to the woods for Ráma; thus shall you triumph over all your rivals. But ask not till the king has sworn by Ráma, so that he may not go back from his word. If you let this night pass it will be too late; give heed to my words with all your heart."

*Dohá 23.*

Said the wretch, having fully contrived her abominable design: "Go to the sulking-room; make all your arrangements circumspectly, and do not yield too readily."

*Chaupái.*

The queen thought Humpback her best friend, and again and again extolled her cleverness, saying: "I have no such friend as you in the whole world: I had been swept away by the flood but for your support. To-morrow if God will fulfil my desire I will cherish you, my dear, as the apple of mine eye." Thus lavishing every term of endearment on her handmaid, Kaikeyi went to the dark room; her evil temper being the soil in which the servant-girl, like the rains, had sown

1 Aforetime Dasarath had marched into the south to Vijayanta, a city in the Dandaka forest, to wage war against its king Timi-dhwaja, or Sambara, who had revolted against Indra. The battle lasted till night, and Dasarath, wounded and senseless, would have been left for dead on the field, had not Kaikeyi taken him up into her chariot, inserting her own arm in the place of its broken axle-tree, and speedily driven him away out of reach of the enemy. The grateful monarch, thus restored to life by his wife's devotion, promised to grant her any two boons she might ask; and she had prudently reserved them both till such time as she might require them.

the seed of calamity, which, watered by treachery, took root and sprouted with the two boons as its leaves, and in the end ruin for its fruit. Gathering about her every token of resentment, she undid her reign by her evil counsel. But meanwhile palace and city were given over to rejoicing, for no one knew of these wicked practices.

*Dohá 24.*

All the citizens in their delight were busied with festive preparations, and the royal hall of audience was crowded with a continuous stream of people passing in and out.

*Chaupái.*

Delighted at the news, not a few of Râma's boyish friends went to congratulate him, and the Lord, sensible of their affection, received them graciously and politely asked of their welfare. At his permission they roam through the palace discussing his praises : "Is there anyone in the whole world so kind and amiable as Raghubír? Whatever future births fate has in store for us, God only grant us this, that we may always be the servants of Síta's lordly spouse : we ask for nothing more." This was the desire of every one in the city ; only Kaikeyi's heart was in a flame ; for who is not spoiled by evil communications ? There is no profit in taking counsel with the vile.

*Dohá 25.*

At eventide the happy king repaired to Kaikeyi's apartments, as it were Love incarnate visiting Obduracy.

*Chaupái.*

He was dismayed when he heard of the chamber of wrath and could scarcely put his feet to the ground for fear. He, under whose mighty arm the Lord of heaven dwells secure, and upon whose favor all monarchs wait, was in a fever at hearing of an angry woman ; see how great is the power of love. The bearers of trident, thunderbolt, and sword are slain by the flowery shafts of Rati's spouse. Anxiously the king approached his beloved and was terribly distressed to see her condition, lying on the ground in old and coarse attire with

all her personal adornments cast away : her wretched appearance according with her wretched design, as if in mourning for her instant widowhood. The king drew near, and asked in gentle tones : " Why are you angry, my heart's delight ?

*Chhand 1.*

Why so angry, my queen ?" and touched her with his hands. She put away her lord and flashed upon him a furious glance like an enraged serpent, with her two wishes for its double tongue, and the boons for fangs, spying out a vulnerable point. Under the influence of fate, says Tulsi, the king took it all as one of love's devices.

*Sorathá 1.*

Again and again the king cried : " Tell me the cause of your anger, O beautiful, bright-eyed dame, with voice as melodious as the *koil*, and gait as valuptuous as the elephant

*Chaupái.*

Who is it, my dear, who has vexed you ? Who is it with a head to spare and so enamoured of death ? Tell me what begger I should make a king, or what king I should banish from his realm. I could slay even an immortal, were he your enemy ; of what account then are any poor worms of men and women ? O my love, you know my sentiments and how my eyes ever turn to your face as the partridge to the moon. O my beloved ! my life, my sun, and everything that I own, my palace, my subjects are all at your disposal. Could I tell you a word of untruth, lady, at least an oath by Ráma must be binding. Ask with a smile whatever you desire ; adorn your lovely person with jewels ; consider within yourself what an hour of torture this is for me, and at once, my darling, put away this unseemly attire."

*Dohá 26.*

On hearing this and considering the greatness of the oath, the wicked queen arose with a smile and resumed her royal attire, like a huntress who sets the snare on marking the chase.

*Chaupái.*

Thinking her reconciled, the king spoke again in soft and winning accents, his whole body quivering with love : " Your heart's desire, lady, has come to pass; there is joy and gladness in every house in the city; to-morrow I give Ráma the rank of Regent; so, my love, make ready for the festival." At the sound of these untoward words she sprang up with a bound, like an over-ripe gourd that bursts at a touch; with a smile on her lips, but with such secret pain at heart as a thief's wife who dare not cry openly.<sup>1</sup> The king could not penetrate her crafty schemes, for she had been tutored in every villainy by a master; and skilled as he was in statesmanship, the abyss of woman's ways was more than he could fathom. Again she cried with a further show of hypocritical affection and a forced smile in her eyes and on her lips :

*Dohá 27.*

" Ask, ask, indeed; but tell me, sir, when has it come to giving and taking? you once promised me two boons, and yet I doubt my getting them."

*Chaupái.*

The king replied with a smile : " I see what you mean, you are very fond of a little quarrel. You kept my promise in reserve and asked for nothing, and as my way is, I forgot all about it. Do not tax me with the guilt of a lie, but for two requests make four and you shall have them. It is an immemorial rule in the Raghu family to lose life rather than break a promise. No number of sins is equal to a lie; in the same way as myriads of *ghunchi* seeds will not make a mountain. Truth is the foundation of all merit and virtue, as the Vedas and Purānas declare and as Mann<sup>2</sup> has expounded.

1 On seeing her husband suffer punishment, lest she too should be made to suffer with him. Such at least seems to me the most obvious meaning of the comparison, though some of the Hindu commentators explain it differently.

2 Some manuscripts for *Mann* read *Muni*, " the saints;" but the former may well stand, as the great lawgiver in many passages of his Code insists very strongly on the merit of truth. Thus in VIII. 81-83—" A witness, who states the truth in evidence, obtains a high place in heaven and the grea-

Moreover I have sworn by Ráma, the chief of our house, the perfection of all that is good and amiable." When she had thus bound him to his word, the wicked queen smiled and cried—loosing as it were the bandage from the eyes of her hawk-like plot ;

*Dohá 28.*

The King's desire being as a pleasant forest, and the general happiness as a flock of birds, at which as a huntress she sent forth the cruel falcon of her speech :

*Chaupái.*

"Hear, my beloved, what is the desire of my heart. Grant me for one boon Bharat's installation ; and for the second (I beg with clasped hands, O my lord, accomplish my desire) may Ráma be banished to the woods for 14 years there to dwell in the penitential garb of a hermit." At these words of the queen the king's heart grew faint, as the *chakva* is troubled by the rays of the moon : he trembled all over, nor could he utter a sound, like a partridge in the wood at the swoop of a falcon ; the mighty monarch was as crest-fallen as a palm-tree struck by lightning ; with his hands to his forehead and closing both his eyes, as it were Grief personified, he began his moan : " My desire, that had blossomed like the tree of paradise, has been stricken and uprooted as it were by an elephant at the time of bearing. Kaikeyi has desolated Avadh and laid the foundation of everlasting calamity.

*Dohá 29.*

What a thing to happen at such a time ? I am undone by putting trust in a woman ; as at the time of heavenly reward for penance an ascetic is destroyed by ignorance."

*Chaupái.*

In this manner the king burned within himself, and the test reputation on earth : such a statement is held in reverence even by Bráhma himself. By truth a witness is purified from sin ; by truth justice is advanced ; therefore the truth should be spoken by witnesses of every caste." I have often thought that if these four lines were printed or engraved in bold characters in the Sanskrit original and set up in our courts of justice they might have a wholesome effect.

wicked woman, seeing his evil plight, thus began : " What, then, is Bharat not your son too, but a slave even as I am, bought for a price ? If my words, thus like arrows, pierce you to the heart, why did you not think before you spoke ? Answer now, say either yes or no, most truthful lord of Raghu's truthful line. Refuse me the boon you erst promised, break your word and be publicly disgraced. When you engaged to grant the boon, you were loud in your praises of truth, imagining, no doubt, that I should ask for a handful of parched grain. When Sivi,<sup>1</sup> Dadhichi<sup>2</sup> and Bali,<sup>3</sup> made a promise, they gave life and wealth to keep their word." Kaikeyi's speech was as stinging as salt applied to a burn.

*Dohá 30.*

The righteous king took courage and opened his eyes, and

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1 King Sivi (or Saivya), the son of Usinara, had already offered 92 great sacrifices, and was hoping to complete the full number of a hundred, a feat which would have exalted him to the highest dignity in heaven, when Indra, jealous of his own supremacy, determined to prevent him. Himself assuming the form of a hawk and changing Agni, the god of fire, into a dove, he chased it through the air till it flew into the temple and took shelter in Sivi's bosom, who thereupon promised that he would protect it from all harm. The hawk followed close behind and protested that the dove was his lawful spoil, and that it was unjust of the king to rob him of food which he had fairly won, and without which he would die of starvation. The king offered him anything else that he liked to name; but the hawk would be satisfied with nothing but an equal weight of the king's own flesh. Scales were brought, the dove was put in the one balance, and the monarch began to hack and hew pieces of his own body and cast in the other; but still the dove weighed heavier. At last, when all had been cut away and only his bones were left, he threw himself in. The gods then came and restored him to life and bore him off in triumph to heaven.

2 When Indra and the other gods were hard pressed by the demon Vritra, Vishnu told them that there was a great saint named Dadhichi practising penance in the Naimisha forest, and that if he would let them have his bones they could be made into weapons, before which no enemy could stand. Dadhichi, as soon as he heard what they wanted, at once devoted himself to death, and out of his bones the gods made thunderbolts, with which they won an easy victory.

3 King Bali, the son of Virochana, had so extended his empire that he had acquired dominion over the three worlds. Indra, to rid himself of so dangerous a rival, applied to Vishnu who assuming the form of a dwarf, as the son of Kasyapa, appeared before Bali and begged an alms. The king promised to give him whatever he asked. He said he only wanted as much land as he could pace in three steps. This modest request was granted without hesitation; whereupon he at once developed himself into a giant, and with the first stride covered the whole earth; and with the second the heaven. For the third step he planted his foot on Bali's head and crushed him down into the infernal regions, of which he became the sovereign.

beating his head gasped out : "She has pierced me in the most vital part."

*Chaupai.*

He saw her standing before him burning with passion, as it were Fury's own sword drawn from the sheath, with ill-counsel for its hilt and cruelty for its sharp edge whetted on the Humpback grindstone. The monarch saw her stern and terrible: "She will rob me either of life or honour;" but stilling his heart he cried in suppliant tones which she regarded not: "Bharat and Rāma are as my two eyes. I tell you truly and call Siva as my witness. O my beloved, what is this ill word that you have uttered, destructive of all order, confidence and affection? I will not fail to despatch a messenger at daybreak and as soon as they hear the news both brothers will come. Then after fixing an auspicious day and making all due preparation I will solemnly confer the kingdom on Bharat.

*Dohà 31.*

Rāma has no greed of empire and is devotedly attached to Bharat : I made my plans according to royal usage, thinking only of their respective ages.

*Chaupai.*

I swear by Rāma that I tell you true of his mother, that she never said a word to me. I arranged it all without asking you, and this is how my scheme has failed. Put away your displeasure, assume a festal garb; yet a few days and Bharat shall be Regent. There was only one thing that pained me, your second petition, really an unreasonable request. To-day your bosom burns with unwonted fire; is it anger, or do you jest, or is it all really true? Tell me calmly Rāma's offence. Every one says that he is amiability itself. Even you used to praise and caress him, and I am quite perplexed at what I now hear. His pleasant ways would charm even an enemy; how then can he have vexed his own mother?

*Dohà 32.*

Have done, my beloved, with this, be it raillery or dis-

pleasure ; make a just and reasonable request, that I may rejoice in the sight of Bharat's installation.

*Chaupái.*

Rather might a fish live out of the water, or a wretched serpent live without its head-jewel—I tell you my true case without any deception—but there is no life for me without Ráma. Consider well, my dear, my prudent wife, my very existence depends upon my seeing Ráma." On hearing this soft speech the wicked woman blazed up like the fire on which has fallen an oblation of *ghí*: "You may devise and carry out any number of plans, but your subterfuges will not avail with me. Either grant my request, or refuse me and be disgraced; I do not want any long discussion. Ráma is good, you too are good and wise, and Ráma's mother, as you have discovered, is also good. The benefit that Kausalyá devised for me is the only fruit that I now in turn give her.

*Dohá 33.*

At daybreak, if Ráma does not assume the hermit's dress and go out into the woods, my death will ensue, O king, and your disgrace ; be well assured of this."

*Chaupái.*

So saying, the wretch rose and stood erect, as it were a swollen flood of wrath that had risen in the mountains of sin, turgid with streams of passion, terrible to behold, with the two boons for its banks, her stern obduracy for its current, and her voluble speech for its eddies, overthrowing the king like some tree torn up by the roots, as it rushed on to the ocean of calamity. The king perceived that it was all true, and that death, in fashion as a woman, was dancing in triumph on his head. Humbly he clasped her by the feet and begged her to be seated, crying: "Be not an axe at the root of the Solar race. Demand of me my head and I will give it at once, but do not kill me by the loss of Ráma, be it in any way you will, or your heart will be ill at ease all your life long."

*Dohá 34.*

Seeing that his disease was incurable, the king fell upon the ground and beat his head, sobbing out in most lamentable tones, "O Ráma, Ráma."

*Chaupái.*

The king's whole body was so broken down by distress that he seemed like the tree of paradise that some elephant had uprooted. His throat was dry, speech failed his lips, like some poor fish deprived of water. Again Kaikeyi plied him with biting taunts, infusing as it were poison into his wounds : "If you meant to act thus in the end, what compulsion was there to say, ask, ask ? Is it possible, sire, to be two things at once ? To laugh and jest and at the same time mourn ; to be called the munificent, and yet be miserly ; to live without anxiety, and yet be a king ? Either break your word or show more fortitude, do not, like a woman, appeal to compassion. It is said that life, wife, sons, home, wealth, nay the whole world, all are but as a straw compared to the ocean of truth."

*Dohá 35.*

On hearing these fatal words the king exclaimed : "It is no fault of yours ; my evil destiny, like some demoniacal delusion, has possessed you and bids you speak."

*Chaupái.*

Bharat has never dreamed of desiring the royal dignity but by the decree of fate evil counsel has lodged in your breast. All this is the result of my sins ; I can do nothing ; God is against me. Hereafter beautiful Avadh shall flourish again under the sway of the all-perfect Ráma ; all his brethren shall do him service and his glory shall spread through the three spheres of creation ; your disgrace also and my remorse, though we die, shall never be effaced or forgotten. Now do whatever seemeth you good ; only stay out of my sight and let your face be veiled : with clasped hands I ask but this, speak not to me again so long as I live. You too

will repent at the last, O miserable woman, who aiming at the tiger have thus shot dead the cow."

*Dohá 36.*

The king fell to the ground crying again and again : "Why have you wrought this ruin?" But the perfidious queen spoke not a word, like a funeral pile that is ever burning.

*Chaupái.*

The king in his distress sobbing out "Ráma, Ráma," was like some luckless bird clipped of its wings. In his heart he was praying : "May the day never break nor any one go and tell Ráma. Rise not great patriarch of the Solar race, for at the sight of Avadh your breast will be consumed with anguish." The king's affection and Kaikeyi's cruelty were both the most extreme that God could make. While the monarch was yet lamenting, day broke and the music of lute and pipe and conch resounded at his gate. Bards recited his titles, minstrels sung his praises ; but like arrows they wounded the king, as he heard them. All tokens of rejoicing pleased him as little as the adornments of a widow who ascends the funeral pile. That night no one had slept, from the joyous anticipation of beholding Ráma.

*Dohá 37.*

At the gate was a crowd of servants and ministers, who exclaimed as they beheld the risen sun : "What can be the reason why to-day of all days our lord awaketh not?"

*Chaupái.*

He was always wont to wake at the last watch ; to-day it strikes us as very strange. Go Sumanta, and rouse him and obtain the royal order to commence the work." Suman-ta entered the palace, but as he passed on was struck with awe and dismay at its appearance, as though some terrible monster were about to spring upon him and devour him ; it seemed the very home of calamity and distress. Asking, but with no one to answer him, he came to the apartment where

were the king and Kaikeyi ; with the salutation "Live for ever" he bowed the head and sat down. On beholding the king's condition he was much distressed, for he was fallen on the ground crushed and colourless, like a lotus broken off from its root. The terrified minister could ask no question ; but she, full of evil and void of all good, answered and said :

*Dohá 38.*

"The king has not slept all night: God knows why. He has done nothing but mutter 'Râma, Râma,' even till day-break ; but he has not told me the reason.

*Chaupâi.*

Go at once and send Râma here, and when you come back you can ask what the matter is." Perceiving it to be the king's wish, Sumanta went ; but he saw that the queen had formed some evil design. So anxious was he that his feet scarcely touched the ground as he wondered to himself : 'What will the king have to say to Râma ?' Composing himself as he reached the gate, when all observed his sadness and asked the cause, he reassured them and proceeded to the prince's abode. When Râma saw Sumanta coming, he received him with the same honour that he would have shown to his own father. Looking him in the face, he declared the king's commands and returned with him. Remarking the state of disorder in which Râma accompanied the minister, the people began to be a little anxious.

*Dohâ 39.*

When the jewel of Raghu's race had come and beheld the king's miserable condition, like some aged and pain-stricken elephant in the power of a tigress, his lips became parched and his body all aflame, like a poor snake that has been robbed of the jewel in its head. Seeing the furious Kaikeyi near, like death counting the minutes, the pitiful and amiable Raghunâth, though he now for the first time saw sorrow, and had never before heard its name even, composed himself as the occasion required and in pleasant tones

asked his mother : " Tell me, mother, the cause of my father's distress, that I may endeavour to put an end to it." " Listen, Ráma : the sole cause is this: the king is very fond of you ; he has promised to grant me two requests, and I have asked for what I wanted ; but he is disturbed on hearing them and cannot get rid of a scruple on your account.

*Doha 40.*

On the one side is his love for his son ; on the other his promise ; he is thus in a strait. If it lies in your power, be obedient to his commands and so terminate his misery."

*Chaupái.*

She sat and spoke stinging words so composedly that Cruelty itself was disturbed to hear her. From the bow of her tongue she shot forth the arrows of her speech against the king as it were some yielding target ; as though Obduracy had taken form and become a bold and practised archer. Sitting like the very incarnation of heartlessness, she expounded to Raghuapati the whole history. Itáma, the sun of the Solar race, the fountain of every joy, smiled inwardly and replied in guileless terms, so soft and gracious that they seemed the very jewels of the goddess of speech : " Harken, mother ; blessed is the son who obeys his parent's commands ; a son who cherishes his father and mother is not often found in the world.

*Dohá 41.*

I have a particular wish to join the hermits in the woods and now there is also my father's order and your approval, mother.

*Chaupái.*

Bharat, moreover, whom I love as myself, will obtain the kingdom ; in every way God favours me to-day. If I go not to the woods under these circumstances, then reckon me first in any assembly of fools. They who desert the tree of paradise to tend a castor-oil plant, or refuse ambrosia to ask for poison, having once lost their chance, will never get

it again; see, mother, and ponder this in your heart. One special anxiety still remains, when I see the king so exceedingly disturbed, I cannot understand, mother, how my father can be so much pained by such a trifling matter. He is stout-hearted and a fathomless ocean of piety<sup>1</sup>: there must have been some great offence on my part, that he will not say a word to me: I adjure you to tell me the truth."

*Dohá 42.*

Though Raghubar's words were as straightforward as possible, the wicked queen gave them a perverse twist;<sup>2</sup> like a leech, which must always move crookedly, however smooth the water be.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing Ráma's readiness, the queen smiled and said with much show of false affection: "I swear by yourself and Bharat, there is no other cause that I know of. There is no room for fault in you, my son, who confer such happiness both on your parents and your brother. All that you say, Ráma, is true; you are devoted to the wishes of your father and mother. Remonstrate, then, solemnly with your sire, that he incur not sin and disgrace in his old age. Having been blest with a son like you, he cannot properly disregard your advice." These fair words in her false mouth were like Gaya and the other holy places that are in Magadha: but Ráma took his mother's speech in good part, like the Ganges, which in its course receives and hallows any stream.

*Dohá 43.*

"At the remembrance of Ráma, the king's swoon left him and he turned on his side. Taking advantage of the opportunity, the minister humbly informed him of Ráma's arrival.

<sup>1</sup> Being so stout of heart, why should he be thus dismayed at the mere thought of losing me? And being so pious, how is it possible that he can hesitate for a moment about keeping his word? There must be something else in the background. I fear I have done wrong and displeased him.

<sup>2</sup> The queen thought to herself: By his praises of a hermit's life he hopes I may be persuaded to send Bharat to the woods instead of himself, or by his ready compliance, he hopes to wheedle me out of my resolve.

*Chaupái.*

When the king heard that Ráma had come, he summoned up courage and opened his eyes. The minister supported his sovereign to a seat, where the king saw Ráma falling at his feet. In an agony of affection, he clasped him to his bosom, like some snake that has recovered the jewel it had lost. As the monarch continued gazing upon Ráma, a flood of tears came into his eyes, nor in his sore distress could he utter a word, but again and again he pressed him to his heart. Inwardly he was praying God that Raghunáth might not be banished to the woods; and remembering Mahádeva humbly begged: "Immortal Síva, hear my petition; thou art easily satisfied, compassionate and generous; recognize then in me a poor suppliant and remove my distress.

*Dohá 54.*

As thou directest the hearts of all, give Ráma the sense to disregard my words and stay at home, forgetful for once of his filial affection.

*Chaupái.*

Welcome disgrace and perish my good name; may I sink into Hell rather than mount to Heaven; be it mine to support the most intolerable pain rather than have Ráma taken from my sight." Thinking thus to himself, the king spoke not a word, while his soul quivered like a *pípul* leaf. Perceiving his father to be thus overpowered with love, Raghupati spoke again with a view to his mother, in modest and thoughtful phrase, as the place, the time, and the circumstances demanded: "Father, if I speak a little wilfully, forgive the offence by reason of my childish years. You are troubled about a very little matter; why did you not speak and let me know of this at the first? After seeing you, sire, I questioned my mother, and on hearing her explanation my fear subsided.

*Dohá 45*

Put away, father, the anxiety which at this time of rejoicing your affection has caused you, and give me your

commands : " so spoke the Lord with heartfelt joy and a body quivering with emotion.

*Chaupái.*

"Blessed is his birth into the world whose father is rejoiced to hear of his doings. He has in his hand all the four rewards of life, who holds his parents dear as his own life. By obeying your orders, I attain the end of my existence. If then it be your command, I can soon come back, and after taking leave of my mother, I will throw myself once more at your feet and then start for the woods." Having thus spoken, Ráma departed, while the king in his anguish answered not a word. The bitter news spread through the city, like the sting of a scorpion that at once affects the whole body. Every man or woman that heard it was as distressed as the creepers and bushes when a forest is on fire. Wherever it was told, every one beat his head, and the grief was too great to be endured.

*Dohá 46.*

Their lips were parched, their eyes streamed, their heart could not contain their sorrow ; it seemed as though the Pathetic, in battle array and with beat of drum, had marched into Avadh and taken up quarters there.

*Chaupái.*

"It was a well-contrived plan, but God has spoilt it." In this fashion they kept abusing Kaikeyi : "What could this wicked woman mean by thus setting fire to a new-thatched house ; who tears out her eyes with her own hands, and yet wishes to see ; who throws away ambrosia and prefers the taste of poison ; cruel stubborn, demented wretch, a very fire among the reeds of Raghu's line ; who sitting on a branch of the tree has hacked down the stem ; and in the midst of joy has introduced this tragedy ? Ráma used ever to be dear to her as life ; for what reason has she now taken to such perversity ? The poets say truly that a woman's mind is altogether inscrutable, unfathomable and beyond comprehension.

Sooner may a man catch his own shadow in the glass than grasp the ways of a woman.

*Dohá 47.*

What is there that fire will not burn ; what is there that ocean cannot contain ; what cannot a woman do in her strength ; or what is there in the world that death does not devour ?

*Chaupáí.*

God first ordained one thing, but now ordains something quite different, and what he would show us now is the very reverse of what he showed us then." Said one : "The king has not done well, and without consideration has granted the wicked woman her request. He has wilfully brought all this misery upon himself, and in yielding to a woman has lost all good sense and discretion." Another wisely recognized the king's supreme virtue and would not blame him, as they repeated to one another the legends of Sivi, Dadhichi, and Harischandra.<sup>1</sup> One suggested Bharat's connivance, another was distressed at the mention of such a thing ; while a third stopping his ears with his hands and biting his tongue exclaimed : "Such words are false ; you damn yourself by saying such things. Bharat is Ráma's dearest friend.

*Dohá 48.*

Sooner shall the moon rain sparks of fire, or ambrosia have the same effect as poison, than Bharat ever dream of doing anything to injure Ráma."

1 For the legends of SIVI and DADHICHI see notes to page 19.

HARIECHANDRA, the son of Trisanku, was king of Ayodhya and the twenty-eighth in descent from Ikshváku, the founder of the solar dynasty. In order to satisfy the claims of Visvamitra, who wanted to make trial of his integrity, he sold his kingdom and all that he had, together with his wife Satyawati and his only son, and hired himself out as the servant of a man who kept a burning ghat. Whenever a corpse was brought, he had to take the fee and make it over to his master. One day a woman brought her dead child and he recognized them as his own wife and son. She had no money and he was so zealous in his employer's interests that he would not allow the body to be burnt till the regular fee was paid. As the only way to satisfy his demand, she was stripping off the one poor rag that covered her nakedness, when the gods interposed and restored the king to his throne and all his former prosperity.

*Chaupái.*

One reproached the Creator, who had promised ambrosia but given poison. The whole city was agitated and every one so sad that the intolerable pain in their heart utterly effaced all the previous rejoicing. The venerable and high-born Bráhmaṇ matrons, who were Kaikeyi's chief friends, began to give her advice and praise her good disposition; but their words pierced her like arrows: "You have always said, as every one knows, that Bharat was not so dear to you as Ráma: show him, then, your wonted affection; for what offence do you now banish him to the woods? You have never shown any jealousy of the rival queens; your love and confidence in them were known throughout the land. What has Kausalyá done wrong now that you should launch this thunderbolt against the city?"

*Dohá 49.*

What! will Síta desert her spouse, or Lakshman remain here at home? Will Bharat enjoy the dominion of the state, or the king survive without Ráma?

*Chaupái.*

Reflect upon this and expel passion from your breast, nor make yourself a stronghold of remorse and disgrace. By all means make Bharat the king's coadjutor; but what need is there for Ráma to be banished to the woods? Ráma is not greedy of royal power; he is righteous and averse to sensual pleasures. Let him leave the palace and go and live with his guru; ask this of the king as your second petition. A son like Ráma does not deserve banishment; what will people say to you when they hear of it? If you do not agree to what I tell you, nothing will prosper in your hands. If this is only some jest of yours, speak out clearly and let me know. Up quickly and devise a plan to avert future remorse and disgrace.

*Chhand 2.*

Devise a plan to avert remorse and disgrace and save your family. Be instant in diverting Ráma from going to

the woods, and labour for nothing else. As the day without the sun, as the body without life, as the night without the moon, so (says Tulsi Dás) is Avadh without its lord; I beg you, lady, to consider this."

*Sorathá 2.*

Pleasant to hear and beneficial in result was the advice her friends gave; but she paid no heed to it, having been tutored in villainy by Humpback.

*Chaupái.*

She answered not a word, but raged with irrepressible fury like a hungry tigress that has spied a deer. Perceiving her disease to be incurable, they left her, saying as they went: 'Demented wretch! Fate has destroyed her in her pride; she has acted in such a way as no one has ever acted before.' Thus all the men and women of the city were lamenting and heaping countless abuse on the wicked queen. Burning with intolerable fever they sob out: "What hope of life is there without Ráma?" Agonized by his loss, the people were as miserable as creatures of the deep when water fails. Great was the distress of all, whether man or woman: but the saintly Ráma went to his mother, with joy in his face and fourfold joy in his soul, fearing only that the king might detain him.

*Dohá 50.*

The Glory of Raghu's line resembled some young elephant with kingship for its chain: the news of banishment was as its breaking: at which he rejoices exceedingly.

*Chaupái.*

With folded hands the Crown of Raghu's line bowed his head blithely at his mother's feet. She gave him her blessing and clasped him to her bosom, and scattered around him gifts of jewels and raiment. Again and again she kissed his face, with tears of joy in her eyes and her body all quivering with emotion. Then seating him in her lap, she pressed him once more to her heart, while drops of affection trickled from her comely breasts. Her rapture of love was past all telling,

like that of a beggar made all at once rich as Kuver. Tenderly regarding his lovely features, his mother thus addressed him in sweetest tones : " Tell me, my son, I adjure you as your mother, when is the happy moment to be ; you are such an exquisite paragon of piety , amiability and good fortune, that in you Avadh has reaped the full fruition of its existence :

*Dohá 51.*

For whom the people long as anxiously as a pair of thirsting *chátaks*, in the season of autumn, for the rainfall of Arcturus.

*Chaupái.*

Go at once, my darling, I beg of you, and bathe and take something nice to eat, such as you like, and then, dear boy approach your father : I, your mother, protest there has been too much delay. ' On hearing his mother's most loving speech, which seemed as the flower of the paradisal tree of affection laden with the fragrance of delight and produced from the stem of prosperity, Ráma's bee-like soul was not distracted by the sight, but in his righteousness he distinguished the path of virtue, and thus in honeyed tones addressed his mother : " My father has assigned me the woods for my realm, where I shall have much in every way to do. Give me your orders, mother, with a cheerful heart, that I too may cheerfully and in auspicious wise set out for the forest. Do not in your affection give way to causeless alarm ; my happiness, mother, depends on your consent.

*Dohá 52.*

After staying fourteen years in the woods, in obedience to my sire's command,<sup>1</sup> I will come back and again behold your feet ; make not your mind uneasy."

*Chaupái.*

Raghubar's sweet and dutiful words pierced like arrows through his mother's heart. At the sound of his chilling

<sup>1</sup> Or, and thus making good my father's vow.

speech she withered and drooped like the *jawāsa*<sup>1</sup> at a shower in the rains. The anguish of her soul was past telling, as when an elephant shrinks at the roar of a tiger. Her eyes filled with tears and her body trembled all over, like a fish overtaken by the scour of a flooded river.<sup>2</sup> Summing up courage, she looked her son in the face and thus spoke, in faltering accents : " My son, you are your father's darling and it is a constant delight to him to watch your doings. He had fixed an auspicious day for giving you the sceptre ; for what offence does he now banish you to the woods ? Tell me my boy, the upshot of it all ; who is the destroying fire of the Sun-god's line ? "

*Dohā* 53.

After a look at Rāma's face the minister's son explained to her the reason. On hearing his account she was struck dumb : words fail to describe her condition.

*Champāī*.

She could neither detain him, nor yet say Go ; either way her heart was distraught with cruel pain : as though for 'moon' one had written 'eclipse': God's hand is ever against us all. Duty and affection both laid siege to her soul ; her dilemma was like that of a snake with a musk-rat.<sup>3</sup> " If I keep my son, it will be a sin ; my past virtue will go for nothing and my friends will abhor me. If I order him into exile, it will be a sad loss." In this distressing strait the queen was sore tried. Again reflecting discreetly on her wifely duty and remembering that Rāma and Bharat were both equally her sons, the queen in the sweetness of her disposition summoned up courage and,

<sup>1</sup> A popular Hindi couplet says that every creature in the world rejoices at the coming of the rains, except four, viz., the *āk* and *jawāsa* plants, which flourish only on dry soil, and the saltpetre manufacturer and the carter, who cannot ply their trade :

*Āk, jawāsa, āgara, chauthē gāriwān,*

*Jyon jyon chāmake bijli, tyon tyon taje prān.*

<sup>2</sup> the line, as I translate it, stands thus : *Manja manahun mīn kahan eyāpi*. As to the meaning of the word *mānjā* see the note on page ; the Commentators explain it as a sickness that prevails at the beginning of the rains ; or, as the scum raised on the water when the rains first break ; or, as the juice of a plant. Another reading is *Mānjā-hi khai mīn janū māpi*, where *māpi* would be for *māti*, drunk."

<sup>3</sup> If it swallows the rat, it dies ; if it disgorges it, it goes blind ; such is the popular belief.

spoke these woful words: "May I die, my son, but you have done well; a father's command is the most paramount duty.

*Dohá 54.*

Though he promised you the kingdom: and now banishes you to the woods I am not the least sad or sorry: but, without you, Bharat and the king and the people will all be put to terrible distress.

*Chaupái.*

Yet, boy, if it is only your father's order, then go not; hold your mother still greater,<sup>1</sup> If both father and mother bid you go, the forest will be a hundred times better than Avadh, with its god for your father, its goddess for your mother and birds and deer to wait upon your lotus feet. At the end of life retirement to the woods is the proper thing for a king, but I am troubled at heart when I consider your tender age. How blest the forest and how wretched Avadh if you abandon it, you, the crown of Raghu's line. If, child, I say 'take me with you,' there may be some hesitation in your mind; O my son, all hold you most dear, life of our life; if you say 'mother, I go alone to the woods,' on hearing your words I sink down in despair.

*Dohá 55.*

Being thus minded I do not press my suit with a show of love beyond what I really feel; agree to your mother's request; or if you go alone, at least I pray you not to forget me.

*Chaupái.*

May all the gods and the spirits of your ancestors guard you, noble boy, as closely as the eyelids guard the eyes. The term of banishment is like the water of a lake in which the fish are your friends and relations; you are all-merciful and righteous; remember then to make your plans so that you may find them all alive when you come again. Go in peace to the woods—ah! woe is me!—leaving your servants, your

<sup>1</sup> For *jūni bari mālā*, the words that I translate, some copies read *jūi bai mālā*.

relatives, the whole city in bereavement ; to-day the fruit of all their past good deeds has gone, and awful death confronts them." Thus with many mournful moanings she clung to his feet, accounting herself the most hapless of women. Cruel and intolerable pangs pierced her heart through and through, and the burden of her misery was past all telling. Râma raised his mother and took her to his bosom and consoled her with many soothing words.

*Dohâ 56.*

At that moment Sîta, who had heard the news, rose in great agitation, and having revered her mother's lotus feet, bowed her head and sat down.

*Chaupâi.*

In tender accents her mother gave her her blessing, and at the sight of her delicate frame was more distressed than ever. With drooping eyes Sîta, the perfection of beauty, model of wifely devotion, sat and thought : "The lord of my life would go to the woods, how can I merit to accompany him ? Whether in the body or only in the soul, go I must ; but God's doings are inscrutable." With her lovely toenails she wrote upon the ground, while the music of her anklets, like the poet's honeyed song, rang out the passionate prayer : 'Never may we be torn from Sîta's feet.' Seeing her let fall a flood of tears from her lovely eyes, Râma's mother cried : "Hearken, my son ; Sîta is very delicate ; she is the darling of your father and mother and all your kindred.

*Dohâ 57.*

Her own father is Janak, jewel of kings ; her father-in-law is the Phœbus of the solar race ; her lord, the perfection of beauty and virtue, is as it were the moon of the lily-like progeny of the sun-god ;

*Chaupâi.*

I again have found in her a dear daughter, amiable, beautiful and accomplished. She is like the apple of my eye and my affection has so grown that it is only in Jânakî that

I have my being.<sup>1</sup> I have tended her as carefully as the tree of paradise and watered her growth with streams of affection. When she should have blossomed and borne fruit, God has turned against me, and there is no knowing what will be the end. Or ever she left her bed or seat, I cradled her in my lap, and never has Sita set her foot on the hard ground. I cherished her as the very source of my life, and never bade her so much as even to trim the wick of a lamp, And this is the Sita who would follow you to the woods; what are your orders, O Raghunāth? Can the partridge, that drinks in with delight the rays of the moon, endure to fix its gaze on the orb of the sun?

*Dohā 58.*

Elephants, lions, goblins, and many fierce animals roam the wood: ah, my son, is the charming tree of life fit to set in such a deadly pasture?

*Chaupdi.*

God has created for the forest Kol and Kirāt women, who care not for bodily delights. Of nature as hard as the stone insect, the woods are no trial to them. A hermit's wife again is fit for the woods, who for the sake of penance has renounced all pleasures. But how, my son, can Sita live in the woods, who would be frightened by even the picture of a monkey? Can the cygnet that has sported in the lovely lotus-beds of the Ganges find fit abode in a muddy puddle? First ponder this, and then, as you order, I will instruct Jānaki. If she remain at home and call me mother, she will be the support of my life." Raghubīr on hearing his mother's speech, which was drenched as it were with the ambrosia of grace and affection,

*Dohā 59.*

replied in tender and discreet terms for his mother's consolation, and began to set clearly before Jānaki all the pleasures and troubles of forest life,

<sup>1</sup> In the original is a play upon words which it is impossible to preserve in a translation; *jān Prān*, the ordinary expression for the 'breath of life,' being presented to the eye by the conjunction of *prān* with the first syllable of Sita's name Jānaki.

*Chaupái.*

speaking diffidently as in the presence of his mother, and considering well within himself the requirements of the time : "Hearken, lady, to my instructions; nor form any different fancies in your mind. If you desire your own good and mine, agree to what I say and remain at home. My order is this : the service of a mother-in-law is in every way, madam, a blessing to a family. There is no other duty so paramount as reverential submission to a husband's parents. Whenever my mother recalls me to mind and is distracted by affectionate solicitude, do you, my love, console her with old-world tales and tender speeches. I speak from my heart and confirm it with a hundred Oaths : it is for my mother's sake, beloved, I leave you here.

*Dohá 60.*

The reward of virtue can be obtained without trouble by submission to Scripture and one's spiritual director : through their obstinacy Gálava<sup>1</sup> and king Nahusha<sup>2</sup> were subjected to all sorts of trouble.

*Chaupái.*

I shall soon fulfil my father's words and come back again; hearken, fair and sensible dame. The days will quickly pass away; listen, love, to my advice. If, my spouse, you persist in your affectionate obstinacy, you will rue it in the end. The forest is exceedingly toilsome and terrible, with awful heat and cold and rain and wind; the path is beset with prickly grass and stones, and you will have to walk without protec-

<sup>1</sup> Gálava was a pupil of Visvamitra's. When he had completed his studies, he asked his tutor what fee he ought to pay. He was told there was no fee. However, he still persisted in asking, till at last Visvamitra was annoyed and, to get rid of him, said he would be satisfied with nothing less than a thousand black-eared horses. After a long search and many inquiries, Gálava discovered three childless rajas who had each 200 horses of the kind that he required, and they agreed to let him have them, but only on this condition, that he got each of them a son. Gálava then went to Yayáti, whose daughter had the miraculous gift of bearing a son for any one she wished, and yet herself remaining a virgin. By her means each of the three kings became a father. The 600 horses were made over to Gálava, and he presented them to Visvamitra, who as an equivalent for the other 400 horses, wanting to make up the thousand, had himself two sons by the same mysterious bride.

<sup>2</sup> For the legend of king Nahusha see note to page

tion for your feet : and your lotus feet are so soft and pretty, while the road is most difficult : and there are huge mountains, chasms and precipices, streams, rivers and torrents, deep and impassable, terrible to behold ; while bears and tigers, wolves, lions and elephants make such a roaring that the boldest is dismayed.

*Dohá 61.*

The ground will be your couch, the bark of trees your raiment, and your food bulbs, wild fruits and roots ; nor, think that even they will be always forthcoming every day, but only when they are in season.

*Champi.*

There are man-eating demons who assume all sorts of deceptive forms ; the rainfall on the hills is excessive, and in short the hardships of the forest are past all telling. There are terrible serpents and fierce wild birds and gangs of goblins that steal both man and woman. The bravest shudders at the thought of the dense forest ; while you, my fawn-eyed wife, are timid by nature. Ah ! delicate dame, you are not fit for the woods ; people will revile me on hearing of such a thing. Can the swan that has been nurtured in the ambrosial flood of the Mánas Lake exist in the salt sea ? Can the *koil*, that roves with delight through the luxuriant mango groves, take pleasure in a jungle of *karíl* bushes ? Ponder this, my fair bride, and stay at home ; the hardships of the forest are too great.

*Dohá 62.*

Whoever with a view to her own good does not at once accept the advice given by a friend, or a *guru*, or her husband shall assuredly have a surfeit of repentance and gain no good."

1. Yet take good heed, for ever I drede that ye coude not sustain  
The thorney wayes, the deep valleys, the snow, the frost, the rain,  
The cold, the hete, for dry or wete, we must lodge on the plain,  
And us above, none other roof, but a brake, bush or twayne,  
For ye must there in your hande here a bowe ready to drawe,  
And as a thief, thus must ye lyve, ever in drede and awe.

*Chaupái.*

On hearing the tender and winning words of her husband, Síta's lotus eyes filled with tears, and his soothing advice caused her as burning pain as the autumn moon causes the *chakwi*. In her distress no answer came to her lips: 'So great is his love that he would leave me behind.' Perforce restraining her tears and summing up courage, Earth's daughter embraced her mother's feet, and with folded hands thus spake: "Pardon me, lady, my great presumption: my dear lord has taught me what is all for my own good; but I look to my feelings, and conclude that no sorrow in the world is so great as separation from one's beloved.

*Dohá 63.*

O my dear lord, most compassionate, beautiful, bounteous and wise, the moon of the lilies of the Raghu race, heaven without you would be very hell.

*Chaupái.*

Dear are father and mother, sisters and brothers; dear are my companions and my many friends; but father-in-law and mother-in-law, spiritual director, generous associates, and even sons, however beautiful, amiable and affectionate, nay, my lord, all love and every tie of kindred, to a woman without her husband, are a greater distress than the sun's most burning heat. Life, wealth, house, land, city and empire are but accumulated misery to a woman bereft of her lord. Ease is disease, her jewels a burden, and the world like the torments of hell. Without you, O lord of my soul, there is nothing in the whole world that could give me any comfort. As the body without a soul, as a river without water, so, my lord, is a woman without her husband. With you, my lord, are all delights, as long as I can behold your face that vies in brightness with the autumn moon.

*Dohá 64.*

The birds and deer will be my attendants, the forest my city, and strips of bark my glistening robes; with my lord a hut of grass will be as the palace of the gods, and all will be well.

*Chaupái.*

The sylvan nymphs and gods will of their grace protect me like my own lord's parents; my simple litter of grass and twigs will with my lord become a sumptuous marriage-couch; bulbs, roots and fruits will form an ambrosial repast, and the mountains resemble the stately halls of Avadh. Every moment I gaze on my lord's lotus feet, I shall be as glad as the *chakwi* at the dawn. You have recounted, my lord, the numerous hardships of the forest, its terrors, annoyances and many discomforts; but, O fountain of mercy, all these united will not be comparable to the pain of bereavement. Consider this, O jewel of wisdom, and take me with you, abandon me not. Why make long supplication? my lord is full of compassion and knoweth the heart.

*Dohá 65.*

Do you think, if you keep me at Avadh, that I can survive till the end of your exile? O most beautiful, help of the helpless, fountain of grace and of love,

*Chaupái.*

as I go along the road I shall never weary, every moment beholding your lotus feet. In every way I shall minister to my beloved, and relieve him of all the toil of the march. Seated in the shade of some tree, I shall lave your feet and rapturously fan you, and gazing on your body stained with sweat and blackened by the sun, what thought, my dearest lord, shall I have for my own hard times? Spreading grass and leaves on the level ground, your slave will all night shampoo your feet, and ever gazing on your gracious form, nor heat nor wind will ever vex me. Who will look at me when I am with my lord, except as a hare or jackal furtively regards a lioness? Am I to be dainty and delicate, while my lord roams the woods? is penance to be your portion and enjoyment mine?

*Dohá 66.*

My heart will burst at the mere sound of so cruel a sentence, and never will my miserable existence survive the anguish and torture of bereavement."

*Chaupai.*

So saying, Sita was overwhelmed with distress, nor could endure the word 'separation.' On seeing her condition, Rāma made sure, 'If I insist upon leaving her, I leave her dead.' Then said the compassionate lord of the Solar race: "Have done with lamentation and come with me to the woods. There is no time now for weeping; at once make your preparations for the journey." Having consoled his beloved with these tender words, he embraced his mother's feet and received her blessing: "Return quickly and relieve your subjects' distress, nor forget me your hard-hearted mother.<sup>1</sup> Who knows but God may change my lot, and my eyes may see you both again. Ah! my son, when will arrive the happy day and moment that I shall live to see your moon-like face once more?"

*Dohā 67.*

When again shall I call you 'my child,' 'my darling' 'noblest and best of Raghu's line,' 'my own son,' and fondly bid you come to my arms that I may gaze upon your features?"

*Chaupai.*

Seeing that his mother was so agitated by affection that she could not speak and was utterly overwhelmed with distress, Rāma did everything to console her, and the pathos of the scene was beyond description. Then Jānaki embraced her mother's feet: "Hearken, mother, I am of all women most miserable. At the time when I should have been doing you service, fate has banished me to the woods and has denied me my desire. Cease to sorrow, but cease not to love me; Fate is cruel, I am blameless." On hearing Sita's words her mother was so afflicted that her state was past all telling. Again and again she took her to her breast and summoning up courage thus blest and admonished her: "May your prosperity be as enduring as the streams of Gangā and Jamunā!"

*Dohā 68.*

When her mother had repeatedly blessed and admonish-

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, I must be hard-hearted, for, if not, I should die at once.

ed Sita, she took her leave, after again and again affectionately bowing her head at her lotus feet.

*Chaupái.*

When Lakshman heard the news, he started up in dismay with a doleful face, his body all of a tremble and his eyes full of tears, and ran and clasped his feet in an agony of affection. He could not speak, but stood and stared aghast, like some poor fish drawn out of the water, thinking within himself : " Good God, what will happen ? All my happiness and past good deeds are gone for ever. What will Raghunáth tell me to do ? Will he keep me here, or take me with him ? " When Ráma saw his brother with folded hands renouncing life and home and all, he address him thus—the all-righteous Ráma fountain of grace, love, and perfect bliss : " Brother, do not afflict yourself with love, but reflect that all will be well in the end.

*Dohá 69.*

They who submit without reserve to the commands of their father and mother, their spiritual director or their lord, are born into the world to some purpose ; otherwise their birth is in vain.

*Chaupái.*

Consider this, brother, and hearken to my advice ; wait upon the feet of your father and mother. Neither Bharat is at home, nor Ripu-súdan ; the king is old and sorrowing for me. If I go to the woods and take you with me, Avadh will be completely masterless, and an intolerable weight of affliction will fall upon priest and parents, subjects, family and all. Stay then to comfort them ; if not, brother, it will be a great sin. The king, whose faithful subjects endure distress, is of a truth a prince of hell. This is sound doctrine, brother ; ponder it and stay." Lakshman was grievously distressed on hearing this, and his body became as dead and shrivelled as a lotus that has been touched by the frost.

*Dohá 70.*

Overmastered by love, he could not answer, but clang

in anguish to his feet: "O my lord, I am your slave and you my master: leave me, then what can I do?"

*Chaupái.*

You have given me, good sir, excellent advice; but in my confusion I find it impracticable. Valiant leaders of men and champions of the faith can master such abstruse doctrine, but I am a mere child, nurtured by your affection; can a cygnet uplift Mount Mandar or Meru? I know no *guru*, nor father, nor mother? believe me, my lord, I speak from my heart: all the love in the world, all claims of kin, all affection, sympathy, wisdom and skill are for me centred in you, my lord, the protector of the humble, the reader of the heart. Expound questions of theology to one who aims at fame and glory and high estate; I am in heart, word and deed devoted only to your feet; and am I, gracious lord, to be discarded?"

*Dohá 71.*

The compassionate lord, on hearing the tender and modest words of his good brother, took him to his bosom, and seeing him so affectionately dejected thus consoled him:

*Chaupái.*

"Go, brother, and take leave of your mother, and then come and set out for the woods." On hearing Raghubar thus speak, he was overjoyed; his triumph was great, his sorrow all gone. He approached his mother as glad of heart as a blind man who has recovered his sight, and while he bowed his head at her feet, his heart was away with Raghunandan and Jánaki. Seeing his agitation his mother inquired the cause, and Lakshman told her the whole history. On hearing his cruel speech she trembled like a fawn that sees the forest on fire all around it. Lakshman reflected: "Everything goes wrong to-day: her very love will work me harm." Timidly and hesitatingly he asked her permission to go, thinking "Good God, will she let me go or not?"

*Dohá 72.*

After reflecting on the beauty and amiable disposition of

Rāma and Sīta and considering the king's affection, Sumitra beat her head and exclaimed : " That wicked woman is at the bottom of this bad business."

*Chaupdi.*

But perceiving the time to be untoward, she took patience and in her kindness of heart answered gently : " Your mother, child, is Vaidehi, and Rāma is your most loving father ; where Rāma dwells, there is Avadh ; and wherever is the light of the sun, there is day. If Rāma and Sīta go to the woods, you have no business at Avadh. A *guru*, a father and mother, brethren, the gods and our master are all to be tended as our own life ; but Rāma is dearer than life, is the soul of our soul, and the disinterested friend of all ; our dearest and most honoured friends are to be accounted those of Rāma's household. Thinking thus to yourself, go with them to the woods, and receive, my son, the fruition of your existence.

*Dohā 73.*

You have become the receptacle of the highest good fortune, and I too—ah, woe is me !—if from an unfeigned heart you have made Rāma's feet your home.

*Chaupai.*

A mother indeed is she who has a son devoted to Raghu-bar ; if not, it is better to be barren, she has given birth in vain ; a son who is Rāma's enemy is a curse. It is your good fortune that Rāma goes to the woods ; and other reason is there none ; this, my son, is the highest reward for all good deeds, to have a sincere affection for the feet of Rāma and Sīta. Never give way even in thought to lust, or passion, or envy, or pride, or delusion ; but put aside all changeableness and serve them in heart, word and deed. For you the poorest is a place of joy, since Rāma and Sīta your father and mother, will be there with you. Take heed, my son, that Rāma be put to no trouble : this is my admonition.

*Chhand 3.*

This is my admonition, my son ; see that Rāma and Sīta

live at ease and in the woods forget to remember their father and mother, their friends and relations and all the pleasures of the city." Having given her son such instruction and commands (says Tulsī) she again invoked upon him her blessing: "May your love for Sīta and Raghubīr be constant and unsullied and ever renewed!"

*Sorathā 3.*

Having bowed his head at his mother's feet, he left in haste with trepidation of heart, as flies a hapless deer that has burst a perilous snare.

*Chaupái.*

He went to Jánakī's lord, and his soul rejoiced to recover his dear society. After reverencing Rāma and Sīta's gracious feet, he proceeded with them to the king's palace. The citizens say to one another: "How goodly a plan God made and now has marred!" With wasted frame, sad soul and doleful face, they were in as great distress as bees robbed of their honey; wringing their hands, beating their heads and lamenting, like wretched birds that have been clipt of their wings. There was a great crowd in the royal hall: grief immeasurable, beyond all telling. The minister faised the king and seated him, as Rāma advanced with loving address. When he saw Sīta and his two sons, the king's agitation was profound.

*Dohá 74.*

Again and again turning his troubled gaze on Sīta and his two fair sons, he clasped them to his bosom time after time in an agony of love.

*Chaupái.*

In his agitation he could not speak; grief overmastered him and wild anguish of heart. After most affectionately bowing his head at his feet, Raghunáth arose and begged permission to depart: "Father, give me your blessing and commands; why so dismayed at this time of rejoicing? From excessive attachment, sire, to any beloved object, honour is lost and disgrace incurred." At this the love-sick king

arose and taking Raghupati by the arm made him sit down : "Hearken, my son; the sages say that Ráma is the lord of all creation, animate or inanimate; that God, after weighing good and bad actions and mentally considering them, appor-tions their reward, and the doer reaps the fruit of his own doings: this is the doctrine of the Scriptures and the verdict of mankind.

*Dohá 75.*

But for one to sin and another to reap its reward—the ways of God are most mysterious; who is there in the world who can comprehend them?

*Chaupái.*

The king in his anxiety to detain Ráma tried every honest expedient, but when he saw that he was bent on going—righteous, brave and wise as he was—he took and pressed Síta to his bosom and gave her much most affectionate advice, telling her of all the intolerable hardships of the forest, and reminding her of the happiness she might enjoy with her parents-in-law or at her father's house. But Síta's heart was set on Ráma's feet, and neither home seemed to her attractive nor the words repulsive. Every one else too warned her with stories of all the many miseries of the desert. The minister's wife and the *guru's*—prudent dames—affectionately urged her in gentle tones : "He has not sent you into exile. You should do as you are told by your parents and your *guru*."

*Dohá 76.*

This advice, friendly and kind and tender and judicious as it was, was not pleasing to Síta to hear ; in the same way as the *chakri* is distress by the rays of the autumn moon.

*Chaupái.*

She was, however, too modest to reply ; but Kaikeyi on hearing them started up in excitement and, bringing a box of anchorite's dresses and ornaments, placed it before her and said in whispered tones : "Raghubír, you are dearer than life to the king ; he cannot rid himself of his too great kindness and love, and will never tell you to go, though he forfeit

his virtue, his honour and his hope of heaven. Think of this and act as seems to you good." Rāma was glad to hear his mother's suggestion, but her words pierced the king like arrows: 'Will my miserable life never leave me?' In his distress he fainted outright, and no one knew what to do. But Rāma quickly assumed the hermit's dress and bowing his head to his father and mother went forth.

*Dohá 77.*

Having completed his full equipment for the woods, the lord set forth with his wife and brother, after reverencing the feet of the Bráhmans and his *guru*, and leaving them all in bewilderment.

*Chaupái.*

He came out and stood at Vasistha's gate; the beholders were consumed as with fire by the anguish of parting. With kindly words Raghubír consoled them all and, summoning the Bráhmans, begged his *guru* to give them a year's maintenance. Many gifts he bestowed with respectful courtsey, satisfying the mendicants with largesse and civilities, and his personal friends with demonstrations of affection. Next he called up his men-servants and maid-servants and made them over to his *guru*, saying with clasped hands: "O sir, be to them as their own father and mother, and cherish them all." Again and again did Rāma with clasped hands and in gentle tones address each one of them: "He is my best friend in whom the king finds comfort.

*Dohá 78.*

So act, all thoughtful and considerate citizens, that my mother be not distress by my absence."

*Chaupái.*

When Rāma had thus exhorted them all, he cheerfully bowed his head at his *guru's* lotus feet, and invoking Ganes, Gauri, and Mahádev, and receiving their blessing, sallied forth. As he went, there was great lamentation and a mournful wailing throughout the city, terrible to hear. In Lanka omens of ill-

in Avadh exceeding distress : while mingled joy and sorrow possessed the hosts of heaven. When his swoon had passed, the king awoke and sent for Sumanta and thus began : "Ráma has gone to the woods, and yet my life flits not ; what good does it hope to get by still remaining in my body?" What more grievous tortures can there be, to force it from my frame? Again taking patience, he added : "friend, take you the chariot and go ;

*Dohá 79.*

the two boys are young and delicate, and Janak's daughter a delicate girl ; take them up into the chariot and show them the forest, and come back in a day or two.

*Chaupái.*

Both brothers are brave, and Raghurái is the very ocean of truth and staunch to his word ; if they will not turn, do you with clasped hands humbly entreat him : 'Send back, my lord, the daughter of Mithilá's king.' When Síta is alarmed by the sight of the forest, take the opportunity of telling her my instructions, saying : 'This is the message sent by your father-in-law and mother-in-law ; come back, daughter ; there are many perils in the desert. You can stay at your pleasure now with your own father, now with your husband's parents.' In this manner try every way you can ; if she comes back, it will be the succour of my life ; if not, it will end in my death ; what can I do ? God is against me." So saying, the king fainted and fell to the ground, crying : "O that you could bring them back to me, Ráma, Lakshman and Síta !"

*Dohá 80.*

Having received the king's commands, he bowed his head and in haste made ready the chariot, and went to the place outside the city where were Síta and the two brothers.

*Chaupái.*

There Sumanta declared to them the king's message and respectfully made Ráma ascend the chariot. When Síta and

the two brothers had mounted and drove away, they mentally bowed the head to Avadh. As the bereaved city saw Ráma depart, all the people began confusedly to follow him. The gracious lord said everything to console them, and they turned homewards, but again came back overmastered by their affection. Avadh appeared to them as gloomy and oppressive as the dark night of death; the citizens looked with trembling at one another like so many wild beasts: their home seemed like the grave, their retainers like ghosts, and their sons, friends and neighbours as the angels of death. The trees and creepers in the gardens all withered; the streams and ponds were fearful to behold.

*Dohá 81.*

All the horses, elephants and tame deer, the town-cattle, the cuckoos and the peacocks, the *koils*, swans, parrots, *mainas*, herons, flamingoes and partridges,

*Chaupái.*

all stood aghast at Ráma's departure, dumb and motionless as statues. The whole city resembled some dense forest in which the agitated people were as the birds and deer, while Kaikeyi had been fashioned by God as some wild woman of the woods, who had set all in a fierce blaze. Unable to endure the burning pain of Ráma's departure, the people all flocked after him in their bewilderment, each one thinking to himself: "There is no happiness apart from Ráma, Lakshman and Síta. Everything can be had where Ráma is, and Avadh without Raghubír is of no account." With this settled idea they bore him company, abandoning halls of delight that the gods might envy. For what influence can be pleasures of sense have upon men who are devoted to Ráma's lotus feet?

*Dohá 82.*

Young and old, all left their homes and followed him; and on the bank of the Tamasá Ráma made his first day's halt.

*Chaupái.*

When Raghupati saw his people overpowered with love, his kind heart was greatly troubled. The merciful lord Raghunáth, being quickly touched by the grief of others, spoke to them many words of tenderness and affection and did his best to comfort them, admonishing them much of their religious duty. But in their fondness they could not tear themselves away. As there was no means of overcoming their innate affection, Raghurái was reduced to perplexity. Worn out with grief and toil the people fell asleep—a divine delusion helping to beguile them—and when two watches of the night were spent Ráma affectionately addressed his Minister: “Father drive the chariot so as to efface the tracks of the wheels; there is no other way of settling the business.”

*Dohá 83.*

Ráma, Lakshman and Síta then mounted the car, after bowing the head to Sambhu's feet, and the minister drove it speedily hither and thither, confusing the tracks.

*Chaupái.*

At day break the people all woke, and there was a great cry, that Raghubír had gone. They could not distinguish the tracks of the chariot, though they ran in all directions, crying Ráma, Ráma, like as when a ship is sinking! at sea all the merchants are in terror. One suggested to another: ‘Ráma left us on seeing our distress.’ They revile themselves and envy the fish! crying: “A curse on our life away from Raghubír: as god has robbed us of our Beloved, why has he not granted us our prayer to die?” With many such lamentations they returned to Avadh full of heaviness: the anguish of parting was beyond description, and it was only the hope of his return kept them alive.

*Dohá 84.*

Men and women alike began to fast and make vows to secure his return, like the poor *chakrá* and the lotus when bereft of the sun.

1 That die at once when withdrawn from their natural element,

*Chaupái.*

Síta with the Minister and the two brothers arrived on their way at the city of Sríngavera. On beholding the river of the gods, Ráma alighted and with much joy made it his obeisance. The Minister, Lakshman and Síta saluted it also, and Ráma was as glad as any of them; for the Ganges is the source of all bliss and beatitude, the author of all happiness, the destroyer of every sorrow. Many were the stories and legends that Ráma repeated as he gazed upon its flood, instructing the Minister, his younger brother, and his bride in the majesty and grandeur of the heavenly stream. They bathed and all the fatigue of the march was removed; they drank of the holy water and their soul was gladdened. It is only in vulgar phrase that fatigue is ascribed to him by whose remembrance all the burdens of the world are lightened.

*Dohí 85.*

Ráma, the champion of the Solar race, is the holy God of supreme wisdom and bliss, the bridge over the ocean of existence,<sup>1</sup> though he acts like an ordinary man.

*Chaupái.*

When Guha, the Nishád, heard the news, he was glad and called together his friends and relations, and taking a great quantity of fruits and vegetables as a present, went out to meet him with infinite joy of heart. With a profound obeisance he put down his offering before him and gazed upon the lord with the utmost devotion. Raghurái with his natural kindness asked him of his health and seated him by his side. "The sight of your lotus feet, sire, is health indeed: I am most highly favoured, as all will admit. My land, my

1 *Sansriti-ságara-setu*: The 'transmigrations'-*sansriti*--through which the soul has to pass would be endless, a limitless ocean (*ságara*) from which none could escape, were it not that Ráma has given himself to be the bridge, *setu*, over the abyss. *Anuharat* here means simply 'like.' It is almost impossible to translate this and similar phrases at once literally, concisely and intelligibly; for birth and life, which we are taught to regard as blessings, are to the Hindu theologian a curse. Compare Milton's--

"This earthly load  
Of death called life, which us from life doth sever."

house, my fortune are yours, my lord ; I and mine are your poor vassals. Do me the favour of entering my abode ; treat me as one of your servants and I shall be the envy of all men." "All that you say, my good friend, is very true ; but my father has given me other commands.

*Dohá 86.*

For fourteen years I must dwell in the woods and adopt the rules, the dress, and the diet of a hermit ; to stay in a village is forbidden." On hearing this, Guha was much grieved.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing Ráma, Lakshman and Síta to be so beautiful, the citizens affectionately protested : "What kind of parents can they be, friend, who have banished such children to the woods ?" Said one : "The king has done well to give our eyes such a treat." Then the Nishád chief on reflection decided upon a beautiful sinsapa<sup>1</sup> tree, and took Raghunáth and showed him the place, who declared it to be most excellent. The citizens after paying him their respects went home, and Ráma proceeded to the performance of his evening devotions. Guha made and spread for him a charming bed of grass and soft leaves, and brought him leaf-made bowls filled with all such fruits and vegetables as he knew to be sweet and wholesome and good.

*Dohá 87.*

After he had partaken of the fruits and herbs with the Minister and Síta and his brother, the jewel of Raghu's line lay down to sleep, while Lakshman shampooed his feet.

*Chaupái.*

When he knew his lord to be asleep, he arose and softly bade Sumanta take rest, while he himself fitted an arrow to his bow and took up the position of a marksman at a little distance, there to watch. The affectionate Guha, having summoned trusty sentinels and stationed them round about,

<sup>1</sup> The *sinsapa* is either the *asoka*, or the *shisham* tree.

went himself and sat down by Lakshman, with his quiver at his back and an arrow fitted to his bow. When the Nishád saw Ráma asleep, his soul was troubled with excess of love, his body thrilled with emotion, his eyes flowed with tears, and he thus in tender accents addressed Lakshman : " The king's palace is altogether beautiful, nor can the courts of heaven be compared to it ; its charming pavilions, inlaid with precious stones, seem to have been adorned by Love's own hands.

*Dohá 88.*

Rich and luxurious are its beds, sweet with odorous flowers and perfumes, with jewelled lamps and appliances of every description,

*Chaupái.*

with all kinds of coverlets and pillows, and mattresses as soft and white as the froth of milk, where Síta and Ráma reposed at night and put to shame with their beauty both Ratí and Kámadev, who now sleep on a pallet, weary and naked, pitiful to behold. The Ráma whom his father and mother, his own family and all the people of the city, his companions and associates, his men-servants and maid-servants, all cherished as tenderly as their own life, is now sleeping on the bare ground. The Síta, whose father is Janak of world-wide fame ; whose father-in-law is Dasarath, the friend of the King of heaven ; whose spouse is Rámachandra ; is now sleeping on the ground ; is not God against us all ? Are Síta and Ráma fit dwellers of the desert ? Well do men say, ' Fate is supreme.'

*Dohá 89.*

The foolish daughter of Kekaya has wrought sad mischief by bringing this trouble on Ráma and Jánaki on their day of rejoicing.

*Chaupái.*

She has become the axe at the root of the tree of the Solar race, and through her wickedness has plunged the whole world in woe." Seeing Ráma and Síta asleep upon

the ground, the Nishád became sad exceedingly; but Lakshman addressed him in sweet and gentle tones that were full of the essence of wisdom, sobriety and faith: "No man is the cause of another's joy or sorrow; all is the fruit of one's own actions, brother. Union and separation, pleasure, good and evil, friendship, enmity and neutrality are snares of delusion. Birth, death, all the entanglements of the world prosperity and adversity, fortune and destiny, earth, home, wealth, city and family, heaven, hell and all human affairs; all that you can see, or hear, or imagine in your mind, all is delusive and unreal.

*Dohá 90.*

In a dream a beggar becomes a king, and the lord of heaven a pauper; but on waking the one is no gainer, nor the other a loser; this is the way in which you should regard the world.

*Chaupái.*

Reasoning thus, be not angry with any one, nor vainly attribute blame to any. All are sleepers in a night of delusion, and see many kinds of dreams; in this world of darkness they only are awake who detach themselves from the material, and are absorbed in contemplation of the Supreme; nor can any soul be regarded as aroused from slumber till it has renounced every sensual enjoyment. Then ensues spiritual enlightenment and escape from the errors of delusion, and finally devotion to Ráma. This, friend, is man's highest good, to be devoted to Ráma in thought, word and deed. Ráma is God, the totality of good, imperishable, invisible, uncreated, incomparable, void of all change, indivisible, whom the Veda declares that it cannot define.

*Dohá 91.*

In his mercy he has taken the form of a man and performs human actions, out of the love he bears to his faithful people and to Earth and Bráhmans and cows and gods. On hearing them, the snares of the world are broken asunder.

*Chaupái.*

Having thus reflected, friend, give no place to deceits, but fix your affections on Síta and Ráma's feet." While he was yet speaking of Ráma's virtues, the day dawned and the joy of the world awoke. After performing every purificatory rite he bathed, the all-pure and wise, and called for some milk of the *bar* tree, and bound up the hair of his head into a knot, as did also his brother. On seeing this, Sumanta's eyes filled with tears. Sore pained at heart, with doleful face and clasped hands he made this humble speech: "The king of Kosala, my lord, thus enjoined me: 'Take the chariot and go with Ráma; let them see the forest and bathe in the Ganges, and then speedily bring them home again, both the brothers, Lakshman and Ráma, and Síta too, bring them back, settling all their doubts and scruples.'

*Dohá 92.*

Thus spoke the king, sire; but woe is me! I can do only as you tell me." He fell in supplication at his feet weeping helplessly as a child.

*Chaupái.*

"Have pity, my son, and so act that Avadh be not left a widow." Ráma raised the Minister and thus exhorted him: "Father, you know the path of virtue. Sivi, Dadhíchi and king Harischandra, for the sake of their religion, endured countless afflictions. Rantideva<sup>1</sup> and wise king Bali kept their faith through many trials. There is no virtue equal to truth, as the Vedas, Shástras, and Puránas declare. I have reached this virtue by an easy road: if I abandon it, my disgrace will be published in earth, heaven and hell: and disgrace to a man of honour is pain as grievous as a million deaths. But why say all this to you, father? I only incur sin by answering you.

*Dohá 93.*

Fall humbly at my father's feet and with clasped hands beg of him not to distress himself in any way on my account.

<sup>1</sup> Rantideva, the son of Sanskriti, was a king famous for his great liberality. He offered so many cattle in sacrifice that their blood formed a river, said to be the Chambal.

*Chaupái.*

You, again, are equally dear to me as my father, and I implore you, sire, to do everything that will prevent the king from grieving about me." On hearing this conversation between Raghunáth and the Minister, the Nishád and his people were sad and Lakshman spoke a little angrily. But the lord stopt him, knowing it to be altogether out of place, and nervously adjured Sumanta, by the love he bore him, not to repeat his words. Sumanta then proceeded with the king's message : Síta is not able to bear the hardships of the desert ; you should try and persuade her to return to Avadh, otherwise I shall have no prop left, and must die as inevitably as a fish out of water.

*Dohá 94.*

She has a happy home both with her own mother and with her husband's parents, and she can live when she pleases at either, till these troubles are overpast.

*Chaupái.*

The piteousness of the king's entreaties and the earnestness of his affection are more than I can express. On hearing his father's message, the All-merciful tried in every way to persuade Síta : "Only return ; and the affliction of your parents, your *guru*, and all your friends and relations will be at an end." Replied Vaidehi to her husband's words: Hearken most dear and loving lord, full of compassion and of infinite wisdom ; can a shadow exist apart from its substance ? Where is the sunlight without the sun, or the radiance of the moon when the moon is not ?" Having uttered this affectionate prayer to her husband, she turned to the Minister with these winning words : "You are as much my benefactor as my own father or my father-in-law, and if I answer you, it is the height of impropriety.

*Dohá 95.*

Yet, sire, take it not ill of me if in my grief I withstand you: away from the lotus feet of my lord's son all my kindred are nought.

*Chaupái.*

I have seen my father's luxury and magnificence and his foot-stool thronged with the jewelled crowns of kings, yet though his palace be such a blissful abode, I have no pleasure there without my spouse. My Imperial father-in-law, the sovereign of Kosala, is of such glorious renown throughout the fourteen spheres that the king of heaven would advance to meet him and cede him half his throne; yet though he be so great and Avadh his home, and though the whole of his family be dear to me and my mother-in-law as my own mother, I could not find pleasure in a single thing for a moment, away from the lotus flowers of Ráma's feet. Though the forest road be rough, and the country mountainous, full of elephants and tigers, boundless lakes and streams, wild Kols and Kiráts, and beasts and birds; all is delightful, if my dear lord be with me.

*Dohá 96.*

Fall at the feet of my father-in-law and my mother-in-law and tell them humbly from me not to grieve on my account, for I am perfectly happy in the woods.

*Chaupái.*

With the sovereign of my soul and my dear brother, stoutest of champions, bearing bow and quiver, the toilsome wanderings of the march will not trouble me at all; be not then the least anxious about me." On hearing Síta's chilling speech, Sumanta became as distressed as a serpent at the loss of its headjewel. With eyes that saw not and ears that heard not, and unable to utter a word, he was completely confounded. Ráma said everything to console him, but his heart refused to be comforted. Earnestly he begged that he too might accompany him; but Raghunandan returned an appropriate answer to all he urged. "Ráma's commands cannot be withstood; Fate is against me, I can do nothing." Bowing his head at the feet of Ráma, Lakshman and Síta, he turned away like a merchant who has lost his all.

*Dohá 97.*

The very horses of his chariot, as he drove, continued whinnying and looking back upon Râma; and the Nishâd at the sight gave way to his grief and beat his head and moaned:

*Chaupâi.*

"When even brute beasts are so distressed at his loss, how can his subjects and his father and mother exist without him?" Having thus perforce dismissed Sumanta, Râma went on his way and came to the bank of the Ganges. When he called for the boat, the ferryman would not bring it, saying: "I know your magic power: every one says that the dust of your lotus feet is a charm for making man. A rock on which it fell became a beautiful woman, and wood is not so hard as stone. Should my boat in like manner be turned into a saint's wife, the ferry will be closed and the boat lost, which is the support of my whole family. I have no other means of living. If, my lord, you are bent on crossing, you must allow me first to wash your feet."

*Chhand 4.*

After bathing your lotus feet I will take you on board but I will not accept any toll. I tell you the truth, O Râma, swearing by yourself and Dasarath—Lakshman may shoot me with his arrows, but I will not take you across, gracious lord, until I have bathed your feet."

*Sorathâ*

On hearing the ferryman's rude but loving speech, the All-merciful smiled<sup>1</sup> and looked at Jânaki and Lakshman;

*Chaupâi.*

then gaily cried: "Do anything to save your boat. Bring water at once and bathe my feet; time has been lost; take me across." The gracious lord thus made request of a boatman; even he by one thought on whose name mankind is transported across the boundless ocean of existence, and for

<sup>1</sup> As much as to say: We thought the Nishâd king a pattern of piety, but even he is outdone by this rude ferryman.

whose three strides the whole universe did not suffice.<sup>1</sup> The Ganges rejoiced on beholding his toe-nails,<sup>2</sup> and at the sound of his words was relieved of all anxiety. On receiving Rámá's commands, the ferryman brought a basin full of water, and in an ecstasy of joy and love proceeded to bathe his lotus feet. All the gods rained down flowers and uttered their congratulations: "Never was any one so meritorious!"

*Dohá 98.*

After laving his feet, and drinking of the water, both himself and his family, and thus redeeming the souls of his fathers, he joyfully conveyed his lord across to the other side.

*Chaupái.*

They landed and stood on the sands of the Ganges, Síta, Ráma Lakshman and Guha. The ferryman landed too and made his obeisance. The lord was ashamed that he had nothing to give him. Síta knew what was passing in the mind of her beloved and cheerfully drew a jewelled ring from off her finger. Said the All-merciful: "Take your toll." The ferryman in distress clasped his feet: "What have I not already received, my lord? sin, sorrow, poverty and all their attendant ills have been removed; I have laboured for a length of years, but to-day God has given me my wages in full. Now, gracious lord, I ask for nothing but your favour; at the time of your return, whatever you bestow upon me I will thankfully accept."

*Dohá 99.*

Lakshman and the lord both pressed him much, but the ferryman would take nothing; the All-merciful then dismissed him with the gift of unclouded faith, best of all boons.

*Chaupái.*

Then the lord of Raghu's line bathed and bowed his head in adoration to Mahádeva:<sup>3</sup> while Síta with clasped hands

<sup>1</sup> Ráma is here identified with Vishnu, who in the form of a dwarf outwitted king Bali: see note to page 19 Volume II.

<sup>2</sup> From beneath which it had issued at its birth.

<sup>3</sup> The word in the text is *Pārāthi*, or in some man uscripts *Pārthiva*, a derivative of *prithi*, 'the earth,' meaning 'a king,' and here—it would seem—denoting Mahádeva.

thus addressed the sacred stream: "O mother, accomplish my desire that I may return in safety with my husband and his brother and again adore you." On hearing Sita's humble and affectionate speech, a favourable response came from the holy flood: "Hearken, Vaidehi, best beloved of Raghubír; who is there in the world who knows not your glory? they who behold you become as the sovereigns of the spheres, and all the powers of magic meekly do you service. In the petition that you have deigned to address to me, you have graciously paid me all too high an honour; yet, lady, unworthy as I am, I bestow upon you my blessing, in order to prove my utterances true,

*Dohá 100.*

You shall return in safety to Kosala with your beloved and his brother; your every wish shall be accomplished, and your renown shall be spread throughout the world."

*Chaupái.*

On hearing Gangá's gracious speech, Síta was delighted to find it so propitious. Then said the lord to Guha: "Return home." At this his face grew wan and his bosom burned, and with clasped hands and in suppliant tones he cried: "Noblest of the sons of Raghu, hearken to my prayer. Let me remain with my lord to show the road and do him service for a day or two, and make a shapely hut of twigs for him in the wood where he goes to stay. After that I swear by Raghubír to do as he shall command me." Seeing his unfeigned affection, he took him with him, to Guha's delight, who there upon called all his kinsmen and dismissed them with kind assurances,

*Dohá 101.*

Then directing his intention to Ganes and Siva, and bowing his head to the Ganges, the lord with his companion and his brother and Síta took his way to the woods.

*Chaupái.*

That day he halted under a tree, and Lakshman and his attendant supplied all his necessities. At dawn, having per-

formed his morning ablutions he proceeded to visit the king of Sanctuaries. A king with Truth for his minister, Faith for his cherished consort, the god Mádhava<sup>1</sup> for his friend and favourite ; his treasury stored with the four great prizes of life, and all holy places for his fair dominion ; with an impregnable domain and magnificent forts, so strong that no enemy could ever dream of taking them ; with an army of shrines of such virtue and power as to rout the whole army of Sin ; with the meeting of the rivers for his glorious throne and the Akhay-bat for his royal umbrella, dazzling even the soul of a saint ; with the waves of the Ganga and Jamuná for his *chauries*, a vision to disperse all sorrow and distress :

*Dohá 102.*

his attendants pure and holy anchorites, guerdoned with all their desire : his heralds, the Vedas and Puránas, to declare his immaculate virtue.

*Chaupái.*

Who can tell the power of Prayág, a lion to destroy the elephantine monster Sin ? On beholding the beauty of this king of sanctuaries, Raghubar, the ocean of delight, was delighted, and with his holy mouth he discoursed on its greatness to Síta, his brother and his companion. After making it an obeisance he visited the woods and groves, dilating on their virtue with the utmost devotion. So he came to the Tribeni—the mere thought of which confers all happiness—and after gazing upon it, rapturously bathed and paid homage to Siva and to the divinity of the spot in all due form. Then came the lord to Bharadvaja ; as he prostrated himself at his feet, the saint took him to his breast in an ecstasy of joy past all telling, as though he had realized the perfect bliss of heaven.

*Dohá 103.*

The patriarch gave him his blessing with as much joy of heart as though God had set before him in visible form the reward of his virtue.

<sup>1</sup> Veni-Madhava is the name of the god worshipped as the tutelary divinity of the Tribeni, the confluence of the three streams, at Prayág.

*Chaupái.*

After enquiring of his welfare, he conducted him to a seat and indulged his affection in doing him honour. Then he brought and presented roots, fruits and herbs, all sweet as ambrosia, of which Ráma, with Síta, Lakshman and their attendant, partook with much pleasure and content. Ráma was refreshed and all his fatigue forgotten. Then cried Bharadvája in complacent tones : " This day my penance, my pilgrimages and my vigils have been rewarded ; my prayers my meditations and my detachment from the world have to-day borne fruit ; yea, all my pious practices have to-day, Ráma, been rewarded by the sight of you. This and nought else is the height of gain, the height of happiness ; in beholding you my every desire is satisfied. Now of your favour grant me this one boon, a life-long devotion to your lotus feet.

*Dohá 104.*

Until a man in heart, word and deed, and without reserve, becomes wholly yours, he cannot even dream of happiness, despite all that he may do."

*Chaupái.*

On hearing the saint's words, Ráma was confused, yet revelled with delight in so exquisite a display of faith. Then proceeded he to declare unto them all in countless ways the saints illustrious renown : " Great indeed and highly endowed is he, Holy Father, whom you are pleased to honour." Thus they bowed to one another, the saint and Raghubír, and were filled as they conversed with indescribable happiness. When the people of Prayág heard the news, all the religious students, ascetics, monks, hermits and anchorites flocked to Bharadvája's cell to see the glorious son of Dasarath. All made their obeisance and rejoiced that their eyes had been so highly favoured. They blessed him and returned with exceeding joy, extolling his beauty.

*Dohá 105.*

Ráma rested for the night. At daybreak he bathed at Prayág, and then, after bowing his head to the saint, proceed-

ed joyfully on his way with Síta, Lakshman and his attendant.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma had affectionately asked the saint : " Tell me, my lord, by what road we shall go." The saint replied with a smile : " All ways are easy to you," but called his disciples to go with him. They came with joy, some fifty in number, all in their boundless love for Ráma declaring that they knew the road. The saint selected four students, who in many previous existences had done many good deeds. Then having bowed to the saint and received his permission to depart, Raghurái went forth rejoicing. When they had come out near to the village, the men and women who all flocked to see them found in the sight of their lord the fruition of their life, and sadly turning home, sent their heart after him.

*Doha 106.*

Courteously Ráma dismissed the disciples, who returned with their heart's desire obtained ; then alighted and bathed in the stream of Jamunà, dark as his own body.

*Chaupái.*

The dwellers on the bank, when they heard of his arrival, left whatever they were doing and ran to see him. On beholding the beauty of Lakshman, Ráma and Síta, they congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and all with longing heart began diffidently to ask their name and home. The sage elders of the party had wit enough to recognize Ráma, and related his whole history, and how he had come into the desert by his father's order. At this, they were all sad and complained : " The king and queen have done ill."<sup>1</sup> Men and women alike, on beholding the beauty of Ráma, Lakshman and Síta, were agitated with love and pity : " What kind of father and mother must they be, friend, who have sent such children into the wood ?"

<sup>1</sup> Here in some copies is found a whole additional stanza, which is said to exist also in the Rájapur MS. It may, therefore, have been written by Tulsi Dás : but if so, was probably afterwards cancelled by him. The lines contain nothing of any interest, and they fit in very awkwardly with the context, I therefore, like most of the native editors, prefer to omit them

*Dohá 107.*

Then Raghubír urgently exhorted his guide, who in submission to his commands took his way home.

*Chaupái.*

Again with clasped hands Síta, Ráma and Lakshman made renewed obeisance to the Jamuná, and as they went on their way their talk was all of the daughter of the Sun and her glory. Many travellers met them on the way, and exclaimed, after gazing with affection at the two brothers : "You have all the marks of royalty on your person; on seeing them we are troubled at heart, for you go your way on foot, and the astrologers methinks are false. The road is difficult; the mountains and forests are very great; yet you have with you a delicate girl. Elephants and tigers make the woods too terrible to contemplate; with your permission, we will accompany you, will escort you as far as you please, and then make our bow and return."

*Dohá 108.*

As they proffered this request, their body trembled all over with excess of love, and their eyes filled with tears; but the All-merciful gently and courteously dismissed them.

*Chaupái.*

All the towns and villages along the road were the envy of the cities of the Serpents and the Gods: 'At what an auspicious moment and by what a holy man must they have been founded, to be so happy and blessed and altogether highly favoured!' Whatever spot was trodden by Ráma's feet Paradise was not to be compared to it. The dwellers by the wayside, of high desert, were the praise of the denizens of heaven, as they feasted their eyes on Síta and Lakshman and Ráma dark of hue as a storm-cloud. The ponds and rivers in which Ráma bathed were the envy of the lake and river of heaven; the trees under which the Lord sat were magnified by the tree of life; and Earth, touched by the dust of Ráma's lotus feet, thought her good fortune complete.

*Dohá 109.*

The clouds gave him shade, the exultant hosts of heaven rained down flowers, as Ráma proceeded on his way looking at the rocks and woods and birds and deer.

*Chaupái.*

Whenever Síta, Lakshman and Raghurái came out near a village on the way, every one,—young and old; man and woman—came directly they heard the news, forgetting their own private affairs, and as they gazed on their beauty obtained the fruition of their eyes and were made happy for ever. At the sight of the two heroes their eyes filled with tears, their body quivered with emotion, and they became all-enraptured, their state of mind as indescribable as though a beggar had discovered a pile of heavenly jewels. Every one was telling his neighbour: "Now is the time to prove the value of sight." One in his delight to see Ráma would go with him, gazing as he went; another, drawing his beautiful image into his heart by the way of his eyes, was utterly overpowered in body, soul and speech.

*Dohá 110.*

One, seeing a fine shady fig-tree, would spread under it soft grass and leaves and cry; "Rest a little after your fatigue, and proceed again either at once or at daybreak."

*Chaupái.*

Another brought a jar full of water and tenderly besought him 'Drink' my lord.' On hearing their affectionate speech and seeing their great devotion, the compassionate and most amiable Ráma, who moreover perceived that Síta was wearied, rested for a while in the shade of the fig-tree. All were enraptured with his beauty—men and women alike—and their soul was enamoured of his incomparable loveliness. Like a circle of partridges about his moon-like face, so fixed was their gaze. At the sight of his body, dark in hue as a young *tamál* tree, a myriad Loves were fascinated; while Lakshman, all comely from head to foot, charmed the soul with his fair limbs, bright as the lightning; in his anchorite's

dress, with his tightly-fitted quiver and bow, and arrows gleaming in his lotus hand.

*Dohá 111.*

With their hair done up in a knot as a crown upon their graceful heads, with broad chest, strong arms, and large deep eyes, with face like the autumnal full moon, glistening with beads of moisture,

*Chaupái.*

the loveliness of the two brothers is past all telling; it is boundless, and my wit is scant. With every faculty of mind and soul, they all gaze upon the beauteous trio; man and woman thirsting and faint with love, like deer dazed by a light. The village women drew near Síta with tender and bashful enquiries, and again embracing her feet, in their simplicity whispered the question:—"Noble lady, we have a petition, but, like women, are afraid to make it. Pardon our presumption, madam, and be not offended by our country manners. These two charming young princes, from whom emerald and gold might borrow splendour,

*Dohá 112.*

the one dark, the other fair, but both beautiful and homes of delight, with face like the autumn moon, and eyes like the lotuses of autumn,

*Chaupái.*

that would put to shame a myriad loves, say, fair lady, how stand they to you" On hearing their pleasant and loving speech, Síta smiled in modest confusion, and looking first at them and then at the earth was abashed—the pretty maid—with a double abashment. But drooping her fawn-like eyes, and with a voice sweet as the *koil's*, she lovingly replied: "The fair youth, so easy and graceful, is by name Lakshman, my younger brother-in-law; while he, the dark-complexioned, with the large eyes and arms, the all-beautiful with the gentle voice:" here veiling her moon-like face with the border of her robe she looked towards her husband, and her eyebrows

with a side-long glance like a pretty *khanjan*,<sup>1</sup> thus by signs indicated to them her lord. All the village women were as delighted as beggars who have robbed a pile of jewels.

*Dohá* 112.

Falling at Síta's feet in their great affection, they invoked upon her every blessing: "May your happy wedded life last as long as Earth rests on the serpent's head."

*Chaupái.*

May you be as dear to your lord as Párvati to Siva. Yet, lady, cease not to have some regard for us: again and again with clasped hands we beseech you, if you return by this road, remember us your servants, and allow us to see you." Finding them all so athirst with love, Síta comforted them with many soothing words, as the lily is cheered by the moonlight. Then Lakshman, perceiving Raghubír's wish, gently asked the people the way. At his words they became sad, their limbs trembled, their eyes filled with tears, their joy was extinguished, and they were troubled at heart: "God has given us a treasure only to take it away again!" Then reflecting on the ways of Fate and taking courage, they fixed upon the easiest road and explained it to them.

*Dohá* 114.

Raghunáth took his way to the woods, and with him Lakshman and Jánaki; and they all returned home, but with many fond speeches, and in heart accompanied them.

*Chaupái.*

Men and women alike on their way back lamented exceedingly and imputed blame to Fate, sayingsadly to one another: "God's doings are all perverse. He is utterly uncontrollable, cruel and remorseless; who has made the moon sickly and spotted, the tree of paradise a lifeless block, and the ocean all salt, and who now has sent these princely boys into the wilderness. If the woods are their proper abode, then for whom has he intended ease and pleasure? If they are to wander on their way barefooted, it is to no purpose that he has inven-

<sup>1</sup> The *khanjan* is a species of wagtail.

ted so many kinds of carriages. If they are to lie on the ground littered only with grass and leaves, for whom has God created comfortable couches? If he makes them live under the trees, why has he taken such pains to erect splendid palaces?

*Dohá 115.*

If such lovely and delicate children wear the rough dress and matted locks of anchorites, it is to no purpose that the great artificer has made so many kinds of dress and ornament.

*Chaupái.*

If they are to eat only fruits and herbs, all the delicacies of the world are thrown away." Said one: "They are so beautiful, they must have been spontaneously produced and not made by God at all. In all the works of God of which the Vedas speak, that either the ears can hear, or the eyes see, or the mind imagine, or the tongue tell—search and examine the whole fourteen spheres—where is there such a man, and where such a woman? When he saw them, God was so pleased that he essayed to make their match: but after much labour, nothing came of it, and thus in spite he has sent and buried them in the woods." Said another: "I am no great scholar, but I account myself supremely happy; nay, blessed are all, in my opinion, who see him, or have seen him, or shall see him."

*Dohá 116.*

With such affectionate discourse their eyes filled with tears: "How can they, who are so delicate, traverse so difficult a road."

*Chaupái.*

All the women were made as uneasy by their love as is the *chakri* at evening time. As they thought upon their tender lotus feet and the hardness of the road, they were distressed at heart and cried in plaintive tones: "At the touch of their soft and rosy feet, the very earth shrinks, as shrinks our heart. If the great God must send them to the woods, why did he not strew their path with flowers? If there be one boon that we may ask of Heaven and obtain, let it be,

friend, that we keep them ever in our eyes," All the people who had not come in time, and thus had missed seeing Síta and Ráma, when they heard of their beauty, asked anxiously 'How far, brother, will they have got by this time?' They who were strong ran on and saw them, and returned with joy, having obtained the fruition of their eyes.

*Dohá 117.*

The women and children and the aged wrung their hands and lamented. In this manner, wherever Ráma went, the people were smitten with love.

*Chaupái.*

In every village was similar rejoicing at the sight of the moon of the lilylike solar race. Some who had learnt by hearsay of what had been going on imputed blame to the king and queen. One said: "It was very good of the king to give our eyes such a treat." Said others among themselves in simple and loving phrase: "Happy the father and mother who gave them birth and happy the city from whence they came? Happy the hills and plains and woods and towns and every spot which they visit. Even the Creator who made them is pleased—nay, is absolutely in love with them." The delightful history of Ráma, Lakshman and Síta thus spread over every road and forest.

*Dohá 118.*

In this manner the Sun of the lotus-like solar race gladdened the people on the road, as with Síta and the son of Sumitrà he proceeded on his travels through the woods;

*Chaupái.*

Ráma walked in front and Lakshman behind, conspicuous in the hermit's dress they wore; and between the two Síta shone resplendent as Mayá who connects the life of God with the life of the world. Or, to describe her beauty by another fancy, she seemed like Rati between Spring and Love; or, to ransack my mind for yet another simile, like the constellation Rohiní<sup>1</sup> bet-

<sup>1</sup> Rohini is the ninth lunar asterism personified as the daughter of Daksha and the favourite wife of the Moon. Budha is the planet Mercury.

ween Budha and the Moon. As she went along the way, Síta carefully planted her feet between the footprints of her lord; while Lakshman, avoiding the footprints of them both, set his feet as he went to their right and left. The charming affection of all three was beyond all telling; how can I declare it? Birds and deer were fascinated at the sight of their beauty, and Ráma the wayfarer stole their heart.

*Dohá 119.*

All who beheld the dear travellers, Síta and the two brothers, joyously and without fatigue arrived at once at the end of the toilsome journey of life.

*Chaupái.*

And to this day any soul in which the vision of the wayfarers, Ráma, Síta and Lakshman abides, finds the path that leads to Ráma's home, path that scarce a saint many find. Then Raghubír, knowing that Síta was tired, and observing a fig-tree close at hand and cool water, there rested and took some roots and fruits to eat, and after bathing at dawn again went on his way. Admiring the beauty of the woods and lakes and rocks, he arrived at Válmíki's hermitage. He found the saint's dwelling a charming spot, a lovely wooded hill with a spring of clear water, lotuses in the pond, the forest trees all in flower, with a delightful hum of bees drunk with sweets, and a joyous clamour of birds and beasts feeding happily and in peace together.

*Dohá 120.*

The Lotus-eyed was glad as he gazed upon the bright and fair retreat, and the saint on hearing of his arrival came forth to meet him.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma prostrated himself before him, as the holy man gave him his blessing. At the sight of Ráma's beauty, his eyes were rejoiced and he conducted him with all honour to his cell; there gave him a choice seat as a guest dear to him as his own life, and sent for herbs and sweet fruits, of which Síta, Lakshman and Ráma ate. Great was the joy of Válmí-

ki's soul as his eyes beheld the image of bliss. Then folding his lotus hands, Ráma thus spoke in words to charm his ears: "King of sages, all time, past, present and future, is in your ken, and the universe is like a little plum in the palm of your hand." So saying, the lord related to him the whole history and how the queen had banished him.

*Dohá 121.*

"My father's promise, my mother's schemes, my brother Bharat's coronation, and my own meeting with you, my lord, are all blessings that only past merit can have won for me.

*Chaupái.*

In beholding your feet, holy sir, all my good deeds are rewarded. Now, wherever it may be your order, and no anchorite be troubled—for those monarchs burn, even though there be no fire, who vex either saint or ascetic: the satisfaction of a Bráhmaṇ is the root of all happiness, while his wrath consumes a thousand generations—tell me then some place to which I can go with Síta and Sumitrá's son, and there build a pretty hut of grass and twigs and rest awhile, kind sir." On hearing his ingenious speech, the allwise seer exclaimed: "True, true! It is only natural for you so to speak, pride of the Raghu line, guardian of the eternal bridge of Revelation.

*Chhand 4.*

Guardian of the bridge of Revelation, you, O Ráma, are the lord of the universe, and Jánaki is Mayá, who at your gracious will creates, preserves, or destroys the world. And Lakshman is the thousand-headed serpent lord, the supporter of the world with all that it contains, living or lifeless, who in behalf of the gods has taken a kingly form and goes forth to rout the demon host.

*Sorathá 4.*

Your semblance, O Ráma, transcends speech and is beyond conception, all-pervading, unutterable, illimitable, undefinable even by the Scriptures.

*Chaupái.*

You look on at the drama of life, and Bráhma, Hari and Sambhu are your puppets. Even they know not your secret, and who else could discover you? He only knows you to whom you have vouchsafed knowledge; and he who knows you becomes one with you. It is by your grace, O Raghunandan, that your votaries learn to know you, soothing sandal-wood of the devout soul. Your body is pure intelligence and bliss, devoid of change, as they know who have found you. In behalf of the saints and the gods you have taken a human body and speak and act like an ordinary king. Fools are bewildered, but the wise rejoice, as they see or hear of your doings; whatever you say or do is true, and we can only play such parts as you set us.

*Dohá 122.*

You ask of me 'Where can I stay?' but I ask with trembling, tell me where are you not, there will I assign you a place."

*Chaupái.*

On hearing the sage's affectionate words, Ráma was abashed and smiled to himself. Again Válmíki cried gaily in tones of honeyed sweetness: "Hearken, Ráma; I will now tell you the places where you and Síta and Lakshman should abide. They whose ears are like the ocean to catch the blessed streams of your traditions, and though ever replenished are never filled to the full, their heart shall be your chosen abode. They whose eyes long for your presence, as passionately as the chátak for the rain-cloud, and scorning the water of river, lake or sea, quench their thirst only in your beauty, their hearts are your glorious mansion; there abide, O Raghunáyak, with Lakshman and Síta.

*Dohá 123.*

Whose tongue, like the swan in the clear hyperboreal lake of your renown gathers up the pearls of your perfections; in his heart, Ráma, fix your home.

*Chaupái.*

They who ever reverently inhale the sweet and blessed odour of the offerings to their lord ; who feed upon what has been offered to you ; who wear only raiment and adornments first offered to you ; who bow their heads when they see a god, a *guru*, or a Bráhmaṇ, and treat them with all honour and affection ; whose hands are ever engaged in paying Ráma worship ; who have no other hope but Ráma in their heart ; and whose feet ever bear them to his shrines ; be their soul, Ráma, your dwelling-place. They who are ever repeating your holy name, and adoring you with their family ; who perform the varied rites of oblation and sacrifice ; who feast Bráhmaṇs, and give them liberal donations ; who regard their own *guru* even more than you, and serve him with all honour and affection,

*Dohá 124.*

who ask of all one only boon, devotion to Ráma ; be their heart your temple wherein to abide, O Síta and you two brothers.

*Chaupái.*

Whoso is unmoved by lust, anger, pride or arrogance, and is without covetousness, excitement, partiality or malice without fraud, hypocrisy or heretical delusion ; dwell in his heart, Raghuráya. They who are all men's friends, and are friendly to all ; to whom pleasure and pain, praise and abuse are alike ; who are careful to say what is both true and kind ; who, whether sleeping or waking, place themselves under your protection and have no other way of salvation but you ; in their heart, Ráma, abide. They who look upon another man's wife as their own mother, and another man's wealth as the deadliest poison, who rejoice to see a neighbour's prosperity and are grieved for his misfortunes ; and to whom you, O Ráma, are dear as their own life : be their heart your auspicious abode.

*Dohá 125.*

To whom, my son, you are at once master and companion,

father, mother and spiritual guide; be their heart your temple, ye brothers twain, wherein with Síta to abide.

*Chaupái.*

They who pick out all men's good points and leave their bad; who endure troubles on behalf of Bráhmans and kine; and who are of note in the world for soundness of doctrine; in their heart be your chosen home. They who understand your righteousness and their own defects and fix all their hopes on you, and have an affection for all your worshippers; in their heart dwell, you and Síta. He who has left all tribe, sect, wealth, hereditary religion, worldly advancement, friend, relations, home and all, and given himself wholly to you; in his heart take up your abode, Raghurái. To whom heaven and hell and release from transmigration are all alike, if only they can behold the god with his bow and arrows; and who in heart, word and deed are your faithful slaves; be their heart, Ráma, your tabernacle.

*Dohá 126.*

They who never ask for anything but simply love you; in their heart abide for ever, for that is your very home."

*Chaupái.*

Such were the dwelling-places the sage indicated, and his loving speech pleased Ráma's soul. The saint continued: Harken, lord of the solar race; I will tell you a hermitage suitable for your present wants. Take up your abode on the hill of Chitra-kút;<sup>1</sup> there you will have every convenience. It is a beautiful hill finely wooded, the haunt of elephants, tigers,

<sup>1</sup> The sacred hill of Chitra-kút is one of a small group that forms the last spur of the great Vindhyan range. It is situated in the modern district of Banda, close to the town of Karwi and about 60 miles from Prayág (Allahabad). A river flows at its base, now called the Paisuni (the Sanskrit Peyoshni; 'warm as milk'), which has some fine waterfalls before it joins the Jamuná. The Mandákini, so frequently mentioned, is only a small tributary stream which enters the Paisuni near the village of Sitapur, where are a number of handsome temples. The hill is about three miles in circumference, and a narrow paved path runs the whole way round. This was constructed about 150 years ago by one of the Rájas of the neighbouring state of Panna for the convenience of pilgrims performing the ceremony of circumambulation. The two principal fête days are the Rám-navami (Ráma's birthday) in the month of Chait, and the Diwáli in Kártik. About 20 miles from Chitra-kút on the bank of the Jamuná is the town of Rájapur, which was founded by Tulsí Dás, where he lived for several years, and

deer and birds. It has a sacred river mentioned in the Purānas, which the wife of Atri brought there by the power of penance.<sup>1</sup> It is called the Mandākini, and is a branch of the Ganges, as quick to drown sin as a witch to strangle an infant. Atri and other sages live there, engaged in meditation and prayer and wasting their body with penance. Go and bless their labours, Rāma, and confer dignity on the mountain."

*Dohā 127.*

All the glories of Chitra-kút did the great saint tell and declare. The two brothers and Sita proceeded to bathe in the sacred stream.

*Chaupái.*

Said Ragubar, "It is a good place, Lakshman; now make arrangements for our stopping somewhere here." Lakshman then spied out the north bank: "The ravine bends round it like a bow, with the river for its string, asceticism and charity for its arrows, and all the sins of this evilage for its quarry, while Mount Chitra-kút is the huntsman of unerring aim striking at close quarters." So saying, Lakshman showed the spot; when he had seen it, Raghupati was pleased. The gods learnt that Rāma was well content, and came with Indra at their head. In the garb of Kols and Kirāts they came and put up neat huts of boughs and grass, two of them; both prettier than words can tell, the one of larger size, the other a nice little cottage.

*Dohā 128.*

In his rustic cell the Lord, attended by Lakshman and

where a manuscript of the Rāmāyana in his own handwriting is still preserved. He imposed some curious restrictions upon the inhabitants of the place, which are still to this day religiously observed. No private houses, however wealthy the owners may be, are allowed to be built of any material but mud and wood, stone being reserved exclusively for the temples: and no barber, potter or dancing-girl may live within the limits of the town; when their services are required, they have to be called in from some other village.

1 Anasūya, the wife of Atri, was one of Daksha's 24 daughters. She practised severe penance for ten thousand years, and by virtue of the religious merit that she had thus acquired she created the river Mandākini, and by its waters maintained the fertility of the country through a ten years' drought.

Jánaki, shone forth as beautiful as Love in the dress of a hermit between Ratí<sup>1</sup> and Spring.

*Chaupái.*

Then flocked to Chitra-kút gods, serpents, Kinnars, and Digpáls. All the immortals bowed low before Ráma and gazed with joy on that most longed-for vision. Showering down flowers and exclaiming "At length, O Lord, we have found our Lord," the heavenly host in piteous wise declared their intolerable distress, and joyfully started for their several homes. As soon as they heard the news of Raghunandan's stay at Chitra-kút, the saints sallied forth; seeing the holy company draw near, Ráma prostrated himself before them: but they all took him to their bosom, and invoked upon him blessings, <sup>2</sup> knowing that they would be accomplished. As they beheld the beauty of Ráma and Síta and Sumitrá's son, they accounted all their good deeds to have been well rewarded.

*Dohá 129.*

After all due honours paid, the Lord dismissed the saintly throng to practise contemplation, prayer, sacrifice and penance at pleasure in their own retreats.

*Chaupái.*

When the Kols and Kiráts got the tidings, they were as glad as if the nine treasures<sup>3</sup> had come to their house. With leaf platters full of herbs, roots and fruits, they ran like beggars scrambling for gold. Those among them who had already seen the two brothers were questioned about them by the others on the road. Telling and hearing Ráma's perfections, all came and saw him. Laying their offerings before him and making obeisance, their love increased exceedingly as they gazed upon their Lord. Motionless as figures in a

<sup>1</sup> Ratí is the Indian Venus.

<sup>2</sup> Their blessing could do Ráma no good, but its fulfilment would redound to their own credit, as showing them to be true prophets.

<sup>3</sup> The nine *Nidhis*, or heavenly treasures of Kuvera, the god of wealth, are thus enumerated: the Padma, Mahá-padma, Sankha, makara, Machchapa, Mukunda, Níla, Nanda and Kharba; but their nature is not exactly defined, though some of them appear to be precious gems. According to the Tántrik system they are personified and worshipped as demi-gods, attendant either upon Kuvera, who is sometimes called *Nidhínám Adhipah*, 'lord of the Nidhis,' or upon Lakshmi, the goddess of prosperity.—Williams.

picture they stood about anyhow, their body thrilling with emotion and their eyes filled with tears. Râma, perceiving that they were overwhelmed with affection, spoke to them words of kindness and received them with honour. Again and again bowing low before the Lord, they addressed him in humble strain with folded hands:

*Dohâ 130.*

"Now at length that we have seen our Lord's feet, we have all found a protector; O prince of Kosala, what a blessing for us is your arrival.

*Chaupâi.*

Happy land and forest and road and hill, where thou, my lord, hast planted thy foot; happy the birds and deer and beasts of the forest, whose life has been crowned by thy sight; happy we and all our kin, who have filled our eyes with thy vision. Thou hast chosen an excellent spot whereon to take up thy abode; here at all seasons of the year thou wilt live at ease. We will do thee service in every way, by driving away elephants, lions, snakes and tigers. The thickets, ravines, mountains, chasms and caves have all, my lord, been explored by us foot by foot; we will take you to the different haunts of game, and point out to you the lakes and waterfalls and every other place. We and our people are thy servants; do not hesitate to command us."

*Dohâ 131.*

The lord, whom the Veda cannot utter nor the saints comprehend, in his infinite compassion listened to the words of the Kirâts, as a father to the voice of a child.

*Chaupâi.*

It is only love that Râma loves; understand this, ye who are men of understanding. He charmed all the foresters by his tender loving<sup>1</sup> speeches. Having taking leave and bowed the head, they set forth, and discoursing on the way of their Lord's perfections they reached their homes. In this fashion the

<sup>1</sup> *Pariposho*, 'abounding with,' 'fraught with,' is for the Sanskrit *paripushta*,

two brothers and Sita dwelt in the forest, delighting gods and saints. From the time that Raghu-náyak took up his abode there, the wood became bounteous in blessing; every kind of tree blossomed and bore fruit; luxuriant creepers formed pleasant and beautiful canopies; as though the tree of paradise in all its native loveliness had abandoned the groves of heaven. Strings of bees made a grateful buzzing, and a delicious air breathed soft, cool and fragrant.

*Dohá 132.*

Jays, cuckoos, parrots, *cháta*ks, *chak*was, *chak*ors, and birds of every description charmed the ear and ravished the soul with their notes.

*Chaupái.*

Elephants, lions, monkeys, bears and deer forgot their animosity and sported together. Enraptured above all were the herds of deer who beheld the beauty of Ráma as he tracked the chase. All the forests of the gods that there are in the world were envious at the sight of Ráma's forest. The Ganges, the Sarasvati, the sunborn Jamuná, the Narmada, daughter of Mount Mekal, and the sacred Godávári, every river, stream and torrent discoursed of the Mandákini. The mountains of the rising and the setting sun, Kailás, Mandar, Meru, home of all the gods, the crags of Himálaya, and all the hills there be, sang the glory of Chitra-kút. The delight of the gods was more than their soul could contain, to think it had won such renown without an effort.

*Dohá 133.*

"Of highest merit and blessed indeed are all the birds, deer, creepers, trees and grasses of Chitra-kút," so day and night cried the gods.

*Chaupái.*

All creatures with eyes, who looked on Ráma, felt with delight that now they had lived to some purpose. Things without life, touched by the dust of his feet, were gladdened by promotion to the highest sphere. The woods and rocks, all charming in themselves, were so blissful, so entirely the

holiest of the holy, that how can I declare their glory, when they became the abode of the infinitely blessed, and when leaving the Milky Ocean<sup>1</sup> and deserting Avadh, Síta, Ráma, and Lakshman came there to dwell? The delights of the forest would be past telling even by a hundred thousand Seshnágs. How then can I describe them, any more than a common hole tortoise could uplift Mount Mandar? In every thought, word and act Lakshman does him service, with an amiability and devotion more than can be told.

*Dohá 134.*

For ever gazing on the feet of Síta and Ráma and conscious of their love for him, not even in his sleep did Lakshman dream of absent kindred, or father or mother, or home.

*Chaupáí.*

In Ráma's company Síta lived so happy that she lost all memory of city, family and home. Ever watching the moon-like face of her beloved, she rejoiced like the partridge at night, and seeing her lord's affection daily increase she was as happy as the cuckoo by day. Her heart was so enamoured of him that the forest was a thousand times as dear to her as Avadh; dear was the cottage with her love's society, dear were the fawns and birds, now her only attendants: like her husband's father and mother were the hermits and their wives, and sweet as ambrosia the wild fruits and roots. Shared with her lord, a litter of leaves<sup>2</sup> was a hundredfold more delightful than Cupid's own couch. How can material delights beguile him, the mere sight of whom confers the sovereignty of the spheres?

*Dohá 135.*

Remembering Ráma, men discard as no more worth than a blade of grass all the pleasures of sense; no wonder then in Síta's case, Ráma's own beloved, the mother of the world.

<sup>1</sup> Here Síta, Ráma, and Lakshman are all three regarded as incarnations of Vishnu, whose eternal home is the Milky Ocean.

<sup>2</sup> *Sáthari* is for the Sanskrit *Sastara*, 'made by strewing,' a bed of leaves.

*Chaupái.*

Anything that would please Síta and Lakshman, that would Raghunáth do, exactly as they suggested. He would recite legends and tales of olden times, in the hearing of which Lakshman and Síta took great delight. If ever he made mention of Avadh, his eyes filled with tears; as he called to mind his father and mother, his family and his brother, with all Bharat's affection and amiable attention, the compassionate Lord grew most sad, but restrained himself knowing that the time was out of joint. At the sight Síta and Lakshman became distressed also, like the shadow that follows a man. When Raghunandan noticed the emotion of his spouse and his brother, being self-restrained and tender and as soothing to his votaries as sandal-wood when applied to the breast, he would begin to relate some sacred story to divert them.

*Dohá 136.*

Ráma and Lakshman with Síta in their leafy hut were as resplendent as Indra in the city of heaven with his spouse Sachi and their son Jayanta.

*Chaupái.*

The Lord was as watchful over Síta and his younger brother as the eyelids over the pupil of the eye; while Lakshman was as careful of Síta and Raghu-bíra as a fool of his own body. Thus happily the Lord lived in the woods, gratifying alike birds, beasts and pious ascetics. I have now told the story of Ráma's exile to the woods; hear how Sumanta reached Avadh. The Nishád returned after escorting his Lord, and came in sight of the Minister and the chariot. No words can tell the distress with which he found the Minister to be agonized. Crying out "Ráma, Ráma, Síta, Lakshman," he had fallen to the ground utterly overpowered, while the horses kept on looking to the south<sup>1</sup> and neighing as piteously as a bird that has lost its wings.

1 Hoping, as Ráma had gone to the south, to get the first glimpse of him coming back again from that direction.

*Dohá 127.*

They would neither eat grass nor drink water, and their eyes shed tears. At the sight of Ráma's horses all the Nisháds were deeply grieved.

*Chaupái.*

At length summoning up courage the Nishád said: "Now, Sumanta, cease mourning ; you are a learned man and a philosopher, submit patiently to adverse fortune." With such kindly expostulations he made him mount the chariot, whether he would or no ; but he was so unstrung by grief that he could not drive, his heart ached so grievously for Ráma's loss. The horses reared and would not go ; you would think they were wild deer put in harness, jibbing, lying down and turning to look behind them, being overcome by sore pain for Ráma's loss. If any one mentioned the name of Ráma, Lakshman, or Síta, the horses would at once neigh and look at him ; the way in which they declared their grief is not to be described, like a snake that has lost its head-jewel.

*Dohá 138.*

The sight of the Minister and the horses made the Nishád very sad. He told off four trusty grooms and with them a charioteer.

*Chaupái.*

After making over the charioteer, Guha returned home, more sorry at leaving than words can tell. The Nisháds drove off to Avadh ; sunk every moment in deeper distress, Sumanta, tortured by regrets, a prey to woe, cried : "A curse for life without Raghu-bír ! This vile body must perish at last ; it lost all glory when bereft of Raghu-bír and became a sink of infamy and crime ; why does it not take its departure ? Ah ! fool that it is, it missed its opportunity, seeing that to-day my heart has not broken in twain," Wringing his hands and beating his head in his remorse he went his way like a miser robbed of his pelf, or like a warrior of high renown, some famous champion, who has had to flee from the battle-field.

*Dohá 139.*

The Minister's grief was like that of some learned Bráhma-  
man well read in the Vedas, a man of good repute, of integ-  
rity and birth, who has been entrapped into drinking.

*Chaupái.*

Or like some well-born, virtuous and discreet lady, who  
is entirely devoted to her lord, but whom Fate has forced to  
desert him ; such was the cruel torture that racked the Mi-  
nister's heart. His eyes so full of tears that he could scarce-  
ly see; his ears deaf, his senses all confused, his lips dry, his  
tongue cleaving to his palate, the breath of life only restrain-  
ed by the bar of Ráma's promise to return ; all the colour gone  
from his face, he looked like one who had murdered his  
father and mother. His soul was so possessed with the great-  
ness of his loss and his remorse that he might be some griev-  
ous sinner trembling at the gate of death. Words would not  
come, but to himself he moaned : "How can I look Avadh in  
the face; when they see the chariot and no Ráma in it, they  
will turn in bewilderment to me.

*Dohá 140.*

When the agitated citizens run to question me and I have  
to answer them, my heart will be cleft asunder as by a thund-  
erbolt.

*Chaupái.*

When the piteous queen-mothers ask of me, Good God !  
what shall I say to them ? When Lakshman's mother ques-  
tions me, what good news can I tell her ? When Ráma's  
mother comes running, like a cow mindful of its new weaned  
calf, and questions me, I can only answer, 'Ráma, Lakshman  
and Síta have gone into the forest.' Whoever asks, I must  
answer so : this is the treat I shall have at Avadh. When  
the sorrowful king, whose life hangs upon Ráma, questions  
me, with what face can I answer him, 'I have seen the princes  
safe to their journey's end and have come back.' When the  
king hears the news of Lakshman, Síta and Ráma, he will  
discard his life as not worth a straw.

*Dohá 141.*

My heart bereft of its beloved is like clay drained of water,  
but it cracks not: now I know how capable of torture is this  
body that God has given me. "

*Chaupái.*

Thus bemoaning himself as he went, he quickly arrived  
in his chariot at the bank of the Tamasá. There he courteo-  
usly dismissed the Nisháds, who after falling at his feet tur-  
ned sorrowfully away. The Minister was as downcast on  
entering the city as one who had killed his own spiritual guide  
or a Brahman, or cow. He passed the day sitting under a tree,  
and at eventide took the opportunity to enter Avadh in the  
dark. He slunk into his house, leaving the chariot at the  
gate. All who heard the tidings came to the king's door to  
see the chariot, and having recognized it and observed the  
distress of the horses, their body melted away like hail in the  
sun. All the citizens were as woe-begone as fish when the  
waters are dried up.

*Dohá 142.*

When they heard of the Minister's arrival, all the ladies  
of the court were agitated. The palace struck him with as  
much dread as a haunted chamber.

*Chaupái.*

All the queens questioned him in great excitement ; no  
answer came, his voice was all broken. With no ears to hear,  
nor eyes to see, he could only ask every one he met, 'Tell me  
where is the king.' Seeing his confusion, the handmaidens  
conducted him to Kausalyá's apartments. On entering, Sum-  
anta found the king in such state as the moon shows when all  
its lustre has waned. Fasting, sleepless, stript of every adorn-  
ment, he lay on the ground in utter wretchedness, sighing  
as piteously as Yayátí<sup>1</sup> after he had been hurled from heaven,

<sup>1</sup> Yayítí as a reward for his many sacrifices was exalted to heaven. There Indra met him, ceremoniously conducted him to the throne, and then craftily drew him out to speak of all the meritorious acts he had done. The more he boasted, the more his virtue evaporated, till at last he was left without any merit at all. The gods then turned him out of heaven and Indra was able to resume the vacant throne.

his heart every moment bursting with grief, like Sampátí<sup>1</sup> falling with singed wings, fondly crying 'Ráma, Ráma, Ráma', and again 'Ráma Lakshman, Síta.'

*Dohá 143.*

The Minister on seeing him cried 'All hail!' and bowed to the ground. At the sound of his voice the king started up hurriedly and exclaimed 'O Súmantha, where is Ráma?'

*Chaupái.*

The king clasped Sumanta to his bosom, like a drowning man who has caught hold of some support. He seated him affectionately by his side, and with his eyes full of tears asked: "Tell me, kind friend, of Ráma's welfare: where are Raghnáth, Lakshman and Síta? Have you brought them back, or have they sought the forest?" At these words the Minister's eyes streamed with tears. Overpowered by anxiety, the king asked again: "give me tidings of Síta, Ráma and Lakshman." Calling to mind Ráma's beauty and talents and amiability, he sorrowed yet more: "I promised him the kingdom and then imposed exile; he obeyed with soul unmoved either by joy or sorrow. Bereft of such a son I yet can live: who so guilty a monster as I?"

*Dohá 144.*

Take me, my friend, to the place where Ráma, Síta and Lakshman are. If not, I tell you the very truth, my soul will take flight at once."

*Chaupái.*

Again and again he implored him: "Friend, tell me of my son. Hearken, comrade; contrive some means for speedily showing me Ráma, Lakshman and Síta." Summoning up courage the Minister gently replied: "Sire, your majesty is a scholar and philosopher, a model of courage and endurance, and a constant attendant of holy assemblies. Life and death; pleasure, pain and all enjoyments; loss and gain; the society of friends and their bereavement; all, sir, are governed by time and fate as unalterably as the succession of night and day. Fools triumph in prosperity, and are downcast in

<sup>1</sup> See Book    *Chaupái*

adversity; wise men account both alike. Consider the matter wisely and take courage; the good of all depends upon you; cease vain regrets.

*Dohá 145.*

Their first halt was at the Tamasă; their second on the bank of the Ganges, where the two heroes and Sita bathed and stayed to drink water.

*Chaupái.*

The boatmen showed them great courtesy and they passed the night at Srīngavera. At daybreak they called for milk of the fig-tree and fastened up the hair of their head into a crown-like top-knot. Then Rāma's friend called for the boat, and after putting his beloved on board, Rāma himself followed, and after him by his Lord's permission, Lakshman too climbed the boat equipt with bow and arrows. Seeing my distress, Raghu-bīr restrained his emotion and addressed me thus kindly: 'Father, give my salutation to my father, and again and again embrace his lotus feet. There at his feet entreat him with all humility, saying,' Father, mourn not for me; my banishment to the forest is pleasant and profitable to myself, and on your part is a grace, a favour, and a meritorious deed.

*Chhand 5,*

By your favour, father, I go to the forest, there to enjoy complete happiness. After fulfilling your command, I shall return again in safety to behold your feet.' Next falling at the feet of each of the queen-mothers, console and implore them to make every effort that Kosala's king may live happy,

*Sorathā 5.*

Again and again clasping the lotus feet of my spiritual instructor, give him this my message: 'So exhort the king that he may cease to sorrow on my account.'

*Chaupái.*

Boxing down before all the citizens and the people of the court make known to them, sir, this my petition: 'He is my best friend who ensures the king's happiness.' Say to

Bharat, too, when he comes, 'Now that you have obtained the royal dignity, forget not sound polity. Cherish your subjects in word, thought and deed, and be obedient to all the queen-mothers without partiality. Fulfil your duty, brother, as a brother, and in dutifulness to father, mother and kindred, and take such care of the king, sir, that he may never regret me.' Lakshman gave vent to some angry words, but Rāma checked him, and begged of me again and again, adjuring me by himself, not to mention his childishness

*Dohā 146.*

Sita sent her reverence, and would have said more, but was unable; her voice faltered, her eyes filled with tears, and her body quivered with emotion.

*Chaupái.*

Then it was that at a sign from Raghubar the boatman propelled the boat to the opposite side. In this manner the Glory of Raghu's line went his way, and I stood looking on with a heart as of adamant. How can I describe my own anguish, who have come back alive, bearing Rāma's message?' With these words the Minister stopped speaking, being overpowered by affection, remorse and distress. When he had heard Sumanta's speech, the king fell to the ground, heart-broken with grief, and in a wild phrenzy of soul writhed like a fish in the scour of a turbid stream.<sup>1</sup> All the queens wept and made lamentation; how can I describe so great a calamity? at the sound of their wailings Sorrow itself grew sorrowful and Endurance could no more endure.

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<sup>1</sup> This simile, as noted at page has puzzled many of the commentators, who are ordinarily grammarians rather than observers of nature. It is well illustrated and explained by a letter in the *Pioneer* of August 5th, 1878, from a correspondent at Mirzapur. He writes as follows:—"we observed a curious phenomenon here which seems worth recording. Early on Friday morning huge quantities of fish of every description were seen coming to the surface all along both banks of the river gasping and dying. The people living near the sides flocked down and clubbed and secured very many. . . . Before many hours all the fish susceptible to whatever influence was at work seem to have perished and in the afternoon they rose to the surface and floated past in a state of decomposition. The river is in high but not full flood. The water, probably on account of the prolonged drought, is intensely and abnormally turbid

*Dohá 147.*

Avadh was in a tumult at the sound of the outcry in the king's palace: as when a cruel thunderbolt has fallen at night in some dense forest full of birds.

*Chaupái.*

The breath of life flickered at the king's mouth, forlorn as a snake robbed of its jewel; all his senses as heavy smitten as the lotuses in a lake that has been drained of its water. When Kausalyá saw the king's misery—the Sun of the solar race setting as it were at noon—Ráma's mother summoned up courage and spoke in words befitting the occasion: "Consider, my lord, and reflect that Ráma's exile is like the vast ocean, you are the helmsman of the good ship Avadh, and your friends are the merchants, its passengers; if you have courage you will get across: if not the whole family will be drowned. Take to heart this entreaty of mine, my spouse, and you will yet see again Ráma, Lakshman and Síta."

*Dohá 148.*

Hearing these tender words from his beloved, the king opened his eyes and looked up, writhing like some hapless fish when sprinkled with cold water.

*Chaupái.*

The king with an effort sat up: "Tell me, Sumanta, where is my generous Ráma? Where is Lakshman? Where my loving Ráma? Where my dear daughter-in-law, the princess of Videha?" Thus miserably moaning, the night seemed an age long and as though it never would end. The blind hermit's curse<sup>1</sup> came back to his mind, and he told the

It is to this peculiarity I attribute the death of the fish. The particles of earth held in suspense have impregnated the gills and stopped breathing."

1 The incident to which such brief allusion is here made is told at full length in the Sanskrit Rámáyana, where it occupies nearly 200 lines. One day, when Dasarath was still a youth, he was out shooting, and had taken up a position near the bank of the Sarjú, where he hoped to get a shot at some tiger or buffalo as it came down in the evening to the river to drink. Hearing a splash in the water, he left fly an arrow. From the cry that followed, he learnt to his dismay that he had shot a young hermit, who had been filling his pitcher for the use of his blind and aged parents. His dying words were to implore the king that he would carry the water to the hermitage and inform the bereaved couple of their son's sad fate. He did so, and was told that as a punishment for his crime he, too, should hereafter die of grief for the loss of a son. The time should be far distant, because the blow was dealt unwittingly, and his confession had further lightened his guilt; had he concealed the deed, he and the whole of his line had perished for ever.

whole story to Kausalyá. As he related the circumstances his agitation increased : " Bereft as I am of Ráma, I have done with life and hope ; why should I cherish a body that has failed to fulfil my love's engagement? Ah Raghu-nandan, dearer to me than life, already I have lived too long without you. Ah, Jánaki and Lakshman ! Ah, Raghubar the raincloud of a fond father's *chátak*-like heart."

*Dohá 149.*

Crying 'Ràma, Ráma !' and again 'Ráma !' and yet once more 'Ráma , Ráma, Ráma !,' the king's soul, bereft of Raghubar, quitted his body and entered heaven.

*Chaupái.*

Thus Dasarath reaped his reward both in life and death, and his spotless fame has spread through countless cycles of creation. In life he saw Ráma's moon-like face, and dying for his loss had a glorious death. All the queens bewept him in an agony of grief, and spoke of his beauty, his amiability, his power and majesty. They made manifold lamentation, throwing themselves upon the ground again and again. Men-servants and maid-servants sadly bemoaned him ; and there was weeping in every house throughout the city : " To-day has set the sun of the solar race, the perfection of justice, the treasury of all good qualities." All reviled Kaikeyi, who had robbed the world of its very eyes. In this manner the night was spent in lamentations till all the great and learned sages arrived.

*Dohá 150.*

Then the holy Vasishtha recited many legends befitting the time, and checked their grief by the wisdom that he displayed.

*Chaupái.*

After filling a boat with oil and putting the king's body in it, he summoned messengers and thus addressed them : " Hasten with all speed to Bharat, and say nothing to anybody about the king : only tell Bharat when you arrive 'The

guru has sent for you two brothers.'” On receiving the saint's orders, they ran off at once with speed that would shame the fleetest of horses. Directly these troubles had begun at Avadh, Bharat was visited with evil omens ; he saw fearful visions in his sleep by night, and on awaking formed all sorts of ill conjectures. He daily feasted Bráhmans and gave alms, and with elaborate ritual poured water over the emblem of Mahádev, and with heartfelt prayers implored the god for the prosperity of his parents, his family and his brethren.

*Dohá 151.*

In this state of anxiety was Bharat found by the heralds on their arrival. As soon as he had heard his guru's commands he offered up a prayer to Ganes and started.

*Chaupái.*

They went with the speed of the wind, urging on their horses over rivers, rocks and trackless forests. So great was his distress of mind that nothing pleased him ; he thought to himself, ‘ O that I had wings to fly ! ’ A moment seemed like a year. In this manner Bharat drew near to the city. On entering he was met by evil omens. Gruesome noises sounded in uncanny places, asses and jackals uttered presages of ill, which pierced him to the heart as he listened. Even the lakes and rivers, groves and gardens, seemed forlorn ; while the city struck him as more melancholy still. Birds, deer, horses and elephants were painful to look at, as though the loss of Ráma were some dreadful disease that had destroyed them. The citizens were as downcast as if they had all lost everything they had in the world.

*Dohá 152.*

The people who met him did not speak, but bowed and passed on. For the fear and dismay in his mind Bharat could not ask ‘ Is all well ? ’

*Chaupái.*

The market-places and streets were as dreary as though the city had been the prey of a general conflagration. When Kaikeyi heard of her son's approach, the moon of the lotus-

like solar race rejoiced. She sprang up gladly and ran with lamp in hand and met him at the door and brought him in. Bharat saw all the household as woe-begone as a bed of lotuses when smitten by the frost, his mother as jubilant as a wild hill-woman who has set the forest in a blaze. Seeing her son sad and distressed, she asked 'Is all well in my mother's house?' Bharat assured her that all was well, and then asked after the welfare of his own family: "Say, where is my father and where the other queen-mothers? where is Síta and my dear brothers, Ráma and Lakshman?"

*Dohá 153.*

On hearing her son's loving speech, the guilty woman's eyes filled with false tears, and she replied in words that pierced Bharat's ears and soul:

*Chaupái.*

"My son, I had arranged everything with the help of poor<sup>1</sup> Manthará, but God somehow spoilt my plan half-way. The king has gone to heaven." On hearing this Bharat was overcome with distress, like an elephant at the roar of a lion. Crying "My father, my father, alas, my father!" he fell upon the ground in grievous affliction. "I could not see you ere you left, nor did you my father, commend me to Ráma." Again, with an effort, he collected himself and got up: "Tell me, mother, the cause of my father's death." On hearing her son's words Kaikeyi replied, as one who drops poison into a wound, and with a glad heart, vile wretch that she was, recounted all that she had done from the very beginning.

*Dohá 154.*

Bharat forgot his father's death when he heard of Ráma's banishment, and knowing himself to be the cause he was staggered and remained speechless.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing her son's distress she comforted him, in such a manner as when one applies salt to a burn: "The king, my

<sup>1</sup> *Bichāri* is here for the Persian word *bechāra*. The Hindu commentator explains it by *chāra rahita*?

boy, is no fit subject for lamentation: he won glory and renown and lived happily. In his life he reaped all life's rewards, and in the end has entered the court of heaven. Regard the matter in this light and banish grief; in state assume the sovereignty of the realm." The prince shrunk exceedingly at her words, as though cautery had been applied to a festered wound; then collecting himself he gave a deep sigh: Wretched woman, the ruin of us all! if this was your vile desire, why did you not kill me at my birth? After cutting down a tree you water the branches and drain a pond to keep the fish alive.

*Dohá 155.*

Born of the solar race, with Dasarath for my father and Ráma and Lakshman for my brothers, I have had you, mother, for a mother: what can be done against Fate?

*Chaupái.*

Wretch! when you formed such an evil design in your mind, how was it your heart did not break in pieces? When you asked the boon, your soul felt no pain, your tongue did not burn, nor your mouth fester? How could the king trust you? his hour of death had come, and God had robbed him of his senses. Not even God knows the ways of a woman's heart; such a mine is it of all deceit, crime and sin. The king was so simple, good and pious, what did he know of woman's nature? Is there any living creature in the world who loves not Raghunáth like himself? Yet he was your special enemy. Tell me the truth, what are you? Whatever you may be, you have blackened your own face; up, hence out of my sight.

*Dohá 156.*

God has created me out of a womb hostile to Ráma; who so guilty a wretch as I? but it is useless for me to say anything to you."

*Chaupái.*

When Satrugma heard of his mother's wickedness he burned all over, his anger was beyond control. At that very moment Humpback came up, dressed out in fine attire and

many jewels. On seeing her, Lakshman's young brother was filled with passion, like fire upon which butter has been poured. He sprang forward and struck her such a blow on her hump that she fell flat on her face and screamed aloud. Her hump was smashed, her head split, her teeth broken, and her mouth streamed with blood. "Ah! my God! what harm have I done? this is an ill reward for all my services!" Then Satrughna, seeing her so all vile from head to foot, seized her by the hair of the head and began dragging her about, till the merciful Bharat rescued her. Both brothers then went to Kausalyá.

*Dohá 157.*

In sordid attire, pale, agitated, with wasted frame and soul opprest with woe, she seemed some lovely creeper or golden lotus smitten by the frost.

*Chaupái.*

When the queen saw Bharat she sprang up in haste, but fell swooning to the ground overtaken with giddiness. At this sight Bharat was grievously distressed, and threw himself at her feet, forgetting his own condition: "Mother, let me see my father; where is Síta, and where Ráma and Lakshman, my two brothers? Why was Kaikeyi born into the world? or if born, why was she not barren instead of bearing me to disgrace the family, a very sink of infamy, the curse of my home? Who in the three spheres is so wretched as I am, on whose account, mother, you have been brought to this plight? My father dead, Ráma banished, and I alone the cause of all this calamity! Woe is me, a very fire amongst the reeds, fraught with intolerable torment, anguish and offence."

*Dohá 158.*

Hearing Bharat speak so tenderly, his mother again took courage and arose and lifted him up and clasped him to her bosom, while she wiped the tears from his eyes.

*Chaupái.*

Simple and kind, she took him to her heart as lovingly

as though Ráma himself had come back. Then Lakshman's young brother was also embraced, while her soul overflowed with sorrow and affection. All who witnessed her kindness said : " She is Ráma's mother, it is natural to her." Seating Bharat in her lap, she wiped away her tears and said soothingly; Now, my child, I adjure you to compose yourself ; reflect that the times are evil and cease to lament. Think no more of your loss and vexation ; remember that the course of time and fate is unalterable. Do not attach blame to any one my son; it is God who has set himself against me. He has made me live through such distress ; who knows what may be his pleasure with me now ?

*Dohá 159.*

At his father's command Raghubír put aside his ornaments and ordinary attire and assumed the bark dress without either dismay or exultation.

*Chaupái.*

With a cheerful countenance and a soul unmoved by anger or attachment, he did all in his power to comfort us. Síta hearing he was off to the forest, went too; in her devotion to Ráma's feet she could not stay. Lakshman also, when he heard the news, rose up to accompany him, and for all Ráma's persuasions would not remain behind. Then Raghubati bowed his head to all in turn and set out accompanied by Síta and his younger brother. Ráma, Lakshman and Síta went thus into exile. I neither joined them nor sent my spirit after them. All this took place before my eyes, and yet—wretch that I am—life did not leave my body. I felt no shame, for all my love, with such a son, as Ráma and myself his mother. The king knew well the time to live and the time to die; but my heart is a hundredfold harder than adamant."

*Dohá 160.*

Hearing Kausalyá's words, Bharat and all the seraglio made woeful lamentation; the palace seemed the very home of affliction.

Bharat, nay, both brothers, wept piteously. Kausal-yá clasped them to her bosom, and comforted Bharat in every way with words of excellent wisdom. With appropriate maxims from the Puránas and Vedas all the queens reasoned with Bharat. And he, pure, guileless and sincere, made fitting answer thus with clasped hands: "The crime of slaying father, mother or guru; of burning cows in their stalls or a city of Bráhmans; the crime of murdering wife or child; of poisoning a friend or a king; every mortal or venial sin, of thought, word and deed, as enumerated by the seers; may all these sins be mine, O God, if this, mother, was a plot of mine.

*Dohá 161.*

May God award me the fate of those who forsake the feet of Hari and Hara and worship abominable demons, if, mother, this was any plot of mine.

*Chaupáí.*

Those who sell the Veda and trade on piety; backbiters, who talk of others' faults; the treacherous, the perverse, the litigious, the violent; the revilers of the Veda, the enemies of all creation; the covetous, the lecherous, the fickle, the boastful,<sup>1</sup> who covet their neighbour's wealth or their neighbour's wife; may I come to a like ill end with them if, mother, this plot had my consent. The wretches who have no regard for the example of the good, who reject the way of salvation, who worship not the incarnation of Hari and take no delight in the glory of Hari and Hara, who abandon the path of Scripture and follow a contrary road, who by knavish disguise impose upon the world; may Sankara allot me a fate like theirs if, mother, I knew of this plot.

*Chhand 6.*

Hearken, mother; in all my thoughts, word and deeds I am the slave of the All-merciful. The omniscient Ráma dwells in my heart and discerns perfectly between true affec-

<sup>1</sup> For the two words *lola*, *lawárá*, it would seem preferable to read, *lolupawárá*, if there were any manuscript to support it.

tion and feigned." As he thus spoke, his eyes streamed with tears, his body quivered, and his toes drew lines upon the ground. Again his mother took and clasped him to her bosom, knowing him to be indeed a votary of Rāma's.

*Dohá 162.*

Hearing Bharat's true and honest and generous words, his mother exclaimed: "Son, you have ever in thought, word and deed been Rāma's friend.

*Chaupái.*

Rāma is the very life of your life, and you are dearer than life to him. The moon may drop poison, ice distil fire, fish avoid water, a sage persist in folly; but you could never become Rāma's enemy. If any one in the world says this was of your contriving, he shall never even in his sleep have any peace or happiness." With these words his mother took Bharat to her arms while her breasts dropped milk and her eyes filled with tears. As they sat and made such long lamentation, the whole night was spent. Saints Vāmadeva and Vasishtha came and summoned all the Ministers and nobles and did everything to console Bharat by appropriate discourse on religious topics.

*Dohá 163.*

"Son, take heart and perform the duties of the day." Bharat arose at the guru's command and ordered everything to be done.

*Chaupái.*

As directed in the Veda, he had the body of the king washed and a sumptuous funeral car prepared. Then clasping the feet of each of the queens he bid them stay.<sup>1</sup> They stayed in the hope of seeing Rāma. Many loads of sandalwood and aloes were brought and immense quantities of sweet-scented spices. The pile was raised on the bank of the Sarju like a fair ladder reaching to heaven. So all the rites of cremation were accomplished; the prescribed bathing, the

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, he would not allow them to ascend the funeral pile with the body of the king and perish with him as Satis,

oblation of sesamum seeds, the ceremony of the ten balls of rice,<sup>1</sup> which Bharat performed after due study of the Vedas, the Paráñas and the Code or Ritual. Whatever order was given at any time by the great sage was thereupon executed accordingly a thousand times over. For his purification he gave abundant gifts; cows, horses, elephants, all kinds of carriages,

*Dohá 164.*

thrones, jewels, robes, grain, lands, money, and houses did Bharat take and present to the Bráhmans: their every wish was gratified.

*Chaupái.*

All the ceremonies that Bharat performed on his father's account were more than a million tongues could tell. Then came the great sages, after determining an auspicious day, and summoned all the nobles and ministers, who went and sat down in the royal council chamber, where they sent and summoned Bharat and his brother. Vasishtha seated Bharat by his side and addressed him in words full of wisdom and piety. First the holy man repeated the whole history of Kaikeyi's monstrous doing and extolled the king for his piety and faithfulness to his promise, who by his death had manifested his love. As he spoke of Râma's good qualities and amiable disposition the saint's eyes filled with tears and his body quivered with emotion. As he went on to tell of the affection shown by Lakshman and Sita, the ascetic sage was drowned in love and grief.

*Dohá 165.*

"Hearken, Bharat"—thus sadly spoke the prince of sages—"Fate is overstrong; loss and gain, life and death honour and dishonour are in God's hands.

*Chaupái.*

Having so considered, why blame any one, or why be angry with any without cause? Ponder this in your heart,

<sup>1</sup> One ball is offered on the first day, two on the second, and so on till the tenth, when the ceremony is complete.

my son; king Dasarath is not to be pitied. Pitiable the Bráhmaṇ who is ignorant of the Veda and has abandoned his faith and become absorbed in the delights of sense; pitiable the king who knows not the principles of government and to whom his subjects are not as dear as his own life; pitiable the merchant, miserly and rich, who regards not the duties of hospitality nor the service of Mahádev; pitiable the Súdra who insults a Bráhmaṇ, who is boastful, ambitious and proud of his knowledge; pitiable again the wife who deceives her own husband, and who is perverse, quarrelsome and self-willed; pitiable the religious student who breaks his vows and obeys not the commands of his *guru*;

*Dohá 166.*

pitiable the householder who, overcome by delusion, forsakes the path of religion; pitiable the ascetic who is enamoured of the world and has lost his judgment and self-governance;

*Chaupái.*

pitiable the anchorite who has given up penance and takes delight in pleasure; pitiable the backbiter and the angry without a cause, the enemies of their own parents, their spiritual guide and their kinsmen; pitiable in every way is the malevolent who cherishes self and is utterly merciless; pitiable in every way is he who does not eschew guile and become a follower of Hari; but the king of Kosala is not to be pitied; his glory is spread abroad through the fourteen spheres. There neither has been, nor is now, nor shall be hereafter, a king like your father, Bharat. Bráhma, Vishnu, Siva, Indra and all the Regents of the air sing the virtues of Dasarath.

*Dohá 167.*

Tell me, my son, in what way can any one magnify him, who has such noble sons as Ráma, Lakshman, you and Satrugbha?

*Chaupái.*

The king is altogether fortunate; it is vain to lament on

his account. Thus hearing and considering, cease from grief; obediently submit to the royal commands. The king has given you the throne, and you must needs fulfil your father's word. The monarch who for the sake of his word abandoned Ráma, though in the anguish of separation from Ráma he lost his life, and thus held his word dearer than life, is a father, my son, whose word must be obeyed. Bow your head to the royal command; it will be in every way for your good. Parasurám, to obey his father's order, slew his own mother, as all the world bears witness; and Yayáti's son gave him up his youth;<sup>1</sup> in a father's order there can be no sin nor disgrace.

*Dohá* 168.

They who cherish their father's words, without discussing right or wrong, they are vessels of honour and glory and dwell in the palace of the king of heaven.

*Chaupái.*

You must certainly make good the king's word; cherish your subjects and cease to grieve. He will receive comfort in heaven; for you it will be a merit and an honour, and no fault. It is laid down in the Veda, and approved by all men, that he takes the crown to whom the father gives it. Reign then, nor further distress yourself, but accept my advice as the best for you. Ráma and Síta will rejoice when they hear of it and no wise man will call it wrong. Kausalyá and all the queens will be happy in the happiness of the people. Ráma knows your secret thoughts and will take it quite in good

<sup>1</sup> The legend of Yayáti is thus given in the Vishnu Purána, IV, 10:—He was the second son of king Nahusha and succeeded to his father's throne. He had two wives, Devayáni, the daughter of Usanas (also called Sukrachárya, the preceptor of the Daityas), and Sarmishtha, the daughter of Vrishaparvan, king of the Dánavas. Having been cursed by Usanas, whose daughter had complained to him of her husband's infidelity, he became old and infirm before his time, but was allowed to transfer his decrepitude to any one who would consent to take it. Four of his sons, to whom he successively applied for relief, refused to grant it, and received in consequence their father's curse, that none of their posterity should possess dominion. But when he made the same request of his fifth and youngest son, Puru, he at once consented to give up his youth and receive in exchange his father's infirmities. After some years of enjoyment Yayáti himself withdrew to a hermitage in the woods and resigned the throne to Puru, whom he appointed supreme monarch of the world, making his elder brothers his viceroys under him.

part ; on his return you can deliver up the throne and serve him with cheerful affection."

*Dohá 169.*

The ministers with clasped hands exclaimed: "You must needs obey your guru's command; when Raghupati returns, you can then do as shall seem good."

*Chaupái.*

Kausalyá took courage and cried: "My son, you have your father's and your guru's commands, which you must respect and affectionately carry out. Cease to lament, knowing it to be the will of Fate that Râma is in banishment, the king in heaven, and you in such perplexity. You, my son," continued his mother, "are the sole refuge of your family, your people and the ministers of state. Seeing God against us and the fates untoward, summon up resolution. I, your mother, adjure you, obediently comply with your guru's command ; cherish your people, relieve the affliction of your family." The guru's speech and the ministers' approval had been as grateful to Bharat's hearing as sandal perfumes, but when he heard his mother's tender appeal fraught with the pathos of sincere affection—

*Chhand 7.*

when he heard his mother's pathetic appeal, Bharat was overcome ; his lotus eyes rained with tears that bedewed the fresh shoots of desolation in his soul. All who then beheld his condition entirely forgot about themselves—ah, Tulsî!—and reverently extolled him as the very perfection of true love.

*Sorathá 6.*

Clasping his lotus hands, Bharat, the champion of honour, stoutly made answer to them all in noble words that seemed as if dipped in nectar.

*Chaupái.*

"The guru has given me good advice, which has been approved by ministers, people, and all. My mother, too, has given me proper commands, and I must needs bow and obey. The injunctions of a guru, a father or mother, or master, or

friend, should be cheerfully performed as soon as heard, and as all for the best; to deliberate whether they are right or wrong is a failure of duty and involves grievous sin. You have now given me honest advice, which it will be good for me to follow; yet, though I understand this clearly, my soul is still discontent. Harken then to my prayer, and according to my circumstances so instruct me, forgiving my presumption in answering you: when a man is in distress good people do not reckon up his merits and demerits.

*Dohá 170.*

My father is in heaven, and Síta and Râma in exile, and you tell me to be king; is it my gain or your own advantage that you expect to result from this?

*Chaupâi.*

My gain is to serve Síta's lord, and of this I have been robbed by my mother's wickedness. After reflecting and searching my thoughts I find no other way of happiness than this. Of what account is a throne with all its cares, if I cannot see the feet of Lakshman, Râma and Síta? Without clothes a mass of jewels is of no use; of no use is asceticism without divine meditation; of no use is any enjoyment to a diseased body; prayer and penance go for nought without faith in Hari; without life, beauty of body is nought; and all is nought to me without Râma. Permit me to join Râma; this in one word is my only happiness. If again in making me king it is your own advantage that you desire, you speak under the influence of foolish affection.

*Dohâ 171.*

In your infatuation you hope for happiness from the reign of such a wretch as I, Kaikeyi's son, of wicked nature, Râma's enemy, and lost to shame.

*Chaupâi.*

I speak the truth; hearken all and believe; in a king is required a righteous disposition. If you persist in giving the crown to me, earth will sink into hell. What guilty wretch is equal to me, for whom Síta and Râma have been

exiled? The king banished Rāma, but died in losing him. I, the miserable cause of all this wrongdoing, sit and listen to it all unmoved. I see the palace with no Rāma there, and yet live to endure the world's jeers. Holy Rāma eschews all pleasures of sense, and I, a greedy king, am hungering after enjoyment. In what words can I tell the hardness of my heart, which surpasses even adamant?

*Dohā 172.*

That every result is harder than its cause is no fault of mine; the thunderbolt is harder than bone,<sup>1</sup> and iron more stiff and unbending than the rock from which it is quarried.

*Chāyā.*

If my worthless life can cling to a body born of Kaikeyi it will have a surfeit of misery: if, bereaved of my beloved, life is till dear to me, I shall have much hereafter to see and hear. Kaikeyi has banished Lakshman, Rāma and Sīta, and for her own advantage has caused the death of the king; she has taken upon herself widowhood and disgrace and has caused the people sorrow and affliction, has allotted me glory and honour and dominion and has settled everybody's business. What good is this now to me? and yet you too cry out to make me a king. I have been born into the world from Kaikeyi's womb, and all this is only my due; God has fashioned all my destiny; but why should my people combine to give a helping hand?

*Dohā 173.*

Stricken as I am by fate, overcome by organic disease,<sup>2</sup> and then stung by a scorpion, you give me wine to drink; tell me, tell me what kind of treatment is this?

1 The thunderbolt is said to be made from the bones of the Rishi Dadhichi, who devoted himself to death in order that the gods might be supplied with arms against the Kālakeya Asuras, by whom they were oppressed. When his bones had been fashioned into thunderbolts by Tvashtri (the Vedic Vulcan) Indra hurled them against his enemies and slew their leader, the cloud-demon Vritra.

2 According to Hindu physicians all organic disorders of the human frame arise from derangements of the blood or one of the three humors of the body, *kapha*, phlegm, *vāyu*, wind, or *pitta*, bile. The vitiated humor which is specified in the text is wind, *bāf*.

*Chaupái.*

The wise Creator has ordained for me everything that befits a son of Kaikeyi. That I am also Dasarath's son and Ráma's younger brother is an honor which God has bestowed upon me to no purpose. You all tell me to allow myself to be crowned, for kingly power is desired by all men. How and whom shall I answer? You talk at random as the fancy takes you. Apart from myself and my unhappy mother, tell me who will say that I have acted rightly? excepting myself, who else is there in the whole animate or inanimate creation that does not love Síta and Ráma as their own life? That a universal calamity should be my great gain, this is my ill-fortune and no blame to any one. You are moved by anxiety, kindness and affection, and anything you say is all for the best.

*Dohà 174.*

Ráma's mother is so utterly guileless and bears me such great love that she speaks from natural amiability, on seeing my remorse.

*Chaupái.*

The guru, as all the world knows, is an ocean of wisdom, and the universe is like a plum in the palm of his hand. He too is making ready for my coronation: when God is against me, every one is against me. Except Ráma and Síta there is not any one in the whole world who will not say this was a scheme of mine, and I must listen and bear it patiently: wherever there is water, there at last will be mud. I am not afraid of the world calling me vile; I have no thought for heaven: the one great intolerable anguish of soul is this, that through me Síta and Ráma have been rendered unhappy. Well has Lakshman reaped his life's reward who left all and gave to Ráma; while my birth has been the cause of Ráma's banishment. Wretch that I am, why thus lament in vain.

*Dohá 175.*

I declare before you all my grievous distress; unless I see Ráma's feet, the fire in my soul cannot be quenched.

*Chaupái.*

No other remedy can I discover : without Raghubar what care I for life? This wish alone is stamped upon my soul; at daybreak let me follow my lord. Although I am a guilty wretch, and all his trouble is on my account, still when he sees my suppliant mien he will in his great mercy forgive me all. Raghuráo is so meek and utterly guileless of disposition, such a home of mercy and tenderness, that he would never injure even an enemy: while I, bad as I am, am his son and his servant. Be pleased, sirs, then to give me your blessing and permit me to depart, knowing it to be for my good ; so Ráma will come again to his kingdom, after hearing my prayers and considering my devotion.

*Dohá 176.*

Though born of a wicked mother, and myself evil and ever doing wrong, still I am confident of Raghubír that he will know me for his own, and not abandon me."

*Chaupái.*

Bharat's words pleased all, imbued as they were with the nectar of piety. The people suffering from the baneful poison of separation revived as if at the sound of a healing charm. The queen-mothers, the ministers, the guru and all the men and women in the city were agitated by the vehemence of their affection and kept on telling Bharat's praises: ' His body is the very personification of devotion to Ráma ; ah, my lord Bharat, how can we say otherwise, seeing that Ráma is as precious to you as your life? If any churl in his folly ascribe to you your mother's sin, the wretch, with all who are his from generation to generation, shall have their abode in hell for hundreds of ages. The jewel is not infected with the guilt and villany of the serpent (in whose head it is found), but is an antidote to poison and subdues pain and poverty.

*Dohá 177.*

By all means let us follow Ráma to the woods ; Bharat

has given good advice; sinking as we all were in an ocean of despair, you have held out help to us.'

*Chaupái.*

There was as great joy in the hearts of all as when the *chátak* and peacock hear the sound of thunder. To start to-morrow seemed an excellent resolution; Bharat was to every one dear as his own life. After reverencing the sage and bowing the head to Bharat, they all took leave and went to their several homes, praising as they went his affectionate disposition, whose life was a blessing to the whole world. Exclaiming to one another, 'what a glorious idea!' they all went to make their preparations. Whoever was left with orders to keep watch at home felt it like his death-stroke, and one would cry: "No one ought to be told to stay: who does not desire life's best reward?"

*Dohá* 178.

Perish property, house, fortune, friends, parents, kinsmen and all, that does not help to bring one to Ráma."

*Chaupái.*

In every house carriages of all kinds were making ready, and the start to-morrow was a heart-felt joy. Bharat pondered on going home: 'The city, with its horses, elephants palaces and treasures, and all its wealth, is Ráma's. If I recklessly go and leave it, in the end it will not be good for me; to injure<sup>1</sup> one's own lord is a crowning sin. A good servant acts for his master's interests, however much others may abuse him." So thinking, he called such faithful servants as would never dream of failing in their duty, and after declaring to them his intention and instructing them in their work, he told them off for the posts for which they were severally fit. When he had thus diligently posted the guards he proceeded to visit Ráma's mother.

*Dohá* 179.

Understanding the ways of love, he sympathized with a

<sup>1</sup> *Dohái* here would seem to be not for *dohai*, 'lamentation,' but for *dohá*, 'injury.'

mother's anxiety and ordered to be got ready convenient palanquins and seated carriages.

*Chaupái.*

The men and women of the city like the *chakwa* and *chakwi* were anxious at heart for the dawn, when they might start. The whole night had been spent in watching, when Bharat summoned his wise counsellors and said to them : "Take all materials for the coronation, and there in the forest, sirs, invest Ráma with the sovereignty : start at once." At his word they bowed and speedily made ready horses, carriages and elephants. The king of sages ( Vasishtha ) first mounted his chariot and led the way with his spouse Arundhati and all the materials for sacrifice. A host of Brahmaus renowned for their asceticism, followed in vehicles of different kinds, and next the citizens on their own conveyances all set forth for Chitra-kút. The elegance of the palanquins in which the different Ránis were seated is beyond description.

*Dohá* 180.

After making over the city to his faithful servants and ceremoniously starting the procession, Bharat himself with his brother started too, his thoughts fixed on Ráma and Síta.

*Chaupái.*

All the people were as eager for a sight of Ráma as when a herd of elephants makes a rush for a stream. Reflecting within themselves that Síta and Ráma were in exile, Bharat and his brother went on foot. The people were moved by their affection and themselves dismounted and left horses, elephants and carriages. But Ráma's mother stopped her palanquin by his side and softly said : " My son I entreat you to mount your chariot, or all your people will be sufferers; if you walk, they will all walk, and they are so wasted with sorrow that they are not fit for the journey." Obedient to her commands he bowed his head to her feet, and with his brother mounted the chariot. They halted the first day at the Tamásá,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Tamásá, 'the dark-coloured' (more commonly spelt Tons) is a branch of the Ghoghra (the Sanskrit Gharghara, 'the roaring'), which leaves

and the second on the bank of the Gomati.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá* 181.

Out of devotion to Rāma, some vowed to drink only water, some to eat nothing but fruit, others to make only one meal and that at night, and they forswore all luxuries of dress and food.

*Chaupái.*

After resting at the Sai<sup>2</sup> they started at dawn and drew near to the city of Srīngavera.<sup>3</sup> When the Nishád heard the news he thought sadly to himself: "For what reason is Bharat going to the forest? he has some evil design at heart. If he had no wrong intention, why should he bring an army with him? He thinks to kill Rāma and his brother, and then to reign in ease and security. Bharat has not taken to heart the maxims of sound polity; there was disgrace already, and now there will be loss of life. If all the gods and demons were to combine to fight, they would never conquer Rāma in battle. What wonder that Bharat should act thus; fruits of ambrosia do not grow from a poison stock."

*Dohá* 182.

Having thus reflected, Guha cried to his kinsmen: "Be on the alert, up and sink the boat and close the ferry.

*Chaupái.*

Make ready and blockade the pass, equip yourselves with every instrument of death. Take up arms against Bharat, and never let him cross the Ganges alive. To die in the battle and on the Ganges bank; in Rāma's cause to lay down this frail body; and mean as I am to join battle with a king

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that river about 10 miles above Ayodhyá, and after passing the town of Azamgarh falls into the Sarjú [Sarayu].

<sup>1</sup> The Gomati [the name meaning 'rich in cattle'] rises in a lake near Pilibhít, and after a course of 482 miles, in which it passes the cities of Lakhanau, Sultánpur and Jaunpur, falls into the Ganges.

<sup>2</sup> The Sai is a river in Audh, which rises about midway between the Gomati and the Ganges, and after a course of some 230 miles falls into the former, 10 miles below the city of Jaunpur.

<sup>3</sup> The site of the ancient Srīngavera is marked by a village bearing the same name, under the modernized form Sangraur, 22 miles to the north-west of Allahabad. The river has changed its course, and only a small branch now flows through the old channel.

like Bharat; all this is a great gain for me, even if I meet my death. If I war and fight on my lord's behalf, I reap brilliant renown throughout the fourteen spheres. If I lose my life for Raghunáth, I shall have both hands full of luscious sweets. Whoever is not numbered among the just, nor counted among Ráma's votaries, is all the time that he lives only a burden to earth, and an axe at the foot of the tree of his mother's youth."

*Dohá 183.*

The Nishád king thus fearlessly excited the ardour of his followers, and mindful of Ráma called in haste for quiver and bow and coat of mail.

*Chaupái.*

"Hasten, brethren, to complete your equipment, and after hearing my command let no one hesitate." All cheerfully responded "Tis well, my lord," and mutually encouraged each other's zeal. Bowing again and again before the Nishád all the gallant warriors, eager for the fray, invoking the sandals of Ráma's lotus feet, girt themselves with quiver, slung on the bow, donned their coats of mail, put helmet on head, and furbished up axe and bludgeon and spear—some so expert in the use of shield and sword that they seemed when they sprung into the air as though they had left the earth for good. When each and all had completed their full arrangements, they went and bowed before king Guha. Seeing his gallant warriors so fit and ready, he addressed them each by name with courteous phrase.

*Dohá 184.*

"Do not play me false, my brethren; this is a great day's work for me." At this they cried with vehemence, "Fear not, captain.

*Chaupái.*

By Ráma's favour and your might, my lord, we will leave the enemy without a single fighting-man or horse. While life lasts, we will never draw back our foot, and will make the earth one heap of corpses and skulls." When the

Nishád lord had inspected his gallant band he cried "Beat the drum for the onset." When he had so said, some one sneezed on the left. The soothsayers exclaimed, "A prosperous issue to the battle!" One old man thought over the omen and said "Bharat must be met, but there will be no fighting. He is going to make entreaty to Ráma, the omen says thus : there will be no battle." On hearing this, Guha said : "The elder has spoken well; fools act in haste and repent. Unless we ascertain Bharat's temper and disposition, we may do ourselves harm by fighting without knowledge.

*Dohá 185.*

Close up, my men, and stop the pass, and all join to discover the mystery. When we know whether he is a friend, an enemy, or a neutral, we can then lay our plans accordingly.

*Chaupái.*

We shall soon test his devotion and honest intent; hatred and love are not to be concealed." So saying, he began to make ready a present, and sent for bulbs, roots and fruits, birds and beasts, with the finest of fish, large *páthins*,<sup>1</sup> which were brought by the fishermen in basketsful. When everything was arranged they went out to meet him, and had the most auspicious omens of good fortune. As soon as he saw the great sage afar off, he declared his name and prostrated himself before him. Vasishttha, knowing him to be a friend of Ráma's, gave him his blessing, and told Bharat about him. He, on hearing that he was Ráma's friend, left his chariot and advanced on foot to meet him with exuberant affection. Guha declared his home and race and name, and making obeisance laid his forehead to the ground.

*Dohá 186.*

But Bharat, seeing him about to prostrate himself, took him to his bosom with as much uncontrollable rapture as though it were Lakshman he had met.

*Chaupái.*

Bharat received him with the very greatest affection,

<sup>1</sup> The *páthin* is a kind of sheat-fish, the *Silurus Pelorinus* or *Boalis*.

and the people extolled the manner of his love. There was a jubilant cry of 'Glory, Glory,' as the gods applauded and rained down flowers upon him. "Though this man is in every way vile, both by custom of the world and by scriptural prescription, so that contact with his shadow requires ablution, yet Rāma's brother has embraced him in his arms and thrilled all over with delight at meeting him. One who cries 'Rāma, Rāma,' even in a yawn, a multitude of sins will not rise up against him. Here is one whom Rāma had clasped to his bosom and thereby purified him and all his family. If water of the Karṇnāsa falls into the Ganges, tell me who will refuse to reverence it? again, it is known throughout the world that Vālmiki was made equal to Brāhma simply for repeating Rāma's name backwards.

*Dohā 187.*

Even a Chandāl,<sup>1</sup> a Savara, a Khasiyn, a stupid foreigner, an outcast, a Kol, or a Kirāt, by repeating the name of Rāma becomes most holy and renowned throughout the world.

*Chaupái.*

It is no wonder, it has been so for ages ; who is there whom Raghubir cannot exalt ? " As the gods told the greatness of Rāma's name, the people of Avadh listened and were glad. Bharat affectionately greeted Rāma's friend and asked him of his health and welfare. At the sight of Bharat's affectionate disposition, the Nishād was at once utterly overpowered; so great was his confusion, his love and his delight, that he could only stand and stare at Bharat. Collecting himself, he again embraced his feet and with clasped hands made this loving speech: "When I beheld his blessed lotus feet I accounted myself blessed for ever. Now, my lord, by your high favour my prosperity is secured for thousands of generations.

<sup>1</sup> The word translated 'Chandāl' is in the original *Siva-pach* literally 'a dog-cooker,' i.e., either one who feeds on dog's flesh, or who cooks food for dogs 'a dog-keeper.' A Savara is a wild mountaineer. The Khasiyn is a native of Khasa, a hill tract in Northern India. The word for 'foreigner' is Jaman, i.e., Yavan, which originally denoted specially a Greek, an Ionian, and then came to mean any foreign barbarian. Accustomed as our ears are to the division of mankind into Greeks and Barbarians, it is a little strange to find the Greek selected as the typical barbarian.

*Dohā 188.*

Reflecting on my past deeds and my descent and again considering the greatness of the Lord, any man in the world who adores not the feet of Raghubīr must be under supernatural delusion.

*Chaupāī.*

False, cowardly, low-minded and low-born as I am, an utter outcast by the laws both of God and society ; since the time that Rāma took me for his own, I have become the glory of the world." After witnessing his devotion and hearing his graceful humility Lakshman's younger brother next embraced him. Then the Nishād introduced himself by name and respectfully saluted the royal dames, who received him even as they would Lakshman and gave him their blessing: "May you live happily for millions of years." The citizens too were as glad to see him as if he had been Lakshman and cried: "Here is one who has loved to some purpose; whom Rāma's own brother has taken to his arms and embraced." When the Nishād heard them thus magnify his good fortune, he was glad at heart as he showed them the way.

*Dohā 189.*

At a signal all his attendants, having learnt their master's will, went on and made ready tents under the trees and rest-houses by the ponds, gardens and groves.

*Chaupāī.*

When Bharat beheld the city of Srīngavera, he was overcome by emotion and was unnerved in very limb. As he leant upon the Nishād, it was as goodly a sight as though embodied Humility and Love had met together. In this manner Bharat with all his army went to see the earth-purifying stream of the Ganges. As he made his obeisance to the ford where Rāma had crossed, he was as entranced as though he had met Rāma himself. The citizens bowing low gazed upon the divine stream with rapture, and after bathing prayed with clasped hands: "May our love to Rāmchandra's feet never grow less." Bharat exclaimed: "Thy sands, O Gangā,

are the bestowers of all happiness, the very cow of plenty to thy votaries : with folded hands I beg this boon, unalterable devotion to Síta and Râma."

*Dohá 190.*

When Bharat had thus bathed and knew that all his mothers had bathed too, he received the *guru's* permission and took them to their tents.

*Chaupâi.*

Wherever the people had pitched their tents, Bharat took every care of them all. After paying homage to the *guru* and obtaining his permission, the two brothers went to Râma's mother. Then Bharat, after kissing their feet, with many tender phrases did reverence to all the queens, and having left them to the dutiful care of his brother, went away with the Nishád. Hand-in-hand they went, his body fainting with excess of love, as he begged his companion to show him the spot—that the fierce longing of his eyes and soul might be a little assuaged—where Síta, Râma and Lakshman had spent the night. As he spoke, his eyes overflowed with tears, and the Nishád in great distress at his speech led him at once to the place,

*Dohá 191.*

where Raghubar had rested under the sacred *sinsipa* tree. With great reverence and devotion Bharat prostrated himself.

*Chaupâi.*

When he spied the delectable grassy couch, he again made obeisance and reverently paced round it. He put upon his eyes the dust of the foot-prints, with an enthusiasm of devotion beyond all telling. And seeing two or three golden spangles, he placed them upon his head as relics of Síta. With streaming eyes and aching heart he thus in gentle tones addressed his companion: "They are dim and lustreless through Síta's absence, and all the people of Avadh are equally woe-begone. To whom can I compare her father, Janak, who was conversant at once with all life's pleasures and all philo-

sophy ? Her father-in-law, the sun-like monarch of the solar race, was the envy of even the lord of heaven. Her husband is the beloved Raghunáth, by whose greatness alone it is that any one is great.

*Dohá 192.*

I gaze on the couch of Sita, that devoted wife, that jewel of good women, and my heart breaks not with agitation ; surely it is harder than a thunderbolt.

*Chaupái.*

Lakshman so young and comely and made to be fondled ; never was there such a brother, nor is there, nor will be : so beloved by the people, the darling of his father and mother, and dear as their own life to Ráma and Sita ; the picture of delicacy, the daintiest of striplings, whose body has never been exposed to the hot wind, how can he bear the hardships of the forest ? O my heart would shame for hardness a million thunderbolts ! Ráma at his birth was the light of the world, an ocean of beauty, of virtue, and all good qualities. Ráma's amiability was the delight of his subjects, his household, his *guru*, his father and mother, and all. Even enemies would praise Ráma : his courtesy of speech and manner stole every heart. Not a million Sarasvatis, not a hundred million Sesh-nágs, could reckon up all my lord's virtues.

*Dohá 193.*

The image of bliss, the jewel of the family of Raghu, the storehouse of all auspicious delights, slept on the ground on this littered grass : how wonderful are the ways of Providence !

*Chaupái*

Ráma had never heard mention of pain, the king cherished him like the tree of life, and day and night all his mothers guarded him as the eyelids guard the eyes, and as a serpent guards the jewel in its head. And now he is roaming on foot through the woods, with nothing to eat but wild roots and fruits. A curse on thee, Kaikeyi, root of all evil, thou hast undone my best beloved : cursed be my wretched self, that

ocean of iniquity, on whose account all these calamities have come to pass. God created me to disgrace my family, and my wicked mother has made me the ruin of my lord." Hearing these words the Nishád affectionately implored him : " Why, my lord, make these vain laments ? Râma is dear to you, and you are dear to Râma ; even she is blameless : the blame rests with adverse fate.

*Chhand 8.*

The ways of adverse fate are cruel ; it has made your mother mad. That very night Râma again and again broke out into respectful praise of you. There is no one so dearly beloved by Râma as you. I declare this on oath : be assured that all will be well in the end, and take comfort to your soul.

*Sorathâ 7.*

Râma is omniscient, full of meekness, tenderness and compassion ; of this make firm assurance in your heart ; and come, take rest."

*Chaupâi.*

Hearing his companion's speech he took comfort and with his thoughts directed to Raghubîr went to his tent. When the citizens were informed, heavy with woe they too came to see. Having reverently paced around, they made obeisance and cursed Kaikeyi to their hearts' content. Their eyes streamed with tears as they reproached the cruelty of fate. One would praise Bharat for his devotion, another would say the king had shown the greatest love ; they reproached themselves and praised the Nishád : who can describe their agitation and distress ? In this manner they all kept watch throughout the night and at daybreak began the passage. First the *guru* was put on a fine handsome boat, and then all the queens on another boat newly built. In an hour and a half all had crossed over ; as they came to land Bharat took count of them all.

*Dohâ 194.*

After performing his morning rites and reverencing his

mother's feet and bowing the head to the *guru*, he sent the Nisháds on ahead and started the host.

*Chaupái.*

He made the Nishád king lead the van and started all the queens in their palanquins. He charged his younger brother with their escort, and made the *guru* go with the Bráhmans. He himself bowed reverently to the Ganges, and invoking Ráma, Síta and Lakshman, set forth on foot, while his horse was led by the bridle. Again and again his faithful servants cried: "Be pleased, my lord, to mount your horse." "Ráma," he answered, "has gone on foot, and are chariots, elephants and horses made for me? It would be right for me to walk on my head; a servant's work should always be the hardest." When they saw his behaviour and heard his tender speech, all his servants melted away for pity.

*Dohá 195.*

At the third watch of the day Bharat entered Prayág, crying 'ORáma, Síta; Ráma, Síta!' with irrepressible affection.

*Chaupái.*

The blisters on his feet glistened like drops of dew on a lotus bud. The whole company were distressed, when they heard that Bharat had made the day's march on foot. After ascertaining that all the people had bathed, he went and did homage to the threefold stream. All who had dipped in the parti-coloured flood gave alms and did honour to the Bráhmans. As Bharat gazed on the commingling of the dark and white waves, his body throbbed with emotion and he clasped his hands in prayer: "O queen of the holy places, bounteous of every blessing, whose power is declared in the Vedas and renowned throughout the world, I abandon my proper calling and make myself a beggar: is there anything so vile that a man in distress will not do it? As I know you to be all-wise and beneficent, accomplish the prayer of thy suppliant.

*Dohá 196.*

I crave not wealth nor religious merit, nor voluptuous delights, nor deliverance from transmigration ; but only that in every new birth I may persevere in love to Ráma ; this is the boon I beg, and nought else.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma knows my wickedness; the people call me the ruin of my lord and master ; through your favour may my devotion to the feet of Síta and Ráma increase more and more every day. Though the cloud neglects her all her life, and while she begs for rain, casts down upon her thunder and hail, yet were the *chátak* to cease her importunity, she would be despised ; she perseveres in her affection, and is much honoured. Again, as the quality of gold is refined by the fire, so may my vow to the feet of my beloved endure through all tribulation." In answer to Bharat's speech there came a soft and auspicious voice from the midst of the Tribeni: "Son Bharat, you are altogether upright ; your love to Ráma's feet is unfathomable; you distress yourself without cause; there is no one so dear to Ráma as you are."

*Dohá 197.*

As he heard the river's gracious speech, Bharat's body quivered with heartfelt gladness; the heaven resounded with shouts of applause, and the gods rained down flowers.

*Chaupái.*

The inhabitants of Prayág, aged anchorites and boy students, householders and celibates, were all enraptured and said to one another as they met in groups: "Bharat's affection and amiability are thoroughly genuine." Still hearing of Ráma's many charming qualities, Bharat approached the great saint Bharadváj. When the saint saw him prostrate himself upon the ground, he looked upon him as his own good angel incarnate, and ran and raised him up and took him to his arms and gave him the blessing he desired, and made him

sit down. He bowed his head and sat, shrinking into the inmost recesses of shamefacedness; greatly distressed lest the saint should ask any question. Seeing his confusion the saint said: "Hearken, Bharat; I have heard everything; God's doings are beyond our power.

*Dohá 198.*

Be not distressed at heart by the thought of what your mother has done. Son, it is no fault of Kaikeyi's; it was Sarasvati who stole away her senses.

*Chaupái.*

If you say thus, 'No one will excuse me;' I reply, Scripture and the practice of the world are both accepted as authorities by the wise; and your glory, my son, will be sung unsullied, while the Veda and custom will both be honoured, for every one admits that this is according both to custom and the Veda that he takes the throne to whom his father gives it. The truthful king summoned you to confer upon you the honour of sovereignty and its higher duties. Ráma's banishment is a monstrous wrong, which the whole world is grieved to hear of: but the queen was demented by the power of Fate, and in the end she has repented of the evil she has done. You are not the least in fault; whoever says you are is a vile and ignorant wretch. Had you reigned, it would have been no sin, and Ráma would have been pleased to hear of it.

*Dohá 199.*

But now, Bharat, you have done still better; your present purpose is excellent; devotion to the feet of Raghubar is the root of every blessing in the world.

*Chaupái.*

This is your wealth and the very breath of your life; is there any one with good fortune equal to yours? Nor, my son, is it strange that you should act thus; you are a son of Dasartha's and Ráma's own brother. Hearken, Bharat; in Raghubar's heart there is no one upon whom so much love is lavished as upon you. Lakshman, Ráma and Síta are all most

fond of you; they spent the whole night in your praises. I learnt their secret when they came here to Prayág to bathe; they were overwhelmed with love for you. Raghubar has as great affection for you as a fool has for a life of pleasure. And this is no great credit to Raghurái, who cherishes all his suppliants and their kin; while you, Bharat, as it seems to me, are the very incarnation of love to him.

*Dohà 200.*

That which seems a reproach<sup>1</sup> to you, Bharat, is a lesson to all of us; it is an event which inaugurates a new flood of passionate devotion.

*Chaupái.*

Your glory, my son, is a newly created and spotless moon; its lotuses and partridges are Ráma's servants; it is ever rising and never sets, nor wanes in the world its heaven, but increases day by day; the three spheres, like the *chakras* are exceedingly enanoured of it, and the sun of Ráma's majesty never robs it of splendour, but by day as well as night it is ever bountiful to all, and Kaikey's evil deeds cannot eclipse it. Full of the nectar of devotion to Ráma, and unsullied by any stain for wrong done to the *guru*,<sup>2</sup> you are saturated with the nectar of faith, and have brought this nectar within the reach of the whole world. King Bhagiratha brought down

1 Your disobedience to the wishes of your mother and the commands of your *guru* in refusing to accept the throne.

2 There is a popular legend that Vrihaspati, the *guru* of the gods, on one occasion when he returned from his bath in the Ganges, found his wife in the embraces of the Moon-god. He was not able to seize the adulterer, but threw his dripping bathing robe at him and hit him in the face, thus causing the spots that are still to be seen there. Throughout this stanza Bharat's glory is compared to a newly-created moon, which is in every respect superior to the ordinary moon which we see in the heavens. The one sets and wanes, the other is always on the increase; the one mainly delights only lotuses and partridges, the other is the joy of Ráma's faithful servants; the one shines only by night, the other by day as well; the one yields nectar, it is true, but none can get at it; the other is impregnated with the nectar of faith, which is brought within the reach of all; the one is branded with the marks of Vrihaspati's indignation, the other is spotless; though Bharat too offended his *guru* by refusing to reign at his command, the one is stamped only with the figure of a hare [the man in the moon of European nurseries], the other is inscribed with love to Ráma.

the Ganges,<sup>1</sup> whose invocation is a mine of all prosperity; but Dasarath's virtues are past all telling; why say more? He has no equal in the world.

*Dohà 201.*

Through his devotion and humility Rāma was made manifest, whom the eyes of Siva's heart are never wearied of beholding.

*Chaupái.*

You have created an incomparable moon of glory, in which for the figure of the hare is stamped love to Rāma. Cease, my son, from lamentation; you have found the philosopher's stone and yet fear poverty! Hearken, Bharat; I tell no falsehood; a hermit and ascetic dwelling in the forest, I obtained a glorious reward for all my good deeds when I beheld Rāma, Síta and Lakshman; the fruit of that fruit is the sight of you: Prayág and I are both highly favoured. Bharat, I congratulate you; you have achieved universal renown." So saying the saint was overwhelmed with emotion. As they hearkened to his words, the whole assembly rejoiced; the gods applauded his goodness and rained down flowers. Shouts of 'Glory, Glory,' resounded in heaven and in Prayág; Bharat was lost in rapture at the sound.

*Dohá 202.*

With quivering body, with his heart full of Rāma and Síta, and his lotus eyes flowing with tears, he bowed to the saintly assembly and thus spoke in faltering accents:

*Chaupái.*

"In a conclave of saints and in this so holy a place, truth must needs be spoken; any oath is superfluous and vain if in such a spot I were to say anything false, no sin or vile-

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<sup>1</sup> Bhagiratha, the son of king Dilipa, after a thousand years spent in austerities, brought down the Ganges from heaven to earth, and with its vivifying flood watered and restored to life the ashes of the sixty thousand sons of his great-grandfather, Sagara, who had been destroyed by the Rishi Kapila. This was a great achievement, but Dasarath's was a greater, by whom Rāma was begotten into the world.

ness would equal mine. You are all-wise, and therefore I speak honestly; Râma, too, knows the secrets of the heart. I am not grieved for what my mother has done, nor pained at heart lest the world deem me caitiff. I have no dread of the loss of heaven, no sorrow for my father's death, whose good deeds and renown are glorious all the world over, who had such sons as Lakshman and Râma, and who, as soon as he lost Râma dropt his fragile body; why make long mourning for the king? But Râma, Lakshman and Sîta, without shoes to their feet, in hermit's dress, are wandering from wood to wood;

*Dohâ 203.*

clad in deer-skins, feeding on wild fruits, sleeping on the ground on a litter of grass and leaves, under trees, ever exposed to the inclemency of cold and heat and rain and wind.

*Chaupâi.*

This is the burning pain that is ever consuming my breast, so that I cannot eat by day nor sleep by night. For this sore disease there is no remedy; I have searched in mind the whole world over. My mother's evil counsel, the root of all calamity, like a carpenter fashioned an axe out of my advantage, made a handle of the ill wood of Resentment, and fixed the term of banishment as it were a horrible spell. To me she applied this infamous contrivance and has hurled me down in wide-spreading ruin. These disasters will cease when Râma returns to live in Avadh; there is no other remedy." When the saints heard Bharat's speech, they were glad and all gave him high praise: "Son, grieve not so sorely: at the sight of Râma's feet all sorrow will pass away."

*Dohâ 204.*

The great saints comforted him and said: "Be our welcome guest: accept such herbs and roots and fruits as we can offer, and be content."

*Chaupâi.*

On hearing the saints' words Bharat was troubled at heart: the time was not one for feasting, and yet he was very

loth to decline. At last, reflecting that a *guru's* command is imperative, he kissed his feet and replied with clasped hands: "I must needs bow to your behest, for this, my lord, is my highest duty." The great saint was pleased at Bharat's words and called up all his trusty servants: "An entertainment must be provided for Bharat: go and gather herbs, roots and fruits." They bowed the head and said 'Certainly, my lord,' and gladly set about each his own work. But the saint thought to himself: "I have invited a distinguished guest, who should be treated like a god." At his command *Animá* and the other good Fairies came: "What are your orders, master, and we obey."

*Dohá 205.*

"Bharat and his brother and all their host are distressed by the loss of *Ráma*; show them hospitality and ease them of their toil;" thus cheerily spoke the great saint.

*Chaupái.*

The Fairies bowed to his commands and thought themselves most highly favoured, saying one to another: *Ráma's* brother is indeed a guest beyond compare." Then kissing the saint's feet, "To-day we will do such things that the whole of the king's party shall be pleased." So saying, a number of such charming pavilions were erected, that the equipages of the gods were put out of countenance at the sight of them. They were furnished with so much luxury and magnificence that the immortals beheld them longingly. Men-servants and maid-servants with every appliance were in attendance and gave their whole mind to their work. In an instant of time the Fairies completed all the arrangements though no dream of heaven was ever so beautiful. First the people were assigned their quarters, all bright and pleasant and in accordance with their taste.

*Dohá 206.*

Then, as the saint had ordered, Bharat and his family had theirs assigned them, which astonished even the Creator

by their magnificence; so great the power of the holy ascetic's penance.

*Chaupái.*

When Bharat beheld the saint's power, the realms of all the rulers of the spheres seemed to him as trifles. The luxuries that had been prepared cannot be described; any philosopher would forget his self-restraint on seeing them. Thrones, couches, drapery and canopies; groves and gardens; birds and beasts; sweet-scented flowers, fruits like nectar, and many a lake of limpid water; with luscious food and drinks of innumerable kinds, so that the people were quite put out of countenance by what they saw, as though they had been ascetics. Each one had as it were his own cow of plenty and tree of paradise. Indra and Sachi grew covetous at the sight. The season, spring; the air soft, cool, and fragrant; all the great objects of life ready at hand: garlands, perfumes, dancing-girls and delights of every kind to charm and astonish the spectator.

*Dohá 207.*

Affluence, like the *chakwi*,<sup>1</sup> and Bharat as her mate, by compulsion of the saint's order were prisoned together that night, as by a fowler, in the cage of the hermitage, till dawn broke.

*Chaupái.*

Then he bathed at the holy place and with his host bowed the head to the sage. Having submissively received his commands and blessing, he prostrated himself and made much supplication. Then taking guides well acquainted with the road, he set out resolutely for Chitra-kút; supported on the arm of Ráma's friend, he seemed, as he went, the very incar-

<sup>1</sup> According to Hindu belief the *chakwa* and his female mate, the *chakwi*, are doomed for ever to nocturnal separation. Even though they may be caught and imprisoned together in one cage they cannot enjoy each other's society till the break of day. In the same way Bharat, though detained for the night by the saint's order at the hermitage in the midst of luxury, could not enjoy it by reason of his vow. Válmiki represents him as less abstemious, and, in describing the banquet, makes mention of wine and flesh meat of various kinds—venison, wild boar, peafowl and partridges—all of which Tulsi Dás has omitted in concession to modern prejudices.

nation of Love. With no shoes and no shelter for his head, in the fulfilment of his loving vow and his unfeigned integrity, he asked his companion for a history of the wanderings of Rāma, Sīta and Lakshman. In soothing accents he told it. When he saw the tree where Rāma had rested, his heart could not contain its emotion. At the sight of his condition, the gods rained down flowers, and the path that he trod grew smooth and pleasant.

*Dohā* 208.

"The clouds afford him shade and the air breathes soft and refreshingly: Rāma's road was not thus, as it is now for Bharat.

*Chaupāi*.

All created things, whether living or lifeless, that saw the Lord, or were seen by him, were rendered fit for salvation, and the sight of Bharat has now healed them of the curse of transmigration! This is no great thing for Bharat, whom Rāma is mindful to remember. A single mention of the name of Rāma on earth makes a man safe and a saviour of others. But Bharat is Rāma's beloved and own brother; why should he not bring a blessing on the road he treads? As saints, sages and hermits thus reasoned and gazed upon Bharat, they rejoiced at heart. Indra was troubled by the sight of his power: "In the world things turn out well for the good and badly for the bad." Then turning to his *guru* (Vrihaspati), "Something must be done, sir, to prevent the meeting between Rāma and Bharat.

*Dohā* 209.

Rāma is so modest and sympathetic, and Bharat such an ocean of affection; our scheme threatens to be spoilt; we must bestir ourselves and devise some new stratagem."

*Chaupāi*.

Hearing the speech, the teacher of the gods smiled, to find the thousand-eyed so blind, and said: "Leave tricks alone; it will be all trouble in vain; any deception here would be absurd. O king of heaven, any delusion practised on a servant

of the lord of delusion must recoil on the contriver. I interfered once, knowing it was Râma's wish, but any underhand work now would only do harm. Listen, O king: it is Râma's nature never to be angry at any sin against himself, but whoever sins against one of his servants is consumed in the fire of his wrath. Popular tradition and the Vedas abound in such legends; Durvâsas<sup>1</sup> knows well this great trait in his character. And is there any one so faithful to Râma as Bharat, who is ever repeating Râma's name and Râma his?

*Dohâ 210.*

Think not, lord of the immortals, to injure any servant of Raghubar's, unless you would suffer the pain of disgrace in this world, sorrow in the next, and a daily increasing burden of regret.

*Charpât*

Hearken to my advice, king of the gods: Râma has the greatest love for his servants; he is pleased at any service done to a servant, while enmity to a servant is the height of enmity to himself. Although he is ever the same, without either passion or anger, and contracts neither sin nor merit, virtue nor defect; and though he has made fate the sovereign of the universe, and every one has to taste the fruit of his own actions, still he plays at variations according as hearts are faithful or unfaithful. Though without attributes or form, illimitable and impassible, Râma has yielded to the love of his followers and taken a material form. He has always regarded the wishes of his servants, as the Vedas and Purânas and gods and saints bear witness. Knowing this, refrain from naughtiness and show fitting devotion.

*Dohâ 211.*

Any worshipper of Râma is zealous for the good of others, sorrows with the sorrowful, and is full of compassion; then

<sup>1</sup> King Ambarisha was a devout worshipper of Vishnu [with whom Râma is here identified] and thereby excited the jealousy of the irascible sage Durvâsas, the most intolerant of all the adherents of Siva. On some trivial pretext he cursed the king, who at once fell senseless to the ground, but Vishnu was ready at hand to succour his faithful follower and sent his fiery discus upon Durvâsas, which chased him all over the world and up into heaven, where the gods said nothing could be done for him till he went back and humbly begged pardon of Ambarisha.

fear not Bharat, O king, who is the crown of worshippers.

*Chaupái.*

The lord is an ocean of truth and a well-wisher of the gods, and Bharat obeys his orders. You are troubled by your own selfishness; there is no fault in Bharat; it is a delusion on your part.<sup>1</sup> When the great god heard the words of the heavenly preceptor he got understanding and his anxiety passed away. In his joy he rained down flowers and began to extol Bharat's good qualities. In this manner Bharat went on his way, while saints and sages looked and praised. Whenever he sighed Ráma's name, it seemed like the bubbling over of love. Thunderbolts and stones melted at his words; as for the people, their emotion is beyond description. Encamping half-way, he came to the Jamuná, and as he gazed on its water his eyes filled with tears.

*Dohá 212.*

As he and his retinue gazed on the lovely stream, the colour of Ráma's body, he was plunged into a sea of desolation, till he climbed the boat of discretion.

*Chaupái.*

That day he halted on the bank of the Jamuná, giving every one time for what they had to do. In the night boats came from all the gháts in greater number than could be counted. At daybreak all crossed in a single trip. The good service of Ráma's companion pleased him greatly. After bathing and bowing to the river, he again set forth with the Nishád king and Satrugna. First of all in his glorious car went the great saint, followed by all the royal host; after them the two brothers on foot; their dress, apparel and ornaments all of the very simplest. With them their servants and friend and the Minister's son, invoking Lakshman, Síta and Ráma. Any spot wherever Ráma had encamped or rested they lovingly saluted.

<sup>1</sup> In the Sanskrit poem there is nothing that corresponds to this colloquy between Indra and Vrihaspati. It is introduced by Tulsí Dás a peg on which to hang a theological exposition.

*Dohā 213.*

At the news, the dwellers by the roadside left their household work and ran after them; seeing his form, they were overcome with love and joy and had their life's reward.

*Chaupāī.*

Lovingly one said to another: "Friend, are they Rāma and Lakshman, or not? In age, figure, complexion and beauty they are the same, dear girl, and resemble them in an equally affectionate disposition. But their dress is not the same, friend, nor is Sīta with them, and before them marches a vast host of horse and foot, elephants and chariots. Nor are they glad of countenance, but have some sorrow at heart; from this difference, friend, a doubt arises." The women were persuaded by her arguments and cried: "There is no one so clever as you." After praising her and admiring the truth of her remarks, another woman spoke in winning tones, and lovingly related the whole history, how Rāma had lost the delights of empire; and again set to praising Bharat for his affectionate disposition and happy nature.

*Dohā 214.*

"He travels on foot, feeding only on wild fruits, and abandoning the crown given him by his father, is going to Rāma to persuade him to return; is there any one at the present day like Bharat?"

*Chaupāī.*

To tell and hear of Bharat's brotherly devotion and his course of action dispels all sin and sorrow. Anything that I can say, friend, is all too little; he is Rāma's brother; how could he be different from what he is? All of us who have seen him and Satrugna have truly become blessed among women." Hearing his virtues and seeing his forlorn state they lamented: "He is not a fit son for such a mother as Kaikeyi." One said: "It is no blame to the queen that God has been so kind to us. What are we, outcasts from the world and the Veda, women of low birth and mean livelihood,

whose home is a wretched hovel in some poor village of this miserable country, that we should have such a vision, a sufficient reward for the highest religious merit ? ” There was the same delight and wonder in every town, as though the tree of paradise had sprung up in the desert.

*Dohá 215.*

At the sight of Bharat, the good fortune of the people by the wayside manifested itself in like manner, as though by the will of providence Prayág had been made accessible to the people of Lanká.

*Chaupái.*

Hearing these praises of his own and Ráma's many virtues, he went on his way, ever mindful of Raghunáth. Whenever he spied any holy place, or hermitage, or temple, he bathed and reverently saluted it, praying in his heart of hearts for this one boon, perseverance in devotion to the feet of Síta and Ráma. If there met him a Kirát or Kol, or other dweller in the woods, anchorite or student, hermit or ascetic, whoever he might be, he saluted him and asked in what part of the forest were Lakshman, Ráma and the Videhan princess. They told him all the news of the lord, and at the sight of Bharat reaped their life's reward. If any person said ' We have seen them well,' they were counted as dear as Ráma and Lakshman themselves. In this manner asking courteously of every one, he heard the whole story of Ráma's forest life.

*Dohá 216.*

Halting that day, Bharat started again at dawn, invoking Raghunáth: all who were with him being equally desirous with himself for a sight of Ráma.

*Chaupái.*

Every one had auspicious omens ; lucky throbbings in the eyes and arm ; Bharat and the host rejoiced, " Ráma will be found and our sore distress will be at an end." Each indulged his own fancy, and as they marched all seemed intoxicated with the wine of love, their limbs relaxed, their feet unsteady on the ground, and the accents of their voice inarti-

culate from excess of emotion. Then was the time that Rāma's guide pointed out the monarch of mountains in all its beauty, near which on the river's bank the two heroes and Sīta were dwelling. All at the sight fell to the ground with cries of 'Glory to Rāma, the life of Jānaki!' The royal host was as overwhelmed with emotion as though Rāma had come back to Avadh.

*Dohā 217.*

Bharat's love at that time was such that not Seshnāg could describe it : it is as far beyond the poet as the bliss of heaven is beyond a man stained by selfishness and sensuality.

*Chaupāi.*

Being all unmanned by their love for Raghubar, they had gone but two *kos* by the close of day, then scanning land and water they halted. When the night was past, the beloved of Raghunāth sallied forth again. On the other hand Rāma while it was yet dark, awoke, and Sīta told him what she had seen in a dream : " Methought Bharat had come with an army, being tortured in body by the fever of separation from his lord ; all were sad, wretched and downcast, and the queens consort were greatly altered." On hearing Sīta's dream, the healer of sorrows grew sorrowful and his eyes filled with tears : " This dream, Lakshman, bodes no good : we shall hear of something that we by no means wished." So saying, he and his brother bathed, worshipped Purāri and propitiated the saints.

*Chhand 9.*

After propitiating the gods and reverencing the saints, the lord went and sat down with his gaze to the north. The dust in the air and the many birds and deer taking to flight disquieted him and he returned to the hermitage. He stood up and looked, anxious in mind as to the cause. Then came Kirāts and Kols and told him all the news.

*Sorathā 7.*

When he heard the glad tidings his heart was full of joy and his body quivered all over : while his eyes, like the autumnal lotus, were filled with the moisture of affection.

*Chaupái.*

Again Síta's lord became anxious : ' What can be the cause of Bharat's coming ? ' Then came one and said : ' There is with him no small army in full equipment.' Hearing this, Ráma was greatly disturbed; on the one hand was his father's injunction, on the other his regard for his brother. Thinking to himself over Bharat's disposition, the lord's mind found no sure standing-point ; but at last he calmed himself with the reflection : ' Bharat is said to be good and sensible.' Lakshman saw that his lord was troubled at heart, and spoke out as he thought the occasion demanded: " I speak, sire, before I am asked; but sometimes impertinence in a servant is not impertinent. You, master, are the crown of the wise ; I a mere retainer, but I say what I think.

*Dohá 218.*

You, my lord, are kind and easy, a storehouse of amiability ; you love and trust every one, and think them all like yourself.

*Chaupái.*

A worldly man, who has got power, becomes mad and infatuated and so betrays himself. Bharat was well-taught, good and clever, and, as every one knew, was devoted to his lord's feet; but now that he has become king, he breaks down in his course all the bounds of duty. A wicked and ill-disposed brother having spied out his time, and knowing that Ráma is alone in the forest, he has taken evil counsel and equipt an army, and has come to make his sovereignty secure. After plotting all sorts of wicked schemes, the two brothers have assembled their army and come. If he had no treacherous malpractice at heart, why should he affect chariots and horses and elephants? But why reproach Bharat? all the world goes mad on getting dominion.

*Dohá 219.*

The Moon-god debauched his *guru's* wife: Nahusha mounted a palanquin borne by Bráhmans; and who fell so low as Vena, the enemy of established usage and the Veda?

*Chaupai.*

Sahasra-bāhu, Indra, Trisanku; all were brought to disgrace by the intoxication of kingly power.<sup>1</sup> Bharat has planned this clever scheme, so as not to leave himself a single enemy in the field; but in one point he has made a mistake, in despising Rāma as if he had no friends; he will discover this to-day with a vengeance, when he sees Rāma's indignant face in the battle." So saying, he forgot all prudence, and his whole body, so to speak, bristled with pugnacity. Falling at his lord's feet and putting the dust of them upon his head, he cried in tones of natural and honest vehemence: "My lord, think it not wrong of me; Bharat has tried me not a little; how long shall I endure to remain quiet, my lord being with me and my bow in my hand?"

1 The pride of kings and its ruinous results are here illustrated by reference to six famous mythological personages. The first is the great Moon-god, who in the wantonness of power robbed his own spiritual instructor, Vrihaspati, of his bride Tārā, and had by her a son named Bāha, the regent of the planet Mercury. Of this legend mention has already been made in a note after *dohā* 201. For punishment, he bears for ever in his face the marks of the brand set upon him by the injured husband.

NAHUSHA was the grandson of Purūravas, the founder of the lunar race of kings, who reigned at Pratiśthāna on the Ganges opposite Prayāg. When Indra had temporarily abdicated his throne in heaven Nahusha was selected to fill it. But not satisfied with this dignity, he demanded also Indra's queen. She agreed to receive him, if he came to her in a pīlki borne by Brāhmins. At his request the seven great Rishis agreed to do him this service. But he was so inflamed with arrogance and lust that they could not walk fast enough for him, and at last, disgusted with his violence and abuse, they threw down the pīlki and cursed him and he was turned into a serpent.

VENA, the son of Anga, as soon as he had been proclaimed monarch of the whole world, forbade any gifts to be given to Brāhmins or sacrifice offered to the gods, for that he was sole lord of all and none else was entitled to worship. The holy sages implored him to desist from such impiety, but he would not listen to them. They then struck him with the light blades of grass that had been consecrated by their prayers, and he immediately fell dead.

KARTAVIRYA was a mighty conqueror, who, among other boons granted him by the sage Dattatreya, obtained also this one, that he should have a thousand arms; whence he is here called Sahasra-bāhu. One day, when out hunting in the woods, he was hospitably entertained by Jamadagni in his hermitage. But instead of making any proper return for this kindness, he carried off his host's sacrificial cow. Jamadagni's son, Parasurām, was away at the time, but when he returned and heard of what had been done, he followed after Kārtavīrya and cut off his thousand arms and slew him. The king's sons, to avenge their father's death, attacked Jamadagni in his hermitage; and in consequence of this, Parasurām made his famous vow to extirpate the whole Kshatriya race.

INDRA, the king of heaven, became enamoured of Ahalyā, the wife of

*Dohá 220.*

Am I not of warrior descent, a scion of the house of Rághu, and known throughout the world as Ráma's brother? What is so low as the dust? Yet if stirred by a kick it rises and falls upon your head."<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupái.*

As he stood with clasped hands and sought permission, he seemed like Heroism itself aroused from slumber, binding up his hair in a knot, girding on his quiver by his side, trimming his bow, and taking arrows in hand. "To-day I shall distinguish myself as Ráma's servant and will give Bharat a lesson in fighting. Reaping the fruit of their contempt for Ráma, both brothers shall sleep on the couch of battle. It is well that the whole host has come; to-day I shall manifest my wrath and have done with it. As a lion tears in pieces a herd of elephants, or as a hawk clutches and carries off a quail, so will I lightly overthrow upon the field Bharat and his brother and all their host. If Siva himself should come to their aid, in Ráma's name I would worst him in battle."

*Dohá 221.*

Lakshman spoke so furiously that the regents of the

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the sage Gautama, and visited her disguised as her husband. The sage saw him as he left her room and cursed him with perpetual loss of virility. Ahalyá was changed into a stone till Ráma should come and deliver her. see Book I. pp. 21, 145.

TRISANKU was a king of Ayodhyá, who in his pride aspired to celebrate a great sacrifice and by its merit ascend to heaven in person. He first requested Vasishtha to conduct the ceremony; but the saint saw through his motives and refused him. He then applied to Vasishtha's sons, but they, thinking that he only wished to bring about a quarrel between them and their father, cursed him, so that he became a Chandál. While in this low estate he killed Vasishtha's cow; and for these three sins, pride, mischief-making, and cow-killing, three great horns grew out of his forehead. He then put himself under the protection of Visvamitra, who engaged to perform the sacrifice and invited all the gods to it. They, however, declined to come; whereupon Visvamitra created new gods, completed the sacrifice, and translated Trisanku to the skies. But no sooner had he arrived there than the gods hurled him down again; and falling headlong he was suspended midway, where he is still to be seen, as the constellation in the southern hemisphere called Trisanku. The saliva that dropped from his mouth forms the river Karmánásá, which flows between Banáras and Bihár and which it is considered a pollution to touch.

<sup>1</sup> The general meaning of the passage would seem to be: Bharat has given such provocation that the meanest creature in the world would resent it; much more should I, who am a warrior by birth.

spheres, beholding and hearing his solemn oath, looked on in terror and longed to flee away.

*Chaupái.*

The world was entranced; a voice was heard in the air, declaring the mighty power of Lakshman's arm: "Son, who can tell, or who can understand your might and majesty? but any business, whether right or wrong, should be done deliberately; so every one agrees. They who act rashly and afterwards repent, the Vedas say are anything but wise." On hearing this voice from heaven Lakshman was abashed, and both Ráma and Síta addressed him courteously: "What you have said, brother, is sound wisdom: the intoxication of power is the worst of all; the merest taste of it maddens any king who has not been trained in the school of philosophy. But hearken, Lakshman; in the whole of God's creation I have never seen nor heard of any one so good as Bharat.

*Dohá 222.*

He would never be intoxicated with power, even though he sat upon the throne of Bráhma, Vishnu and Siva. What can a few drops of *kánji* curdle the milky ocean?

*Chaupái.*

The sun may grow dim at midday; yea, sooner may the pure ether be absorbed in cloud; sooner may Agastya<sup>1</sup> be drowned in the puddle of a cow's footprint, or earth forget to be long-suffering; sooner may the buzz of a mosquito puff away Mount Meru, than kingly pride, my brother, touch Bharat. O Lakshman, I swear by you and by our father, there is none so true a brother as Bharat. The Creator has fashioned the world by mixing the milk of goodness with the water of evil; Bharat is the swan in the lake of the Solar race, who from the day of his birth has known to distinguish between the good and the evil; choosing the milk of goodness and discarding the water of evil, he has illumined the whole world with his glory." As Raghurái thus recited Bharat's

<sup>1</sup> Who swallowed up the ocean.

virtues and amiable disposition, he became drowned in a sea of love.

*Dohá 223.*

The gods, hearing his speech and seeing his affection for Bharat, all applauded Râma, saying: "Who so compassionate as the Lord?

*Chaupâi.*

If Bharat had not been born into the world, who was there on earth to be the champion of all right? Bharat's good qualities are more than all the poets could describe; who save you, Raghunath, could comprehend them?" When Lakshman, Râma and Sîta heard these words of the gods they were more glad than can be told. Now Bharat and all his host bathed in the sacred Mandâkîni. Then leaving the people on the bank and having asked permission from his mother, his *guru* and the Minister, he set out to visit Sîta and Raghurai with the Nishâd king and his brother. As he thought upon his mother's deeds he was abashed, and formed a thousand ill-conjectures in his mind: "What if Râma, Lakshman and Sîta, on hearing my name, should leave the place and go elsewhere?

*Dohâ 224.*

Taking me to be my mother's accomplice, nothing that he might do would be too much. If, again, he overlooks my sin and folly, and receives me kindly as his well-wisher;

*Chaupâi.*

whether he spurns me as a black-hearted wretch, or welcomes me as his servant, my only refuge is at Râma's feet; he is the best of masters, the fault is all his servant's. The *ohâtak* and the fish are celebrated throughout the world for the thoroughness and constancy of their vows of love." With these thoughts in his mind he went on his way, his whole body rendered powerless by excessive love and trepidation; his mother's sin, as it were, turning him back, while his strong faith, like some sturdy bull, dragged him forward. Whenever he thought of Râma's good nature, his feet moved

swiftly along the way ; his course was like that of a water-fly carried about by the stream. Seeing Bharat's anxiety and affection, the Nishád was transported out of himself.

*Dohá 225.*

Auspicious omens began to occur, and the Nishád after hearing them and making a calculation said : "Sorrow will pass away, joy will succeed ; but in the end there will be distress again."

*Chaupái.*

Knowing his servant's words to be all true, he went on and drew near to the hermitage. When Bharat saw the vast woods and rocks, he was as glad as a hungry wretch on getting a good meal. Like people afflicted by every calamity,<sup>1</sup> worn out with troubles,<sup>2</sup> ill-fortune and pestilence, who rejoice on escaping to a prosperous and well-governed country, so were Bharat's feelings. The forest where Ráma dwelt was as bright and happy as people are happy who have got a good king ; with Asceticism for King Wisdom's Minister of State ; with the beautiful and sacred groves for his realm ; with Continence and Faithfulness for champions, and the rocks for his capital ; with Peace and Good-will for his virtuous and lovely queens ; a king perfect at all points ; a suppliant at Ráma's feet, and therefore easy in mind,

*Dohá 226.*

Royal Wisdom, having conquered King Delusion with all his host, held undisputed sway in his capital : all was joy, happiness, and prosperity.

*Chaupái.*

The frequent hermits' cells about the woods were his cities, towns, villages and hamlets ; the many birds and beasts of all descriptions were his innumerable subjects. The hares, elephants, lions, tigers, boars, buffaloes and wolves, a wonder to behold, forgetting their antipathies, grazed together, like a duly marshalled army complete in all its parts. The roar

<sup>1</sup> Public calamities, or visitations of God, *iti*, are reckoned as seven in number, viz., drought, floods, locusts, rats, parrots, tyranny, and invasion.

<sup>2</sup> Trouble (*táp*) is of three kinds, specified in Book VII *dohá* 21 as *daihika*, *daivika* and *bhautika*, physical, casual and spiritual.

of the mountain torrents and the cries of mad elephants were like the din of kettle drums; the *chakras*, *chakors*, *chátaks*, parrots and cuckoos made a delightful concert; swans were in their glory; the bees buzzed and the peacocks danced like the festive *entourage* of some Rája, while the creepers, trees and grasses, with the flowers and fruits, formed his brilliant court.

*Dohá 227.*

Beholding the beauty of Ráma's hill, Bharat's heart was overpowered with love, like as an ascetic is overjoyed when he completes his vow and reaps the fruit of his penance,

*Chaupái.*

Then the pilot mounted a height and reaching out his hand cried to Bharat: "See, my lord, those huge trees *pákar*, *jáman*, mango and *tamála*,<sup>1</sup> in the midst of which is conspicuous a *bar* tree, so beautiful and grand that the soul is charmed at the sight, with dense dark shoots and red fruit, affording a pleasant shade in all seasons of the year, a mass of black and purple, as if God had brought together all that was lovely to make it. Under this tree, near the river, sir, where Ráma has roofed in his sylvan hut, are many graceful shrubs of Tulsi, planted, some by Síta's lord and some by Lakshman, and in the shade of the *bar* tree Síta with her own lotus hands has reared a charming altar.

*Dohá 199.*

There the well-instructed Síta and Ráma are ever wont to sit in the midst of the hermits, listening while sacred legends are read and all the Vedas, Shástras and Puránas,"

*Chaupái.*

As he listened to his friend's speech and gazed upon the tree, Barát's eyes overflowed with tears. The two brothers advanced reverently; Sárada would fail to do justice to their love. When they saw the prints of Ráma's feet they rejoiced like some beggar on finding the philosopher's stone, and

<sup>1</sup> The *Pákar* is the *Ficus venosa*; the *jáman*, the *Eugenia jambolana*; the *tamála*, the *Xanthochymus pictorius*; the *bar*, or banyan, the *Ficus Bengalensis*.

applied the dust to their head, heart and eyes, with as much delight as if they had found Ráma himself. Seeing Bharat's utterly indescribable condition, birds, beasts and all created things, whether animate, or inanimate, were absorbed in devotion. The guide in his excitement lost the way, but the gods showed it to him and rained down flowers. Saints and sages gazed in rapture and burst out into praises of his sincere affection: 'Who in all the world is like Bharat, who makes fools wise and the wise fools?'

*Dohá 229.*

Raghu-bír, the ocean of compassion, after churning the depths of Bharat's soul with the Mount Meru of bereavement, brought out from it the nectar of love.

*Chaupái.*

The two fair brothers and their guide were not visible to Lakshman, by reason of the dense shade of the forest; but Bharat could see his lord's sacred hermitage, the charming home of everything delightful. As he entered it his burning grief was assuaged, as when an ascetic is rewarded with salvation. He saw before him Lakshman affectionately conversing with his lord, his hair fastened in a knot, a hermit's robe girt about his loins, his quiver slung, arrows in his hand, and his bow on his shoulder. By the altar an assembly of saints and sages, among whom Síta and Ráma were conspicuous in hermit's attire, with matted hair and body darkened by exposure; like Rati and Kámadeva in saint's disguise. He, who with one smiling glance can dispel every anguish of soul, had bow and arrows ready in his lotus hands.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 230.*

In the midst of the circle of saints, Síta and Ráma shone forth as fair as Faith and the Supreme Spirit incarnate in the council chamber of wisdom.

*Chaupái.*

He, his brother and their guide were so absorbed that

<sup>1</sup> The idea would seem to be that Ráma, though the benefactor of the whole world, was obliged in the forest to go armed, to protect himself against attack.

joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain were all forgotten. Crying 'Mercy, mercy, O lord and master!' he fell flat on the ground like a log. Lakshman recognized his loving cry and made obeisance, knowing that it must be Bharat. On the one hand he was moved by brotherly affection, but on the other was the stronger claim of obedience to his lord. Unable to embrace him and yet loth to refrain; what poet could describe Lakshman's state of mind? Though obedience was the weightier, and therefore he stayed, he was like a child pulling against a kite high in the air. Bowing his head to the ground, he said affectionately: "It is Bharat, O Raghunāth, who greets you." On hearing this, Rāma started up in loving agitation, his robe flying in one direction and his quiver and bow and arrows in another.

*Dohā 231.*

Whether he would or no, the All-compassionate took and raised him up and clasped him to his bosom. Those who witnessed the meeting of Bharat and Rāma lost all self-consciousness.

*Chaupāī.*

How can such an affectionate meeting be described? Their thoughts, words and actions were beyond any poet. Both brothers were filled with the utmost love; self, reason, knowledge and understanding were all forgotten. Tell me who can pourtray such perfect love? by what shadow can the poet's mind attain to it? If the poet has a model, he can work out his meaning by the force of words, and players dance when they have an accompaniment; but the love of Rāma and Bharat is unapproachable, beyond the conception even of Brāhma, Vishnu and Siva; how then can I describe it? If an instrument is only strung with grass,<sup>1</sup> can it make sweet music? When the gods saw the meeting of Bharat and Raghubar they were alarmed and trembled all over; but

<sup>1</sup> I know no other instance of the use of the word *gūdari* in the sense of "grass," which is the meaning that the best Hindu commentators give it here. It ordinarily means 'a sheep.'

when Vrihaspati had spoken to them, they awoke from their folly and rained down flowers and applauded.

*Dohá 232.*

After affectionately embracing Satrughna, Ráma greeted the pilot; and then Lakshman too as a brother courteously greeted Bharat.

*Chaupái.*

When he had fondly embraced his younger brother, Lakshman next took the Nishád to his bosom. Then the two brothers, Bharat and Satrughna, after reverencing all the saints and joyfully receiving from them the desired blessing in a rapture of love, placed on their head the dust of Síta's lotus feet. As they again and again prostrated themselves she raised them up, and with a touch of her lotus hands motioned them to be seated; in her heart invoking a blessing upon them, and so absorbed in affection as to lose all self-consciousness. When he saw Síta so thoroughly propitious, he became free from anxiety and all fear passed away. No one made any remark nor asked any question; the soul was so full of love that it ceased to act. Then the pilot took courage and bowing with clasped hands made humble petition:

*Dohá 233.*

"Distressed by your absence, my lord, there have come with the great sage your mothers and all the people of the city, your servants, captains and ministers."

*Chaupái*

When the Ocean of amiability heard the *guru* had come, he left Satrughna with Síta and went off in haste that very minute; he Ráma, the steadfast, the righteous, the all-merciful. On seeing the *guru*, he and his brother were delighted and fell on their faces to the ground. The holy man ran and raised them up and embraced them, and greeted both brothers with the utmost affection. The pilot, quivering with emotion, gave his name and prostrated himself afar off; but the Rishi must needs greet him as a friend of Ráma's, as though love had been spilt upon the ground and he stop-

ped to pick it up: Faith in Râma is the root of all good; in heaven the gods applauding rained down flowers: "There is no one so utterly vile as he, nor any one in the world equal to the great Vasishtha:

*Dohâ 234.*

yet the king of saints on seeing him was overjoyed and embraced him before Lakshman; so glorious in their manifestation are the effects of faith in Sîta's lord."

*Chaupâi.*

Finding all the people sad, Râma, the all-merciful and all-wise God, gave every one his wish in the way he most desired: in an instant he and his brother embraced them all and at once removed the sore anguish of their pain. This was no such great thing for Râma to do; similarly the sun is reflected at once in a thousand water-jars. All the citizens with rapturous affection embraced the pilot and praised his good fortune. Seeing his mothers as woe-begone as the sprays of some delicate creeper smitten by the frost, Râma first of all saluted Kaikeyi, softening her will by his gentleness and piety. Falling at her feet he soothed her with many words, attributing all the blame to Fate, Destiny and Providence.

*Dohâ 235.*

Raghubar embraced all his mothers and consoled them, saying: 'Mother, the world is subject to God; there is no one to blame.'

*Chaupâi.*

The two brothers kissed the feet of their *guru's* wife; as also of the Brâhman ladies who had accompanied her, paying the same honour to them as to Ganga and Gauri; and they with gentle voice gladly gave them their blessing. When he embraced Sumitrâ, after clasping her feet, he was like a beggar who has picked up a fortune. Then both brothers fell at the feet of queen Kausalyâ and their whole body was convulsed with love; the mother took them tenderly to her bosom and bathed them with tears of affection. How can any poet

describe the mingled joy and grief of such a time, any more than a dumb man can express the sweetness that he tastes? After embracing their mother, Ráma and his brother requested the *guru* to accompany them, and at his command the citizens crossed over, admiring the scenery as they went.

*Dohá 236.*

Taking with them the Bráhmans, the Minister, the queens, the *guru*, and some others chosen out of the people, Bharat, Lakshman and Raghunáth proceeded to the holy hermitage.

*Chaupái.*

Síta came and embraced the saint's feet and received the precious blessing that her soul desired. The affectionate manner in which she greeted the *guru's* wife and the Bráhman ladies is beyond description. Again and again she kissed all their feet and received their benediction rejoicing her heart. When the queen-mothers looked at Síta, they closed their eyes and shuddered to see her so delicate, like some cygnet fallen into the clutch of a fowler: what a cruel thing God has done! As they gazed at her, they became distressed beyond measure, that she should have to bear all that Fate had put upon her. Then Janak's daughter summoning up courage, while her dark lotus eyes were suffused with tears, went and embraced all her mothers-in law; and that moment Earth reeked with piteousness.

*Dohá 237.*

Again and again kissing all their feet, Síta most tenderly embraced them: and from their heart came the loving benediction 'May you long live a happy wife!'

*Chaupái.*

Síta and the queens being thus agitated by emotion, the learned *guru* bade them all be seated. First he expounded to them the instability of the world and spoke a little of the joys of heaven, and then announced the king's death. At the news Raghunáth was grievously distressed; thinking he had died out of love for him, the firmest of the firm was

sore shaken. On hearing the sad tidings, which fell upon them like a thunderbolt, Lakshman, Sita and all the queens broke out into lamentations, and the whole assembly was as much agitated as if the king had died only that very day. Then the great sage exhorted Rāma and directed him and all the people to bathe in the sacred stream. All that day the lord fasted even from water; and though the saint allowed them, no one else would drink either.

*Dohā 238.*

At daybreak, according to the order given him by the saint, the lord Raghunandan reverently and devoutly performed his father's funeral obsequies.

*Chaupái.*

Having celebrated every rite as prescribed in the Veda, he became pure, even he, the Sun to annihilate the night of sin, whose name is a fire that consumes the cotton of wickedness, and which if merely invoked is the source of all prosperity. He became pure, in like manner as, theologians say, a bather in the Ganges who invokes other *tiraths* is purified.<sup>1</sup> After his purification, when two days had passed, Rāma said affectionately to the *guru*: "My lord, all the people are much inconvenienced by having nothing to take but water and the wild produce of the woods. When I look at Bharat and his brothers, the Minister and all the queens, a minute seems to me like an age. Return, I pray, with all of them to the city: for you are here, the king is in heaven, and there is no one left at Ayodhyá. I have said too much and have presumed greatly: but do, sir, as you think best."

*Dohā 239.*

"O Rāma, bulwark of righteousness, home of compassion, it is but natural for you to speak thus: the people are wearied, let them rest for two days and enjoy your presence."

<sup>1</sup> In the Ganges are concentrated the virtues of all holy places: any one who bathes in it is purified, and it is therefore a work of supererogation for him to invoke any other power. He cannot make himself cleaner than he had become already; nor could Rāma, the all-pure, become purer by any act of ceremonial purification.

*Chaupái.*

On hearing Ráma's words, the assembly was in dismay, like a ship tossed on the ocean; but when they heard the saint's auspicious speech, it was as if the wind had turned in their favour. At the three set times they bathed in the sacred stream, the mere sight of which destroys any multitude of sins; and ever feasting their eyes on the incarnation of blessedness, and again and again prostrating themselves before him, they looked and rejoiced. Then they went to see Ráma's hill and wood where all was good and nought evil: the torrents flowing with streams of nectar; the air so soft, cool and fragrant that it soothed every pain of mind or body; the trees, creepers and grasses of infinite variety; the many kinds of fruits, flowers and sprays; the magnificent rocks and the pleasant shade under the trees, all made the forest beautiful beyond description.

*Dohá 240.*

The ponds were gay with lotuses, the haunt of cooing waterfowl and buzzing bees, while forgetful of mutual antipathies, beasts roamed in the forest and birds of varied plumage.

*Chaupái.*

The Kols, Kiráts and Bhíls, the inhabitants of the woods, brought delicious honey sweet as nectar, and piled up leafy bowls with herbs, roots, fruits and flowers daintily arranged. With humble salutations they offered them to all telling the taste, character, quality and name of each. The people offered a liberal price, but they would not accept it, and begged them for Ráma's sake to take it back, saying in gentle tones in the depth of their affection: "The good accept what they know to be of love. You are holy, and we low Nisháds; by Ráma's favour we have been admitted into your presence, an honour as difficult of attainment for us as for the desert of Māru to be watered by the Ganges. Ráma is merciful and the Nisháds' patron; as is the king, so should be his family and subjects.

*Dohá 241.*

Consider this in your mind, and without more demur recognize our affection and make friends with us; accept these fruits and herbs and flowers and so render us happy.

*Chaupái.*

You have come to the forest as our welcome guests, though we are all unworthy to do you service. And what is it, sirs, that we offer you? Fuel and fodder are a Kirát's tokens of friendship, and our greatest service is not to steal and run off with your clothes and dishes. We are a rude people, often taking life, of vile nature and vile pursuits, low-minded and low-born, who day and night commit sin, without either clothes for the body or food to satisfy the belly; how could we possibly have ever dreamt of the knowledge of virtue, but for the effectual apparition of Ráma? Since we beheld our lord's lotus feet, our sore distress and sin have both been removed." On hearing this speech, the citizens were much affected and broke out into praises of their good fortune.

*Chhand 10.*

All began to praise their good fortune and addressed them in loving terms, being delighted to find in their speech and attitude such devotion to the feet of Síta and Ráma. Every one, man or woman, thought little of his own devotion, on hearing the language of the Kols and Bhíls; through the mercy of the jewel of Raghu's line (says Tulsi) a boat floats, even though laden with iron.

*Sorathá 9.*

Day after day all the people felt as great delight, as they roamed through every part of the forest, as the frogs and peacocks when invigorated by a shower at the beginning of the rains.

*Chaupái.*

The citizens of Ayodhyá were so absorbed in excess of love that a day was gone in a minute. Síta, assuming as many forms as she had mothers-in-law, waited reverently upon

them all with equal attention. No one but Rāma noticed the miracle : for Sīta is the very power of delusion, and he Delusion's lord. Sīta won over all the queens by her services, and they being pleased gave her both instruction and benediction. Looking at Sīta and the two noble brothers, the wicked queen repented bitterly: and Kaikeyi now prays in her heart: "Is there no escape for me? Does God refuse me even death? as it is declared in the Vedas and by popular tradition, and as the poets also have sung, that if Rāma be against you, not even in hell can you find a restingplace." Now this was the question in every one's mind: "Good God, will Rāma return to Avadh or not?"

*Dohā 242.*

Bharat was so anxious and sorely perplexed that he could neither sleep by night nor eat by day, like as a fish sunk in the last of the mud is in trouble about water.<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupāī.*

"It was Fate in my mother's form that did me this injury, as when a ricefield ripening for the harvest is smitten by hail. In what manner can Rāma's coronation be secured? There is nothing now left for me to do. He would certainly return in obedience to an order of the *guru*; but then the saint will only order what he knows Rāma to wish. At his mother's bidding, too, he would return, but Kausalyā would never insist upon anything. Of what account am I, who am only his vassal, and am fallen upon evil times, and have God against me. If I resist him, it would be a grievous sin; for the duty of a servant to his master outweighs Kailās." Without being able to settle a single plan in his mind, Bharat spent the whole night in thought. At daybreak he bathed, bowed his head to his lord, and was sitting down when he was sent for by the Rishi.

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<sup>1</sup> The fish thinks to himself, 'There is now only a little mud left, in which I can just manage to live; if that too dries up, what on earth am I to do for water?' In like manner Bharat was thinking 'The two days are now nearly over; when they are gone and I am left without Rāma, how shall I be able to survive?'

*Dohá 243.*

After saluting the *guru's* lotus feet and receiving his permission, he took his seat : while all the Bráhmans, nobles and ministers of state came and assembled in council.

*Chaupái.*

The great sage addressed them in words appropriate to the occasion: "Hearken, ye counsellors, and you, wise Bharat. The champion of righteousness, the sun of the Solar race, king Ráma, the autocratic, the lord God, the ocean of truth, the protector, the bulwark of scripture, has taken birth for the benefit of the whole world. Obedient to the word of his *guru* and his father and mother ; destroying the armies of the wicked and befriending the gods; in policy and devotion, in all things that pertain to this life or the next, there is no one equal to Ráma in the knowledge of what is right. Bráhma, Vishnu and Siva ; the sun, the moon, the guardians of the spheres; Delusion, life, Fate, and this Iron age; the sovereigns of hell, the sovereigns of earth and all the powers that be ; magic and sorcery and every spell in the Vedas and the Tantarás—ponder it in your heart and consider well—all are obedient to Ráma's commands.

*Dohá 244.*

If we observe Ráma's pleasure and commands, it will be well for us all ; now, wise sirs, think it over, and all resolve to do whatever may be decided.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma's coronation will be agreeable to all, as a sure source of happiness and the one way to felicity. How is he to be brought back to Avadh ? Think before you speak, and upon that plan we will act." All listened respectfully to Vasishtha's speech, full as it was of justice, religion and worldly wisdom ; but no answer was forthcoming : every one was dumbfounded, till with bowed head and clasped hands Bharat spoke: "In the Solar race there have been many kings, each one greater than the other; all owed their birth to their parents, but their good or ill fortune was the gift of God. And, as

all the world knows, it was through your blessing that they triumphed over sorrow and attained complete prosperity; whatever the course of fate that you, sir, marked out for them, none could alter it; it was fixed immoveably.

*Dohà 245.*

And yet now you ask advice of me: 'such is my ill fate.' When the *guru* heard this affectionate speech, love sprung up in his heart.

*Chaupái.*

"My son, this is a true saying, it is all Ráma's mercy; without Ráma no one can ever dream of happiness. There is one way, my son, though I am ashamed to propose it; but a wise man will sacrifice the half when he sees the whole going; do you two brothers go into exile, then Lakshman, Síta and Ráma will come back." On hearing this favourable speech, the two brothers rejoiced and their whole body thrilled with excitement; they were as pleased at heart and as radiant all over as if king Dasarath had been restored to life and Ráma were already enthroned. The people gained much and sacrificed little; but the queens all wept, for their pain was equal to their joy.<sup>1</sup> Said Bharat: "What the saint has proposed is already as good as done; he has granted me the one thing above all others that I most desired. I will stay all my life in the forest; there is nothing I should like better.

*Dohá 246.*

Ráma and Síta know my heart and you are full of knowledge and wisdom; if, my lord, you mean what you say, make your word good."

*Chaupái.*

Hearing Bharat's words and seeing his love, the saint and the whole assembly were transported out of themselves. Bharat's vast generosity was like a sheet of water and the saint's proposal like a woman standing on its brink, anxious to cross and trying different ways, but unable to find either.

<sup>1</sup> For, though they recovered two of their sons, they lost the other two.

ship, boat, or raft. Who can describe Bharat's magnanimity? Can the ocean be contained in a river-shell? The saint was inwardly at heart charmed with Bharat, and accompanied by the assembly went to Rāma. The lord saluted him and led him to a seat of honour and on receiving the saint's permission all sat down. Then spoke Vasishtha in well-considered words, according to the circumstances of the place and time: 'Hearken, Rāma; you are omniscient and wise, a store-house of piety, prudence, virtue and intelligence ;

*Dohā 247.*

you dwell in the hearts of all and know what they really wish or do not wish: now advise what will be best for your subjects, your mothers and Bharat.

*Chaupái.*

A man in pain talks wildly, and a gambler watches only his own play."<sup>1</sup> On hearing the saint's speech, Raghurái replied: "My lord, the remedy is in your own hands. To attend to your wishes will be best for all. Only give the order, and cheerfully, I assure you, whatever your commands may be, I answer for myself in the first place, those instructions I will dutifully obey; and after me, each, as he has his orders, will hasten to do his service." Said the saint: Rāma, you say truly; but Bharat's affection has disturbed calculation; therefore I say again and again my judgment is overcome by Bharat's piety; in my opinion, Siva be my witness, whatever will please Bharat is the best thing to be done.

*Dohā 248.*

Listen respectfully to Bharat's prayer; reconsider the matter; and after weighing well the duties of a king and the texts of Scripture, take the advice given you both by philosophers and men of the world."

*Chaupái.*

Seeing the *guru's* love for Bharat, Rāma's heart rejoiced

<sup>1</sup> Therefore we come for advice to you, being too much excited and having too great a personal interest in the matter to judge for ourselves calmly and impartially.

exceedingly, for he knew Bharat to be a champion of righteousness, and in thought, word and deed his own faithful servant. In obedience to the *guru's* commands, he made this sweet, gentle and excellent reply: "I swear by you, my lord, and by my father's feet that in all the world there has been no brother like Bharat. All who love the lotus feet of their *guru* are highly blessed: so say both the world and the Veda. But who can tell Bharat's blessedness, to whom such love has been shown by you? When I look at him, my younger brother, my senses are abashed, as I thus praise him to his face. Whatever Bharat says, that will be good for us to do." Having so said Rāma remained silent.

*Dohā 249.*

Then the saint said to Bharat: "Put aside all diffidence, my son, and tell the Ocean of mercy, your own dear brother, what you really have at heart."

*Chaupái.*

Hearing the saint's address, and having already received Rāma's consent, he was satisfied of the good-will both of his *guru* and his master; but seeing the weight of the whole business put upon his head, he could say nothing and remained lost in thought, as he stood in the assembly, quivering all over his body, and his lotus eyes filled with the moisture of affection: "The king of saints has already spoken for me: what more is there for me to say? I know my lord's amiable disposition, that he never shows displeasure even to the guilty; and for me he has a special tenderness and love; even in play he never gave me an angry look. From a child I have never left him, and never at any time has he wounded my feelings. I have observed my lord's gracious ways; when beating me in any game he would allow me to win.

*Dohā 250.*

I am too much overcome by affection and modesty to say a word before him; to this day my eyes, thirsting for his love, have not been satiated with the sight of him.

*Chaupái.*

God could not endure my fondness, and cruelly interposed an obstacle by means of my mother. In saying this now I do myself no honour. Who is made good by his own good estimation? To get into my mind that my mother is a wretch and I myself good and upright is a thousand times worse. Can rice be produced from stalks of *kodo*<sup>1</sup>, or the shells of a pond sweat pearls? Not a shadow of blame or wrong-doing attaches to any one; it is my ill-luck, like some fathomless ocean. Not perceiving that it is the fruit of my own sins, I revile my mother, to my own undoing. I search my heart, but am beaten all round. In one matter only am I really fortunate; with Vasishtha for my *guru* and Síta and Râma for my masters, things must come right in the end.

*Dohâ 251.*

In this honourable assemblage, in the presence of my lord and my *guru* and in this holy place, I speak my true sentiments; the saint and Râma know whether my affection is sincere or feigned, and my words true or false.

*Chaupái.*

The whole world is witness to the king's death, the result of his uncompromising love, and to my mother's wickedness; the queens are so woe-begone that I cannot bear to look at them; the citizens are consumed by intolerable anguish; and I am the cause of all their troubles; and yet though I hear and feel all this, I can still endure the torment. When I heard that Raghunâth had taken with him Lakshman and Síta, and in pilgrim's weeds had set out for the woods, without shoes and walking on foot, be Sunkara my witness, how I survived the misery. Again, when I saw the Nishâd's devotion, my heart must have been harder than adamant not to break. And now I have come and with my own eyes have seen everything; surely in this life my wretched soul has borne all that can be borne. The serpents and scorpions on the

<sup>1</sup> The *kodo* (Sanskrit *kodrava* is the *Paspalum frumentaceum* or *scrobiculatum*, which bears a small grain of inferior quality, eaten only by the poor.

road at the sight of them forget their virulent venom and savage viciousness ;

*Dohá 252.*

but to her Ráma, Lakshman and Síta appeared as enemies ; and how can God spare her son, or on whom would he rather inflict intolerable pain ?

*Chaupái.*

On hearing these lamentable words of Bharat's, fraught with distress and love, humility and discretion, the whole assembly was lost in sorrow and anxiety, as when the frost smites a bed of lotuses. The learned sage comforted Bharat by reference to various ancient legends, and Ráma, the moon of the liles of the solar race, spoke thus in seemingly wise : " Brother, grieve not your heart in vain ; know that the ways of life are in God's hands, To my mind, brother, all the men of highest renown for virtue in all time, past, present or future, and in the three spheres of creation, fall short of you. Whoever even imagines wickedness in you shall perish both in this life and in the next. It is only fools, who have never studied in the school of philosophy and religion, who ascribe blame to your mother.

*Dohá 253.*

Sin, Delusion and the burden of every ill are destroyed by the invocation of your name, glory is won in this world and eternal happiness in the world to come.

*Chaupái.*

Be Siva my witness ; I state the fact truly : the world, Bharat, exists by your support. Do not, brother, entertain evil surmises to no purpose ; love and hatred cannot be hid : birds and beasts come up close to a saints, but flee at the sight of a fowler, though he tries to stop them. If beasts and birds can distinguish between friends and enemies, how much more man, whose body is a vessel of virtue and intelligence. I know you thoroughly, brother ; how can I do anything that would be discordant with your spirit ? The king, to keep his word, abandoned me and, to keep his vow

of love, discarded life; if I now break his word, I shall be heartily grieved; and yet my respect for you is greater; the *guru* moreover has given me his commands; in short, whatever you say, that I am ready to do.

*Dohā 254.*

Set your mind at ease; cease this timidity and speak out; I will do it at once." When they heard Rāma, the ocean of truth, speak thus, the assembly rejoiced.

*Chaupāi.*

But the king of heaven and all the gods were alarmed and began to think "Things will all go wrong." Though they took counsel together, nothing came of it; mentally<sup>1</sup> all had recourse to Rāma for protection. After again considering, they said to one another: Rāma is moved by the faith of the faithful." Remembering the story of Ambarīsha and Durvāsas, Indra and the gods were greatly dejected. 'Long time the gods endured distress, till at last Prahlād revealed Narsingha.'<sup>2</sup> They beat their heads and whispered in the ear: "Now our only chance lies with Bharat there is no other plan, sir, that I can see. Rāma accepts service done to one of his servants; do you all with loving heart do service to Bharat, and he will subdue Rāma to his own temper."

*Dohā 255.*

When the *guru* of the gods heard this their plan, he said: Well done, you are in great good fortune; devotion to Bharat's feet is the source of every good in the world.

*Chaupāi.*

The service of the servant of Sīta's lord is as good as a thousand Kāmadhenus. Now that you are resolved to put faith in Bharat, cease to have any anxiety; God has provided

<sup>1</sup> If they had gone to him in person their whole scheme would have been frustrated, for Rāvan would have heard of it and thus have become aware of Rāma's divinity.

<sup>2</sup> The legends of Ambarīsha and Prahlād show how ready Vishnu (*i.e.* Rāma) has always been to hear the prayers of his followers, and how fierce is his indignation against those who persecute them; it was therefore useless for the gods to think of opposing Bharat; their only plan was to win him over to their side.

a way. See, Indra, the extent of Bharat's power; he has subdued Rāma with the greatest ease. Make your mind easy, sir, never fear, knowing that Bharat is Rāma's shadow." The Lord, who knows the heart, was disturbed when he heard the plans and fears of Vrihaspati and the other gods. Bharat, knowing that the whole responsibility rested upon him, was raising a thousand different arguments in his mind. After much deliberation, he came to the conclusion that his happiness consisted in obeying Rāma. "He is breaking his own vow in order to satisfy me, and in this is showing me no little love and affection.

*Dohā 256.*

Sīta's lord has in every way done me great and unbounded favour." Then bowing low, and with his lotus hands clasped in supplication, Bharat thus spoke :

*Chaupái.*

"All-merciful and omniscient lord, what now can I say myself or have others to say for me? My *guru* is pleased and my master kind: the imaginary torments of my troubled soul are all over. I feared disgrace, but my fear was unreasonable; it is no fault of the sun's sir, if a man mistake the points of the compass.<sup>1</sup> My ill-luck, my mother's wickedness, God's adverse action, and the malignity of fate set themselves firm and combined to overthrow me; but the protector of suppliants has maintained his character. This is no strange procedure of his; it is declared both by Scripture and tradition, and is no secret. The world is evil; the Lord only is good; tell me by whose goodness is he good save by his own? Your attributes, sire, are those of the tree of paradise, which is never either for or against any one in particular.

*Dohā 257.*

All who draw near and acknowledge that its shade reli-

<sup>1</sup> Your mercy is as sure as the course of the sun: but even with sun for his guide, a man may lose his way by mistaking the points of the compass: in like manner I was alarmed through my ignorance of the course that your mercy was taking.

sore distress. He enquired of all his wise men and ministers, 'Consider and tell me what ought now to be done.' Reflecting on the state of Avadh and the double difficulty, if he went or if he stayed, no one gave any answer. After reasoning with himself, the king resolved to send four clever spies to Avadh, to discover whether Bharat meant well or ill, and return in haste without being seen.

*Dohá 261.*

The spies went to Avadh, ascertained Bharat's movements and saw what he was doing, that he had started for Chitra-kút, and then went back to Tirhút.

*Chaupái.*

On their arrival, they announced in Janak's court to the best of their ability all Bharat's doings. The *guru*, the citizens, the ministers and the king were all agitated with grief and love at the report. Restraining his emotion and glorifying Bharat, he summoned his warriors and captains,<sup>1</sup> and having stationed guards for the palace, city, and realm and made ready horses, elephants, chariots and conveyances of every description, all in less than an hour, the king set out and halted nowhere on the road, but this morning at day-break bathed at Prayág. The host has begun to cross the Jamuná and we, my lord, have been sent on ahead for news." So saying, they bowed the head to the ground. The saint at once gave them an escort of six or seven Kiráts and allowed them to take leave.

*Dohá 262.*

The people of Avadh were all delighted to hear of Janak's arrival; but Raghunandan was greatly disquieted and Indra overwhelmed with alarm :

*Chaupái.*

the wicked Kaikeyi was sinking with remorse, 'to whom shall I be able to speak or whom can I blame?' while the people were delighted with the thought that now they had got an-

<sup>1</sup> *Sáhani*, which I translate 'captains,' is a word not given in any dictionary.

other day or two to stay. In this manner the day was spent. On the morrow all bathed and after their ablutions worshipped Ganes, Gauri, Siva and the Sun; then revered the feet of Lakshman's lord and offered up their prayers, the men<sup>1</sup> raising their joined hands, the women holding out the skirt of their dress: "With Rāma our king and Jānaki our queen, may Avrdh, our capital, the centre of all delights, be gloriously re-peopled, court and all, and Rāma install Bharat as heir-apparent. Revive us all, O lord, with this ambrosial bliss and grant the world its life's desire.

*Dohá 263.*

May Rāma sway the state, assisted by his *guru*, the council and his brothers; and may we die with Rāma still Avardh's king." This was the universal prayer.

*Chaupái.*

When they heard the citizens' loving words, the wisest saints thought little of their own penance and austerities. When the people had in this manner performed their daily devotions, with much joy they went and saluted Rāma. High and low and of middle estate, men and women, all looked up to him as their own special patron, and he discreetly received them all with due honour. Every one extolled his inexhaustible generosity: "From a child it was said of Raghubar that he cherishes all in whom he recognizes sincerity and affection; with his bright face, bright eyes and guileless ways, he is a very ocean of amiability and gentleness." Thus affectionately telling Rāma's good qualities, all began to magnify their own good fortune. "There are few people in the world who can have been so meritorious as we, whom Rāma has thus accepted for his own."

*Dohá 264.*

At the time when all were thus absorbed in love, they heard of the approach of the king of Mithilá: the Sun of the lotuses of the Solar race rose in haste, he and the whole assembly.

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, in the attitude of beggars; the women holding out the skirt of their dress to catch whatever may be thrown into it, the men holding out their hands.

*Chaupái*

Raghunáth led the way, accompanied by his brothers, the *guru*, the Minister and the people. As soon as king Janak saw the holy hill, he dismounted from his chariot and saluted it. In their eagerness and excitement to see Ráma, no one felt the slightest fatigue from the toilsome journey, for their soul was with Ráma and Síta; and who without a soul can be conscious of bodily pain or pleasure? In this manner Janak and his host advanced, drunken with the drunkenness of love. When they came near and in sight, they lovingly and reverentially began mutual salutations. Janak kissed the feet of the hermits, and Ráma with his brothers, having first revered the king's spiritual advisers, embraced him, and led the way for him and his army.

*Dohá 265.*

Ráma conducted the host to the hermitage, as it were a river of pitifulness flowing into an ocean full of the pure water of tranquillity ;

*Chaupái.*

flooding the banks of wisdom and asceticism: with sorrowful speeches for its tributary streams and torrents; with sighs and lamentations for the wind and waves that break the stout trees of Resolution on its bank; with grievous anguish for its rapid current, and terror and delusion for its many eddies and whirlpools; with sages for ferrymen and wisdom for the huge boat, which can no-how be got across; while the poor Kols and Kiráts of the woods are the forlorn travellers wearied with waiting. When it reached the hermitage, it was as though ocean had been agitated with a sudden rush of waters. The two royal-hosts were so overcome with grief that they had no sense, courage or shame left. Extolling king Dasarath's majesty, virtue and amiability, they sorrowed like men drowned in a sea of sorrow.

*Chhand 11.*

Drowned in a sea sorrow, they sorrowed, men and women alike, in utter bewilderment; all angrily and reproachfully

exclaiming 'What is this that cruel fate has done?' Gods, saints, anchorites, ascetics and sages witnessed Janak's condition, but his love—says Tulsi—was like a broad river that no one could get over.

*Sorathá* 10.

When all the people and the great sages had exhausted every topic of consolation, Vasishtha thus address Videha: "King of men, be comforted.

*Chaupái*.

By the sun of your wisdom the darkness of the world is dispelled, and in the light of your speech saints expand like the lotus: how then can the power of delusion affect you? This is the marvellous result of love for Síta and Ráma. There are three classes of beings, whom the Vedas term wise in their generation, the sensual, the sorcerer and the saint: amongst the pious the highest honour is for him whose soul is full of love for Ráma: but without knowledge love for Ráma is imperfect, like a boat without a helmsman." When the saint had finished his exhortation to the king, all the people bathed at the Ramghát. Every one, men and women alike, were so agitated with grief that they spent the day without drinking water: even the cattle, birds and deer would eat nothing; much less would his own kindred think of doing so.

*Dohá* 266.

At daybreak the royal son of Nimi<sup>1</sup> and the royal son of Raghu having bathed with all their retinue went and sat under the bar tree, sad at heart and wasted in body.

*Chaupái*.

The Bráhmans from Ayodhyá, as also those from the capital of the king of Mithilá: Vasishtha, the *guru* of the Solar race, and Satánand, Janak's family priest, who while on earth had explored the path of heaven, began long exhortations full of religion, morality, asceticism and philosophy. Then Visvamitra eloquently admonished the assembly with many

<sup>1</sup> Nimi was a former king of Videha and one of Janak's ancestors.

a reference to ancient legend; till Raghunāth suggested to him: "Sire, every one since yesterday has gone without water." Said the saint: "Rāma has spoken in season; two-and-a-half watches of the day are now spent." Understanding the saint's pleasure the king of Tirhūt replied: "It is not good for us to eat bread here."<sup>1</sup> The king's word pleased every one, and having obtained his permission they went to bathe.

*Dohá 267.*

At that very moment arrived the people of the woods, bringing large baskets laden with fruits, flowers, leaves and roots of every description.

*Chaupái.*

By Rāma's favour the mountain had become a granter of desires: merely to look at it removed sorrow. The ponds, streams and glades were bursting as it were with joy and love; all the creepers and trees broke out into blossom and fruit: the birds and beasts made a most melodious concert. In short, the gladness of the forest was surpassing; the air, soft, cool and fragrant, was delightful to every one; and the beauty of the scene was beyond description, as though Earth herself had prepared Janak's reception. When each and all of the people had finished bathing and had received permission from Rāma, Janak and the saint, they gazed with rapture on the magnificent trees and threw themselves down here and there; while leaves and fruits, flowers and roots of every kind, fresh and fair, and sweet as nectar,

*Dohá 268.*

were courteously sent to all, in baskets full, by Rāma's *guru*; on which they made their repast, after reverencing their ancestors, the gods, their guests and the *guru*.

*Chaupái.*

In this manner four days were spent, in which the people saw Rāma and were happy. In both camps there was this desire at heart: "It is not good for us to return without

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the custom which forbids a Hindu ever to take food in the house of his son-in-law.

Síta and Râma. Life in the woods in their society is a thousand times better than heaven. If any one, in his longing for home, would desert Lakshman, Râma and Síta, his fate is an unlucky one: it is the height of good fortune for us all to dwell in the forest near Râma, bathing three times a day in the Mandâkini, seeing Râma, which will be a constant delight, rambling about on the sacred hill and among the hermitages in the wood, and feeding on sweet herbs and roots and fruits, so contentedly that the fourteen years will pass like a minute, without our knowing how they go.

*Dohâ 269.*

We are not worthy of so great happiness" they all exclaimed. "What luck can be like it?" Such was the spontaneous devotion to Râma's feet in both camps.

*Chaupâi.*

In this manner as all were expressing their hearts' desire in affectionate words, which it ravished the soul to hear, Síta's mother sent a handmaid, who ascertained that it was a convenient time and returned. On learning that Síta's mothers-in-law were at leisure, Janak's queen and her attendants came to visit them. Kausalya received them with due honour and gave them such seats as circumstances allowed. On both sides there was such love and tenderness, that the most rigid thunderbolt would have melted, could it have seen and heard. Their body quivering and unnerved, their eyes full of tears, and all lost in grief, they drew lines with their toes on the ground, each a separate incarnation of love to Síta and Râma, or as it were tearful Sympathy repeated in many forms. Said Síta's mother: "God's judgment has gone astray, using the thunderbolt for a chisel to break up foam!

*Dohâ 270.*

We hear of ambrosia but see only venom; all his doings are hard; crows, owls and cranes are everywhere, but swans only in the inaccessible Mânas lake."

*Chaupái.*

Upon this, queen Sumitrá said sadly: "God's ways are contrary and unaccountable. He creates and cherishes, and then destroys: his purposes are as idle as child's play." Said Kausalyá: "It is no one's fault; pain and pleasure, loss and gain are governed by actions: the effects of action are inscrutable; God only knows them, who awards its own fruit to every act, whether it be good or bad. The Lord's decree dominates over all, whether for rising, staying or falling, whether for poison or ambrosia. It is vain, madam, to give way to sorrow; God's schemes are, as I have said, unchangeable and from everlasting. Consider the question of the king's life or death; look now, friend, and think whether it was a loss to him or gain." Sita's mother replied: "Noblest of noble women, consort of Avadh's kings, your eloquent words are true.

*Dohá 271.*

If Lakshman, Ráma and Sita stay in exile, all will be right in the end and no harm done." "But" (said Kausalyá with a troubled heart) "I am anxious about Bharat.

*Chaupái*

By God's favour and your blessing, my son and his wife are both pure as Ganges water. Though I have never yet sworn by Ráma, I now invoke him to witness, friend, that I speak truly. The greatness of Bharat's generosity, goodness and humility, his brotherly affection, faith, hope and charity; even Sarasvatí's eloquence would fail to declare; can the ocean be ladled out with a shell? I have always known that Bharat was the glory of his house, and the king repeatedly told me so. Gold is known by assay and precious stones by the test; a man's temper is tried by fortune. It is not right for me now to have spoken thus; but sorrow and love have left me little reason." On hearing these words, as pure as Ganges stream, all the queens were overcome with emotion.

1 For *suta-badhá*, 'a son's wife,' it might be better to read *su-bandhu*, 'a good brother.'

*Dohá 272.*

Kausalyà continued: "Hearken to me, queen of Mithilá, and take courage. Who is able to advise you, the consort of the wisest of men?"

*Chaupái.*

Having found a fitting opportunity, speak, madam, to the king as if of yourself, and suggest that he should stop Lakshman and let Bharat go to the forest. If the king agrees to this proposal, I will then devise and carry out some proper plan. I am greatly disturbed about Bharat, for his love is so profound that if he stays I surmise evil." When they saw her generosity and heard her frank appeal, they were all overpowered with sympathy. There was a shower of flowers from heaven with cries of Glory 'Glory;' saints, ascetics and sages grew faint with love. The queens, despite their fatigue, still looked and waited; till Sumitrà made bold to say: "Madam nearly an hour of the night is gone." At this Kausalyà rose and affectionately

*Dohá 273.*

said, "Pray return at once to your tent; of a truth now our help is in God and the king of Mithilá."

*Chaupái.*

Seeing her affection and hearing her modest speech, Janak's queen clasped her holy feet: "Madam, this modesty on your part is only natural, since you are Dasarath's wife and Ráma's mother. Monarchs give honour to the lowest of their servants; in the same way as fire tops itself with smoke and a hill with grass. King Janak is your servant in thought word and deed, and Mahádev and Bhaváni are your constant auxiliaries. Who is there on earth who can act as your supplement? Does the sun shine by the help of a torch? After going into exile and assisting the gods, Ráma will hold undisputed sway at Ayodhyá. Through the might of his arm gods, serpents and men will all dwell in peace, each in his own place. This has all been foretold by Yajnavalkya; and the words of a saint, madam, can never be false."

*Dohá 274.*

So saying, she fell at her feet and affectionately made request for Síta; permission was accorded and Síta set out with her mother.

*Chaupái.*

Síta embraced all her old domestics in such manner as in each case was most befitting. When they saw her in hermit's dress, they were all distressed with exceeding sorrow. Janak, on receiving the permission of Ráma and the *guru*, came to the tent to see his daughter and clasped her to his bosom, the sanctifying guest of the soul of love. His bosom swelled with a flood of affection and his royal soul resembled Prayág; with his love for Síta conspicuous as the spreading *bar* tree, on which devotion to Ráma appeared like the child, clutched for support by the king's bewildered senses as by the sage Chiranjív when on the point of drowning.<sup>1</sup> Videha was so overwhelmed by his feelings that he had no sense left; such is the power of love for Síta and Raghubar.

*Dohá 275.*

Síta could not bear to see her father and mother so overcome by affection, but calling to mind both the time and her own duty, Earth's daughter summoned up courage.

*Chaupái.*

When Janak looked at her in her anchorite's dress, he was filled with love and consolation: "Daughter, you have sanctified both families; everybody in the world proclaims your brilliant renown. The stream of your fame excels the Ganges and has spread over millions of universes. The Ganges has only three great sites<sup>2</sup> on earth, but the congregations of saints that have been made by you are innumerable." At her father's sincere and loving eloquence Síta was abashed

1 The sage Markandeya had the presumption to ask Náráyan to show him a specimen of his delusive power. The god in answer to his prayer drowned the whole world in a sudden flood. Only the Akhay-bat, or imperishable fig-tree at Prayág, raised its head above the waters, with a little child seated on one of its topmost boughs, that put out its hand and rescued the terrified saint as he was on the point of sinking.

2 They are Hari-dwár, Prayág, and Sagar.

and shrank into herself. Again her father and mother took her to their arms and gave her kind instructions and invoked rich blessings upon her. Sita could not speak out, but was anxious at heart: "It is not well for me to spend the night here." The queen saw her wish and explained it to the king, inwardly praising the excellence of her disposition.

*Dohá 276.*

After again and again embracing her, they graciously gave her leave to depart. Having now an excellent opportunity, the discreet queen adroitly mentioned Bharat's going.

*Chaupái.*

When the king heard of Bharat's conduct, brilliant as gold, refreshing as sweet perfumes, consolatory as ambrosia, or the soft light of the moon, he closed his tearful eyes and his body thrilled with rapture, as he broke out into ecstatic praises of his glory. "Mark me well, fair-faced and bright-eyed dame, the legend of Bharat is effectual to loosen the bands of existence. According to my ability, I too have mastered somewhat of theology, statecraft and spiritual meditation; but whatever my ability, if I would tell Bharat's greatness, I cannot make a pretence of reaching even its shadow. Bráhma, Ganes, Seshnág, Siva, Sarasvati, the inspired poets and the sages most renowned for wisdom, when they hear or meditate upon Bharat's doings, his glory, his vigour, his piety, his temper, his virtues and his spotless dignity, all are enraptured; it has a flavour of purity like the Ganges, surpassing ambrosia.

*Dohá 277.*

His perfection is limitless; he is the incomparable protoplasm; I know none like Bharat but himself. Can Mount Meru be weighed in any balance? The wit of the whole race of poets is at fault.

*Chaupái.*

He is, fair dame, as impossible to describe as it is impossible for a fish to walk on dry land. Hearken, lady; Rāma knows, but even he cannot describe Bharat's illimitable

greatness. If Lakshman returns and Bharat goes to the forest, every one will imagine it to be good for all : but madam, Bharat's love and confidence in Ráma are past all telling. Bharat is the perfection of love and devoted attachment, but Ráma is the lord of impartiality. Bharat's mind has never even dreamt of all the felicities of this world and the next ; only his love for Ráma's feet has brought him success. This, as I consider, is Bharat's belief.

*Dohá 278.*

He would never be beguiled into thwarting an order of Ráma's; do not then in your affection give way to sorrow;" said the king, and sighed as he spoke.

*Chaupái.*

As the wedded pair thus affectionately discoursed of Bharat's excellences, the night passed like a minute. At day-break both the royal camps awoke and bathed and worshipped the gods. After bathing, Ráma approached his *guru*, embraced his feet, and on receiving permission spoke thus: "My lord, Bharat and the people and my mothers are distress and inconvenienced by their sojourn in the woods. The king of Mithilá too and his retinue have been enduring hardships for many days ; be pleased to do, my lord, as seems to you good; the happiness of all is in your hands." So saying, Ráma was greatly abashed. The saint thrilled with delight on seeing his disposition. "Without you, Ráma, the greatest bliss would seem to both camps like hell.

*Dohá 279.*

O Ráma, you are the soul of their soul, the life of their life, the joy of their joy. Any one, my son, who would desert you for the sake of the pleasure of home has destiny against him.

*Chaupái.*

Perish the happiness, life and religion, in which is no love for Ráma's lotus feet ! That piety be impiety, and wisdom unwisdom, in which love for Ráma is not supreme ! Through you men are made happy, and without you they are unhappy;

you know the heart of every one. Your commands rule all, and every motion is thoroughly manifest to your benignity. Return now to the hermitage." The king of saints was overpowered with love. When Ráma had bowed and retired, the *guru* composed himself and went to Janak, and repeated to him what Ráma had said, enlarging upon his amiability, affection and excellent disposition : " Now, sire, do whatever will be for the advantage of all without prejudice to religion.

*Dohá* 280.

O king of men, you are the wisest among the most wise, the champion of true piety ; who save you can at this time end these troubles ? "

*Chaupái.*

Janak was so moved by the saint's address and by the sight of his agitation that all his philosophy and asceticism were forgotten. Faint with love, he reasoned to himself : " I have not done well in coming here. Dasarath ordered Ráma into exile, but himself gave the best proof of his affection ; I have now sent him from one wood to another and return in triumph forsooth with increased reputation for wisdom." Seeing the agitation of the anchorites, saints and Bráhmans, the king was still more overcome with emotion ; but considering the circumstances he made an effort, and with his retinue set forth to visit Bharat. Bharat advanced to meet him and gave him the best seat the time allowed. " Son Bharat," said the king of Tírhút, " you are well acquainted with Ráma's character.

*Dohá* 281.

He is devoted to truth, a zealot in religion ; out of kindness, he endures inconvenience without murmuring ; but if you have any orders to give, speak."

*Chaupái.*

At this Bharat's whole frame quivered and his eyes filled with tears ; but putting a strong restraint upon himself he replied : " My lord, I love and revere you as my father, and hold you as dear as my own family *guru* ; father and mother

I have none. Here are Visvamitra and the other sages, and all this assembly; you too yourself, an ocean of wisdom; I am your obedient son and servant: regard me in this light, my lord, and instruct me. In this assembly and at this holy place you enquire of me, and I am to answer, though besmirched of soul and demented. Can I speak great words out of my little mouth? Pardon me, father; the fates are against me. It is declared in the Vedas, Tantras and Parāṇas, and all the world knows, that loyal service is difficult. Duty to a master conflicts with self-interest; the deaf and blind cannot show their love.

*Dohā 282.*

Have regard to Rāma's wishes, so pious as he is, and remember that I am but a servant; do as all approve and as will be best for all, but forget not their love."

*Chaupāi.*

When the king heard Bharat's speech and witnessed his generosity, he and his court burst out into praises. Simple but profound; soft and delicate but severe; pregnant with meaning in a small compass; his speech was as mysterious as the shadow of a face in a glass, which no hand can grasp. The king, Bharat, the saint, and all the venerable assembly went to Rāma, by whom the gods were made as glad as the lilies by the moon. On hearing the news all the people were as distressed as fish in unaccustomed waters. The gods, seeing first the emotion of the family *guru*, and then Janak's exceeding affection, and Bharat so full of devotion to Rāma, were sorely anxious and began to despond in their selfishness. The sight of Rāma's kindness made the company of heaven unspeakably dismayed.

*Dohā 283.*

Indra cried sadly: "Rāma is overcome by love and modesty: we must combine to devise some scheme, or else we shall be undone."

*Chaupāi.*

The gods invoked Sārādā in flattering terms: "Protect,

O goddess, the gods your suppliants. Exert your power of delusion and change Bharat's purpose ; by some deceptive artifice rescue the host of heaven." When the wise goddess heard their prayer, she understood their stupid selfishness and said : "You tell me to change Bharat's purpose; you have a thousand eyes and yet cannot see Mount Meru. The delusive power of Bráhma, Vishnu and Siva is exceedingly great, but it cannot see through Bharat's purpose, and yet you tell me to pervert it. What! can the moonlight rob the moon? Bharat's heart inhabited by Síta and Ráma; can darkness invade the splendour of the sun?" So saying, Sáradá withdrew to Bráhma's heaven, and the gods were as downcast as the *chakwa* at the approach of night.

*Dohá 284.*

The self-seeking gods were troubled at heart and devised evil projects and schemes, creating by strong delusion artifices of fear, error, sorrow and vexation.

*Chaupái.*

Indra practised this villainy, thinking "Success or defeat is all in Bharat's hands." When Janak approached Ráma, the glory of Raghu's line received them all with honour. Then spoke Vasishta in terms appropriate to the time, the assembly and the principles of religion, mentioning the conversation between Janak and Bharat and eloquently repeating all that Bharat had urged. "Son Ráma, any order that you may give, all will obey; this is my conclusion." Upon this Raghunáth, clasping his hands, made truthful and guileless reply in gentle tones: In the presence of yourself, sir, and the king of Mithilá, for me to speak is altogether out of place. Whatever command you may be pleased to give I swear by yourself I am ready to comply."

*Dohá 285.*

On hearing Ráma's oath, the saint and Janak and the whole assembly were confounded: and fixed their eyes on Bharat's face helplessly and without power to answer.

*Chaupái.*

Bharat saw the distress of the assembly, and being Ráma's brother, put a strong restraint upon himself. Seeing the unfitness of the time, he subdued his emotion, in the same way as Agastya bowed down the Vindhya mountain.<sup>1</sup> Grief like Hiranyáksha carried away his soul as it were the Earth; but at once from his spotless perfection like the womb of the universe came forth the mighty Boar<sup>2</sup> of discretion and wrought immediate deliverance. Clasping his hands, he bowed reverentially to all, to Ráma, the king, the *guru*, and the saints: "Pardon me if to-day I act most unbecomingly and with the tongue of a child speak stubborn words." As he mentally invoked the gracious Sáradá, from the depths of his soul there came to his lotus mouth a swan-like strain fraught with pure intelligence, piety and righteousness.

*Dohá 286.*

With the eyes of his mind, Bharat saw that the assembly was faint with love; bowing low and invoking Síta and Ráma, he thus spoke;

*Chaupái.*

"My lord is my father and mother, my friend, my *guru* and my master; object of my adoration, my best benefactor, reader of my heart; the kindest of patrons, the perfection of amiability, the protector of the humble; the all-learned, the all-wise; the powerful befriender of suppliants; quick to appreciate merit and to ignore demerit and wickedness; my sovereign, my god-like God; while no servant can be so bad as I am. In my infatuation I have come here at the head of an army, in defiance of the commands of my lord and my father. In the world there are good and vile, high and low, ambrosia and heaven, poison and death; but never

<sup>1</sup> Agastya is said to have compelled the Vindhya mountains to prostrate themselves before him; and when once down, they were never able to rise again. This he did to oblige the sun, who found the range so high that he could with difficulty climb it in his daily passage from east to west.

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is to the third Avatár, when Vishnu in the form of a Boar rescued the earth, which had been seized by the demon Hiranyaksha and carried off into the depths of the ocean.

have I seen or heard of any one who even in thought could cancel an order of Rāma's. Yet I have been thus contumacious, and my lord in his kindness has taken it as service.

*Dohá 287.*

Out of his own mercy and goodness he has made me good; my errors have become adornments and my fair fame has been spread all around.

*Chaupái.*

Your mode of procedure, your gracious speech, and generosity are known throughout the world; they are sung in the Vedas and Tantras. The cruel, the perverse, the vile, the low-minded, the outcast, the base, the ill-conditioned, the godless, the reckless, so soon as you hear that they have come before you as suppliants and have made a single prostration, are all reckoned as friends. Though you see faults, you never take them to heart; and if you but hear of virtues you proclaim them in the assembly of the saints. What other master is there so kind to his servants, so perfect in all points, who never dreams of reckoning up what he has done himself, and is heartily vexed at any embarrassment of his servants. He is my sovereign lord, and there is none other, with arms upraised, I declare on oath. A beast may dance and a parrot be a clever talker; but all depends upon the music of the dancing-master and the method of the teacher,

*Dohá 288.*

who now has corrected his servant and treated him with honour, and made him the crown of the head of the just. Who is there, save the all-merciful, who, whether we will or no, maintains our fair fame?

*Chaupái.*

Whether it was from grief and affection or from mere childishness that I came here in despite of your commands, you in your compassion have looked upon me as a friend and in every way taken it in good part. Seeing your blessed feet and knowing my lord's natural benignity, I look upon this,

great assembly as a piece of good fortune, and my great sin as evidence of my lord's kindness;<sup>1</sup> for by his gracious favour he has satisfied my whole being and his compassion has exceeded everything. Out of the goodness of his own disposition my good lord has made sure of my fidelity. I have now displayed great audacity in discarding respect for this august assembly and speaking boldly or humbly, just as the fancy moved me ; but pardon me, sire, for I am in grievous perplexity.

*Dohá 289.*

It is a great mistake to say too much to a true friend or really wise man or good master. Be pleased, sire, to give your commands and set me all right.

*Chaupái.*

I swear by the dust of my lord's lotus feet, the glorious consummation of truth, virtue and happiness ; with an oath I protest that the desire of my soul, whether waking, sleeping or dreaming, is to serve my lord with spontaneous devotion, without any regard to self-interest, fraud, or my own ends in this life or the next. There is no duty so imperative as submission; let your servant, sire, obtain this favour."<sup>2</sup> So saying he was utterly overwhelmed with emotion ; his body quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and in great agitation he clasped his lord's lotus feet. So pathetic a scene defies description. The Ocean of compassion honoured him with gracious words and took him by the hand and seated him by his side; while himself and all the assembly were faint with love, after hearing Bharat's prayer and seeing his noble nature.

*Chhand 12.*

Raghuráo himself, the august assembly, the saint, the king of Mithilá, all were faint with love, and mentally applauded the exceeding greatness of Bharat's brotherly affection and

<sup>1</sup> The meaning would seem to be : the greater my sin, the greater his kindness in forgiving it ; and the greater the assembly, the greater my glory in having so many witnesses to his love.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say, favour him with some order, that he may show how good a servant he is, by his immediate submission to it.

devotedness. The gods too commended Bharat and rained down flowers, though with a heavy heart. Every one, says Tulsi, was as distressed by what he had heard, as the lotus that withers at the approach of night.

*Sorathí* 11.

Seeing every man and woman in both assemblies so grieved and downcast, Indra,<sup>1</sup> vile wretch, still sought his own happiness, killing as it were the already dead.

*Chaupái.*

Though king of the gods, there is no limit to his deceitfulness and villainy; he loves another's loss and his own gain; Pákaripu's<sup>2</sup> ways are like those of a crow—crafty, disreputable and with no faith in any one. Having in the first instance formed an evil design and accumulated deceits, he piled up trouble on the heads of all. Every one was infatuated by the god's delusive power; their love for Ráma was so violent that they would not be separated from him. They were all distracted; with nothing settled in their mind; at one moment longing for the woods, at another anxious to return home.

1 Though Tulsi Dás constantly appeals to the authority of the Vedas, it is clear that like 999 out of 1,000 of the most educated of his countrymen at the present day, he had not the faintest idea of their contents; otherwise he would not have spoken thus disrespectfully of Indra, who is one of the principal Vedic divinities, while Siva, whom he places in a much higher sphere and regards as one of the manifestations of the Supreme Spirit—while Indra and the others are mere demi-gods—is a power for whose cultus the Vedas, though searched from beginning to end, would fail to supply any authority. If a Bráhman were now to set up a temple at Muthurá or Banáras to Indra, or Mitra, or Varuna, or any other Vedic divinity, he would be thought as eccentric as an Englishman who should rededicate a shrine to Diana in the precincts of St. Paul's churchyard in the city of London. Perhaps more so; for the characters of the old Greek and Roman Pantheon are still thoroughly familiar to modern Europeans and have considerable influence upon art and literature; while the Vedic mythology has utterly perished, and scarcely a single name in it would be recognized by any native of India except a professed Pandit. Nor is this very surprising, inasmuch as the Vedas were not really composed by Hindus, nor have Hindus in any past time ever adopted them as a religious standard. To regard them in that light now is—as the founders of the Bráhma Samáj soon discovered—an impracticable absurdity. Dating from a time when neither Englishman nor Hindu had yet come into existence, they are the common inheritance of all nations of Aryan descent. Their intrinsic value is nil; the only interest they possess is due to the fact that they are the earliest surviving record of the first semi-inarticulate utterances of nascent humanity.

2 Pákaripu, 'Páka's enemy,' is one of Indra's names, in consequence of his having destroyed a demon called Páka.

The people in their distress had the current of their ideas as divided as the water at the confluence of a river with the sea. Thus wavering in mind they got no comfort in any quarter; no one told another his secret thoughts. Seeing this, the Ocean of compassion smiled to himself and said: "Indra is like a dog in his ways."

*Dohá 290.*

Excepting Bharat, Janak, the saints, the ministers and the more intelligent nobles, the heaven-sent delusion took effect upon all, according to the circumstances of the individual.

*Chaupái.*

The Ocean of compassion saw the people distressed by their love and by Indra's potent deception; the assembly, the king, the *guru*, the Bráhmans and the ministers, all with their hearts under the spell of Bharat's devotion; motionless as pictures, gazing upon Ráma, nervously uttering words which they seemed to have learnt by rote. The eulogy of Bharat's affection and constant humility is delightful to hear, but difficult to pronounce. Seeing only the tiniest morsel of his devotion, the saints and the king of Mithilá were absorbed in love; how then can I, Tulsi, tell its greatness? It is only by the blessing of faith that the ambitious design of my heart has prospered. I am little; I know the enormous greatness of my subject, and I shrink in confusion before a crowd of other poets; unable to utter the vehemence of my passionate love for his perfection, the motions of my fancy are like the stammerings of a child.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 291.*

Bharat's bright fame is as the bright moon rising in the bright sky of a faithful heart, ever intently watched by my daring fancy as by an unfledged partridge.

<sup>1</sup> Most readers of the original will agree with the poet that his powers of expression have here been scarcely adequate to the intensity of his feelings. All this part of the poem abounds with obscure and involved passages, the precise interpretation of which is often very difficult to determine, and I cannot flatter myself that I have invariably succeeded in hitting upon it.

*Chaupái*

Bharat's generosity is scarce fathomable by the Vedas; pardon, ye poets, the frivolities of my poor wit. Who, that hears or tells of Bharat's perfect nature, does not become enamoured of the feet of Sita and Ráma? Whoever invokes Bharat and still finds love for Ráma a difficult matter is a monster without a parallel. Seeing the state that every one was in, the merciful and all-wise Ráma, who knows their devotion to him, being the staunch champion of religion, a master of policy, an ocean of truth and love and amiability and everything good, having considered the place and circumstances, the time and assembly, Raghuráj, the maintainer of justice and affection, delivered a speech, the quintessence of eloquence, grateful as ambrosia at the time of hearing, and salutary also in the end: "Brother Bharat, you are the champion of righteousness, perfectly conversant with all the laws of the world and the Vedas;

*Dohá 292.*

for purity of thought, word and act, your only equal, brother, is yourself. In this venerable assembly and in such distressing circumstances how can all the virtues of my younger brother be told?

*Chaupái.*

Brother, you know the custom of the Solar race and the renown and the affection of our father, that ocean of truth; the circumstances of the time and of this assembly, the reverence due to these venerable personages, and the secret thoughts of all men, whether they be indifferent, or friends, or unfriends, are understood by you, as also your own highest gain and mine and the requirements of religion. I have entire confidence in you and yet I speak as the circumstances suggest. My words, brother, in the absence of my father, have been kept straight only by the favour of our *guru*; otherwise all my subjects, together with the citizens, the people of the palace and myself, would have been undone. If the lord of day sets at the wrong time, tell me, will not the

whole world be in confusion? Such trouble, brother, fate had ordained; but the saint and the king of Mithilá have averted it.

*Dohá 293.*

The State; our honour and fair name; Religion; our land, wealth and homes; all have been defended by the power of the *guru*; and everything will be well in the end.

*Chaupái.*

My followers and yours, the palace and the forest, are both protected by his favour. The order of a father or mother, a *guru* or a master, is like Seshnág, the supporter of a whole world of righteousness. Obey it yourself, brother, and let me obey it, and thus become a protector of all the Solar race. Obedience is the one means for the attainment of every success, a triple flood of Glory, Salvation and Power. Having thus reflected, endure the grievous burden and make your people and family happy. I have distributed my afflictions amongst you all; but upon you is the full weight of the greatest difficulty. I know your tenderness, though I speak so harshly; the times, brother, are out of joint; the fault is not mine. In an emergency a brother is used for a shield, in the same way as the stroke of a sword is parried by the hand."

*Dohá 294.*

A servant is like a hand, or foot, or eye; a master is like the head. Hearing this description of love, say; Tulsi, the greatest poets are full of admiration.

*Chaupái.*

When they heard Raghubar's speech, imbued as it were with the nectar of an ocean of tenderness, the whole assembly became lost in an overpowering trance of love. Sáradá herself was struck dumb at the sight of them. Bharat was immensely consoled by the graciousness of his lord and his putting away of every trouble and wrong-doing. Cheerful of aspect and with the grief of his soul effaced, he seemed like a dumb man who has received the gift of speech. Affec-

tionately bowing again and again and folding his lotus hands, he thus spoke: "My lord, I am as happy as if I had gone with you; I have reaped the reward of being born into the world. Now, O merciful sire, whatever may be your order, that will I dutifully and reverently obey. But, sire, grant me some support, by the help of which I may struggle on to the end of the time.

*Dohá 295.*

In compliance with the *guru's* command, sire, I have brought here water from all holy places for the purpose of your royal inauguration: what are your orders concerning it?

*Chaupái.*

I have one great desire at heart, but for fear and shame I cannot tell it." "Tell me what it is, brother," Upon this his lord's command, he replied in affectionate and winning terms: "With your permission I would go and see Chitra-kút with all its hermitages, shrines and woods, its birds and beasts, its ponds and streams, its waterfalls and rocks, and the spot<sup>1</sup> so specially marked with the prints of my lord's feet." "Certainly, brother: only obtain Atri's permission, and then wander without fear through the woods. It is the saint's blessing, brother, that makes the forest so auspicious, holy and exquisitely beautiful. In whatever place the king of sages may direct, there deposit the holy water." On hearing his lord's words, Bharat was glad and joyfully bowed his head to the saint's lotus feet.

*Dohá 296.*

The selfish gods, when they heard this most delightful conversation between Bharat and Ráma, praised the whole family and rapturously showered down flowers upon them.

*Chaupái.*

"Blessed be Bharat and glory to our lord Ráma," cried

<sup>1</sup> One of the temples of Chitra-kút bears the name of Charan-páduka, and has been erected over a rock which is said to bear the impression of Ráma's foot. Supposing there were any truth in the legend, it would seem rather from the name that it ought to commemorate the place where Ráma gave Bharat his sandals.

the gods in their irrepressible delight. The saint, the king of Mithilá and every one in the assembly rejoiced on hearing Bharat's speech. King Videha broke out into ecstatic praises of the many virtues and the affection both of Bharat and Ráma ; master and servant of equally charming disposition, their fidelity and love the purest of the pure. The ministers too and all the spectators affectionately extolled them, as each best could. In both camps there was blended joy and sorrow, when they heard the conversation between Ráma, Bharat and the saint. Ráma's mother, feeling pleasure and pain equally balanced, exhorted the queens, reckoning up both good and evil. One would magnify Ráma, another would praise Bharat's amiability.

*Dohá 297.*

Then said Atri to Bharat : " There is a fine well near the hill ; there deposit the holy water, pure, unsullied, incomparable."

*Chaupái.*

On receiving Atri's command, Bharat despatched all the water vessels, and himself with Satrugna, the saint and elders, went to the deep well.<sup>1</sup> There he poured out the holy water on that sacred spot ; and Atri in a rapture of affection thus spoke : " Son, this has been a holy place from all eternity ; but time had obscured it, and it was known to no one, till my servants, seeing the spot to be a desirable one, made this great well for the sake of a good supply of water. By the decree of fate the whole universe has been benefited, and a merit most difficult to compass has been rendered easy. People will now call it Bharat's well, hallowed in a special degree by the combination in it of the water of all holy places. Every one who lovingly and religiously bathes in it, will be made pure in thought, word and act."

<sup>1</sup> Válmíki makes no mention of this well. Under the name of 'the Bharat-kúp', it is now one of the seven principal stations visited by the pilgrims to Chitra-kút.

*Dohá 298.*

All then went to Raghunáth, telling the virtue of the well ; and Atri explained to him the blessed efficacy of holy places.

*Chaupái.*

The night was pleasantly spent in loving discourse on matters of religion and sacred legends until it was dawn. After performing their daily duties, Bharat and his brother, having received permission from Ráma and Saint Atri, attended by all their retinue in simple attire, proceeded on foot to visit Ráma's wood. Earth, in confusion of heart at being trodden by their delicate and unshod feet, smoothened herself, and cleared away all the spiky grass and thorns and stones and ruts and everything rough and unpleasant. Earth made the way delightfully easy for them; they were refreshed by soft, cool and fragrant breezes; the gods rained down flowers; the clouds afforded shade; the trees gave blossom and fruit; the grass made a soft carpet; the deer with their timid glances, and the birds with their sweet song, all recognized Ráma's friends and did them homage.

*Dohá 299.*

And what great matter is this for Bharat, Ráma's dearest friend? when any ordinary person finds the highest success easy of attainment, if he merely repeats Ráma's name when he yawns.

*Chaupái.*

In this manner Bharat roamed the woods, and the saints, who saw his faith and love, were abashed. Seeing all so divine, he asked about the sacred ponds and various localities, the birds and deer, the trees and grasses, the hills, woods and orchards, beautiful and varied and pre-eminently holy ; and in reply the great saint with gladness of heart gave him the history of each, with its name, virtues and spiritual efficacy. Bathing at one place, prostrating himself at another; here admiring the beauty of the wood, here sitting down to rest as the saint directed, he meditated on Sita

and the two brothers. Seeing the goodness of his disposition, his love and faithfulness in service, the gods of the wood were charmed and gave him their blessing. The third watch of the day was half spent when he returned to gaze upon the lotus feet of his lord.

*Dohá 300.*

In five days Bharat visited every shrine and holy place. The day was spent in discourse on the glory of Hari and Hara until the evening.

*Chaupái.*

On the morrow, after bathing, the whole assembly was gathered together—Bharat, the Bráhmans and the king of Tirhut. Ráma new at heart that the day was an auspicious one, but in his kindness hesitated to say so. He looked at the *guru*, the king, Bharat, and the assembly, and then in confusion turned his eyes to the ground. All the spectators admired his generosity, thinking. 'Never was there a master so considerate as Ráma is!' Bharat in his wisdom understood Ráma's wish. He stood up and, lovingly putting the greatest restraint upon himself, bowed low, and with clasped hands thus spoke: "My lord has granted my every desire. For me he has borne every affliction and has himself experienced every kind of trouble. Now, sire, give me your royal permission to go and serve at Avadh till the appointed time.

*Dohá 301.*

But, O merciful and compassionate king of Kosala, teach me some way by which your servant may see your feet again when the time is over.

*Chaupái.*

Your citizens, your kinsmen, and all your subjects, sire, are true and leal, and bound to you by ties of affection. The sorrows of this miserable life, borne by your command, are a delight; without my lord, highest heaven is a worthless gain. The all wise master knows the fancies, the desires, the habit of mind of all his servants: the protector, of

suppliants will be our protector, and both in this world and the next will secure our deliverance. I have thus the most perfect confidence; not a particle of anxiety disturbs my calculations. My own distress and my lord's forbearance have combined to make me thus presumptuous. Pardon, my lord, this my great offence, and shrink not from instructing your servant what to do." All who heard Bharat's prayer applauded it; like a swan it had separated the milk of truth from the water of error.

*Dohà 302.*

The all-wise Râma, the brother of the meek, on hearing his brother's meek and guileless speech, replied in terms appropriate to the place, the circumstances and the time:

*Chaupâi.*

"The *guru* and the king, brother, take thought for you, for me and our people, whether at home or in the forest. So long as Visvamitra, Vasishtha, and Janak direct us, neither you nor I can dream of trouble. For us two brothers, both for me and you, obedience to our father's command is the highest object we can have, our greatest gain, our glory, our duty and our salvation. A king's good is a good thing both in the Vedas and in the estimation of the world. Whoever observes the injunctions of *guru* or father and mother, or master treads an easy path and never stumbles. Remember this, and putting aside all regrets, go and reign at Avadh for the appointed time. The burden of the realm, the treasury, the people and the family will weigh no heavier than the dust of the *guru's* feet. Observe the instructions of the saint your mother and the Minister, and protect your country, your subjects and your capital."

*Dohâ 303.*

A chief should be like the mouth, which alone (says Tulsî) does all the eating and drinking, and yet supports and nourishes to a nicety each separate member of the body.

*Chaupái.*

A king's duty includes everything, in the same way as every latent desire exists potentially in the mind. In various ways he consoled his brother; but without some memento his mind would not be satisfied nor at rest. The *guru*, the minister and the whole assembly were like-minded with Bharat; and Ráma overpowered with modesty and affection, took compassion upon him and gave him his sandals, which Bharat reverently received and placed upon his head. Not these the mere foot-gear of the All-merciful, but rather twin guardians of his people's life; a casket to contain the jewel of Bharat's love; the two letters<sup>1</sup> of the alphabet for which the soul struggles; the folding-doors that guard the house; the hands for holy work; the pure eyes of service and righteousness. Bharat was as glad to receive this memento as if Ráma and Síta had themselves stayed.

*Dohá 304.*

As he bowed and begged permission to depart, Ráma took and clasped him to his bosom. Wicked Indra finding a sad opportunity made the people weary.

*Chaupái.*

But his villainy was a good thing for all; the hope that the time of exile would soon be over was the life of their life. Otherwise the separation from Lakshman, Síta and Ráma would have been such a blow that all would have died of it. The mercy of Ráma solved this difficulty, and the hostile gods became serviceable allies. Ráma closed his arms around Bharat with a burst of affection that cannot be described. Body, soul and speech overflowed with love; the firmest of the firm lost all firmness, and his lotus eyes streamed with tears. The assembled gods were grieved to see his condition; the saints and *gurus* who were as firm as Janak, the gold of whose soul had been tested by the fire of wisdom, and whom the Creator had created as unimpressionable by the world as the leaves of the lotus by the water;

<sup>1</sup> The two letters are the consonants in the name Ráma: for a panegyric on which see Dohá 24, Book I, page 18.

*Dohá 305.*

even they, seeing the unparalleled and boundless affection of Ráma and Bharat, were overwhelmed in body, soul and speech, lost all reason and restraint.

*Chaupái.*

If Janak and Vasishtha were dumbfounded, the emotion of ordinary persons is not worth speaking about. People would think any poet harsh when they heard him describe the parting of Ráma and Bharat; Eloquence herself, remembering the unspeakable pathos of the scene, would be struck dumb with confusion. Raghubar first embraced and consoled Bharat and then rejoiced to take Satrughna to his arms. Knowing Bharat's wishes, his servants and ministers began each to set about his own work. In both camps there was sore distress at the news, as they commenced their preparations for the march. The two brothers, after reverencing their lord's lotus feet and submissively receiving his commands, set out on the way, bowing to the saints, the hermits and forest gods and again and again showing them respect.

*Dohá 306.*

Lakshman, too, they embraced, and making obeisance, placed on their head the dust of Síta's feet, and received her affectionate blessing, the source of happiness.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma and his brother bowed the head to the king with many expressions of modesty and praise: "In your kindness, sire, you have suffered great inconvenience, you and your retinue, by coming to the forest; now grant me your blessing and return to the city." The monarch mastered his emotion and went. After reverencing the saints, Bráhmans and nobles, and taking leave of them as though they were the equals of Hari and Hara, the two brothers approached their mother-in-law, and came back after kissing her feet and obtaining her blessing. Then they took leave of Visvamitra, Vámadava and Jábáli; <sup>1</sup> the people of the court, the citizens, the good

<sup>1</sup> In the Sanskrit Rámáyana Jábáli is represented as being, or profess-

ministers and all ; with courteous speech and address, as was most befitting. The Ocean of compassion respectfully dismissed them all, men and women, high, middle-class and low.

*Dohá 307.*

With sincere affection the Lord kissed the feet of Bharat's mother and embraced her, and escorting her to the *palki* that he had in readiness, effaced all her alarm and distress,

*Chaupái.*

After saluting her father and mother and the court, Síta came back purified by the love of her beloved. Reverently she embraced all her mothers-in-law, with an affection which the poet's soul shrinks from describing. Harkening to their instruction and receiving the blessing she desired of them, Síta stood burdened with conflicting love. Having sent for elegant *palkis*, Ráma with words of consolation escorted each of his mothers to their carriage. Again and again both brothers embraced them and led each by the hand with equal affection. When the horses, elephants and different vehicles were ready, the king and Bharat started the host. Their hearts full of Ráma, Síta and Lakshman, all the people went disconsolate ; even the bullocks, horses, elephants and cattle were out of heart and went only by force and against their will.

*Dohá 308.*

The Lord with Síta and Lakshman kissed the feet of the *guru* and the *guru's* wife, and turned and came back to their leafy hut with mingled pleasure and amazement.

*Chaupái.*

The Nishád was dismissed with honour and departed ; sorely grieved at heart to leave. The Kols, Kiráts and Bhíls, the people of the woods, turned again and again, after they had been dismissed, to make yet one more obeisance. The lord with Síta and Lakshman sat under the shade of the fig-tree and sorrowed for the loss of their dear friends. Ráma,

ing to be, an atheist. In this character he alone openly advised Ráma to return to Ayodhyá as king; for as there was no life after death, the wisest plan was to get as much enjoyment as possible out of the present life while it lasted.

overpowered with affection, discoursed to his spouse and brother in eloquent terms on Bharat's love and generosity, and with his own blessed mouth declared that faith and devotion were in his every thought, word and deed. At that time the birds, deer and fish, every creature at Chitra-kút, whether animate or inanimate, were all woe-begone. The gods, seeing Raghubar's state, rained down flowers and told him of what was doing in their several spheres. The lord bowed and reassured them ; they went away glad, without a particle of anxiety in their mind.

*Dohá 309.*

With Síta and his brother the Lord shone forth in the leafy hut as resplendent as Faith, wisdom and Ascetism incarnate.

*Chaupái.*

Vasishtha, the Bráhmans and Visvamitra, Bharat and the king were all in evil case at leaving Ráma and paced the road in silence, counting up in their mind all Ráma's virtues. After crossing the Jamunà they passed that whole day without food. The next day they crossed the Ganges, where Ráma's friend made every arrangement for them. Then they crossed the Sai, bathed in the Gomati, and on the fourth day reached Ayodhyá. Janak stayed four days in the city, settled the entire administration of the state, committed the government to the Minister, the *guru* and Bharat, and then with all his retinue set out for Tirhút. All the people, in compliance with the *guru's* directions, settled down quietly in Ráma's capital,

*Dohá 310.*

fasting and praying to see him once again, discarding all personal adornments, pleasure and enjoyment, and living only in the hope of his return.

*Chaupái*

Bharat exhorted his ministers and trusty servants; and they executed his orders, each in their appointed sphere. Then he spoke and gave instructions to his younger brother,

and entrusted to him the care of the dowager queens. He also with folded hands spoke to the Bráhmans, bowing low and using humble supplication: "Give your orders and hesitate not, to high or to low, in great matters or in small." Next he summoned the people of the palace, of the city, and all his subjects, and set their minds at rest and appointed them places to live in. After this he, with his brother, went to the *guru's* house, and after prostrating himself and joining his hands in prayer said thus: "With your permission I will now live a life of penance." The saint thrilled with rapturous affection and replied: "Whatever you think, or say, or do, is always best."

*Dohá 311.*

On receiving his command and his blessing, he sent for a great astrologer and fixed the day, and then devoutly placed upon the throne his lord's sandals.

*Chaupái.*

After bowing his head at the feet of Ráma's mother and the *guru*, and receiving the commands of his lord's sandals, the champion of righteousness made for himself a hut of leaves at Nandigráma,<sup>1</sup> and there abode, with his hair gathered up into a knot on his head, attired in hermit's dress, and his couch of grass spread in a cave in the earth, lovingly practising the austerities of religious life in food, dress, posture, fasting and prayer; discarding in thought, word and deed, as of no more value than a broken blade of grass, all clothes and adornments and every luxury and enjoyment. The city of heaven envied the capital of Avadh, and the god of riches was confounded at the sight of Dasarath's wealth; yet in that city Bharat dwelt as indifferent as a bee in a garden of *champa* trees.<sup>2</sup> A man so highly blest as to be enamoured of Ráma spurns like vomit all Lakshmi's delights.

<sup>1</sup> Nandigráma, now contracted to Nandgánw, is a few miles from Ayodhyá.

<sup>2</sup> Though the *champa* bears a very sweet-scented flower, it is said that no bee ever sucks it.

*Dohá 312.*

This is no such great achievement for Bharat, the very shrine of the love of Ráma; even the *chátak* and the swan are models in their way, the one of marvellous constancy, the other of discrimination.

*Chaupái.*

Day by day his body grew thinner, but his lustre and vigour were not diminished, and the beauty of his face remained the same. Nourished by an ever-increasing devotion, his virtue waxed stronger and his soul was unclouded : as the waters decrease in the brightness of the autumn, but the reeds spring up and the lotuses blossom. His tranquillity, self-control, piety, fasting and prayer were like stars in the pure heaven of Bharat's soul : his faith like the pole-star, the return from exile as the full moon, his constant remembrance of the Lord as the glistening milky-way, his devotion a fixed and unsullied moon shining ever clear amidst a galaxy of stars. All the greatest of poets would fail to describe Bharat's composure, wisdom and magnanimity, his faith, his impassibility, and the perfect splendour of his virtues ; not even Seshnág, Ganes and Sarasvati could attain to them.

*Dohá 313.*

Paying daily homage to his lord's sandals, his affection was greater than his heart could contain: he constantly referred to them in the disposal of all matters of state,

*Chaupái.*

his body quivering with emotion, Síta and Ráma in his heart, their names upon his tongue, and with tears in his eyes. Ráma, Lakshman and Síta dwelt in the forest, but Bharat dwelling in the palace endured the bodily penance. Every one after considering both sides said that Bharat was in every way praiseworthy. The religious were abashed who heard of his fasting and penance; the king of saints, who saw his condition, was put to shame. Bharat's mode of life was utterly holy, sweet and charming, and the cause of every blessing; it removes the grievous distress of this sinful age : is

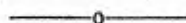
the sun to disperse the darkness of the great delusion; the lion to quell the elephant host of sin: the pacifier of every kind of affliction; the joy of the faithful: the liberator from the burden of existence the essence of the ambrosia of Ráma's love.

*Chhand 13.*

If Bharat had never been born, full of the ambrosia of devotion to Ráma and Síta who would have practised such self-restraint and penance, such composure, patience and rigorous fasting, transcending every imagination of the saints? Who in legendary disguise would have removed our burning sorrows and poverty, our arrogance and sin? What poor wretch like Tulsi now in this iron age would have ventured to set Ráma before you?

*Sorathá 12.*

All, says Tulsi, who make a vow and listen with reverence to Bharat's acts shall assuredly acquire a great devotion to the feet of Síta and Ráma and a distaste for the pleasures of life.



[Thus endeth the book entitled AYODHYA, composed by Tulsi-Dás for the bestowal of pure wisdom and continence being the second descent 'into the holy lake of Ráma's deeds,' that cleanses from every defilement of the world.]

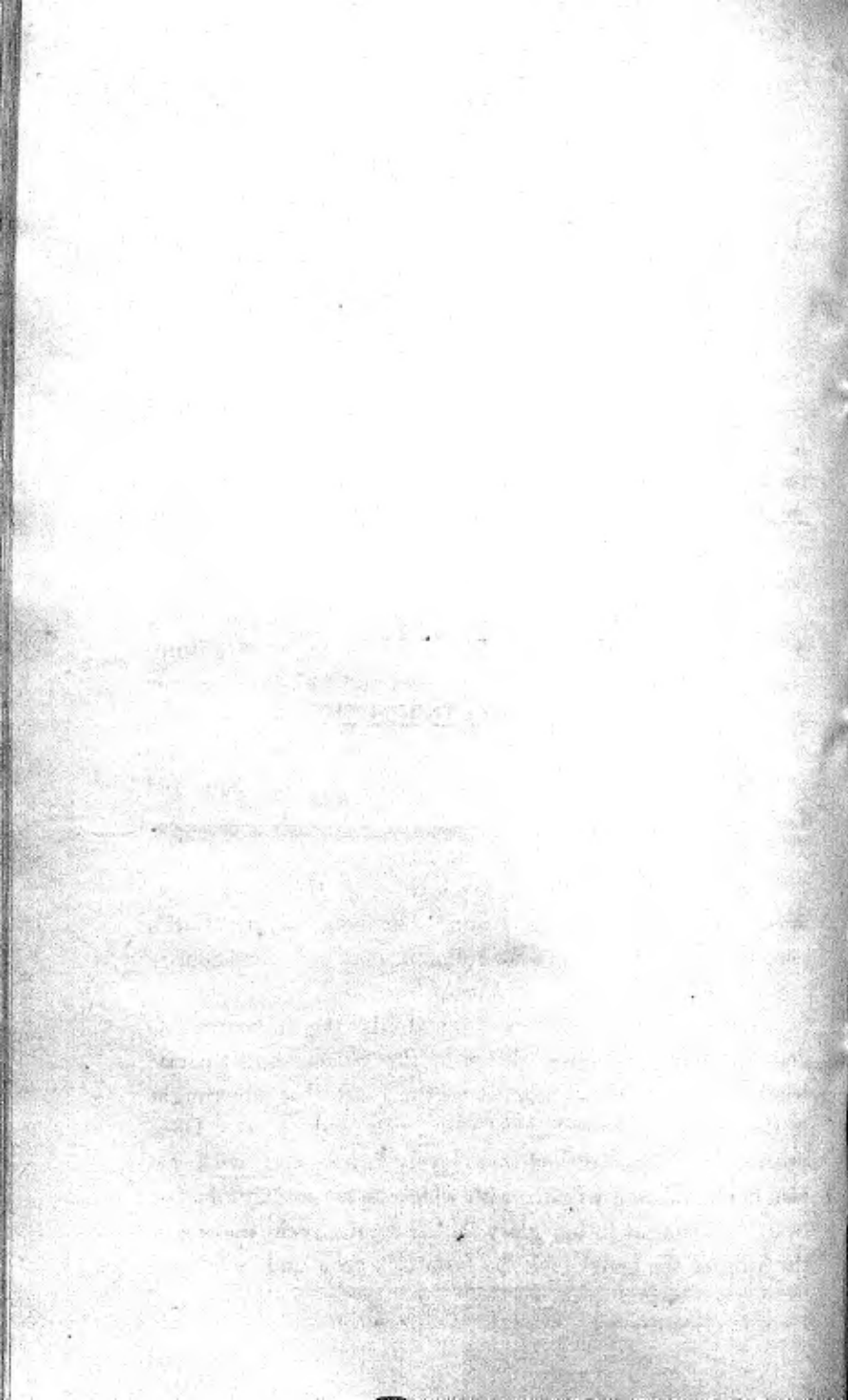


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**BOOK III.**

THE FOREST.

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# THE RĀMAYANA OF TULSI DĀS.

## BOOK III. **THE FOREST.**

*Sanskrit Invocation.*

I REVERENCE the Bráhmānic race; the very root of the tree of piety; the full moon of the sea of intelligence; the joy-giver; the sun of the lotus of asceticism; the destroyer of sin; the dispeller of darkness; the healer of distress; the most auspicious conjunction in the high heaven of wisdom, which scatters the thick clouds of delusion; the sin cleansing; the beloved of king Rāma.

I worship him, whose body resembles a cloud teeming with abundant delights; the yellow-apparelled; the beautiful; the hero with bow and arrows in hand and well-fitted quiver gleaming by his side; with the large lotus eyes; the long tresses of whose hair are bound into a knot on his head, all glorious to behold; the way-farer accompanied by Síta and Lakshman, the charmer of charmers.

*Sorathá 1.*

O Umá, the saints, who are learned in Rāma's mysterious qualities, enjoy peace of mind; but fools, we are Hari's enemies and have no love for religion, reap only delusion.

*Chaupái.*

I have sung to the best of my ability the incomparable and charming affection shown by the citizens and Bharat: hearken now to the all-holy acts of the Lord, that he wrought in the forest, to the delight of gods, men and saints. Once upon a time Rāma picked some lovely flowers and with his own hands made a wreath, with which he reverently decked Síta. As she sat in her glory on the crystal rock, the son of the king of the gods<sup>1</sup> took the form of a crow and wickedly

<sup>1</sup> Jayanta, the son of Indra.

thought to make trial of Ráma's might, like an ant so imbecile of mind as to attempt to sound the depths of ocean. With its beak it bit Síta in the foot and flew away, the foolish crow, in its utter stupidity. The blood flowed; Raghunáyak saw it and made ready his bow and arrow, fashioned merely of reeds.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 1.*

The All-merciful Ráma, ever full of compassion for the poor, even he it was upon whom the wicked wretch came and played this trick.

*Chaupái.*

The divine arrow, winged with a charm, sped forth; the crow in terror took to flight and assuming his proper form went to his father, who would not shelter him, as he was Ráma's enemy. He was in despair, and as panicstricken in soul as was the Rishi Durvásas by the terror of Vishnu's discus. Weary and worn with fear and remorse, he traversed the realm of Bráhma, the city of Siva and every other sphere; but no one even asked him to sit down: who can befriend an enemy of Ráma's? Hearken Garur: his own mother becomes his death; his father is changed as it were into the king of the infernal regions;<sup>2</sup> ambrosia turns to poison; a friend does him all the harm of a hundred enemies; the Ganges is converted into the Vaitarani,<sup>3</sup> and all the world burns hotter than fire—mark me, brother—when a man opposes Ráma. When Nárad saw Jayanta's distress, being tenderhearted and good, he took pity on him and sent him straight to Ráma. There he cried 'Save me, O thou that art the suppliant's friend!' In terror and confusion he went and clasped his feet, crying "Quarter, quarter, O merciful Raghurái! Thy might is immeasurable, and immeasurable thy majesty; in ignorance

1 In the Sanskrit Rámáyana this incident of the crow forms the subject of the 105th canto of the Ayodhyá Kánd, Gorresio's edition.

2 *Samana*, the destroyer, here denotes Yama, the Indian Pluto.

3 The Vaitarani is the Hindu Styx, or river of hell, which the dead have to cross before entering the infernal regions. It is represented as an impetuous and filthy torrent, full of blood, hair and bones and every kind of impurity.

of mind, I knew thee not. I have reaped the fruit of my own actions ; now my Lord, succour me, for to thee I have come for refuge." When the Merciful heard this most piteous appeal, he dismissed him, Bhaváni, with the loss of one eye.

*Sorathá 2.*

Although in his infatuation he had committed such an offence that death was his due, the Lord had compassion upon him and set him free ; who is so merciful as Raghubír ?

*Chaupái.*

Ráma stayed on at Chitra-kút and performed many acts that were like the scriptures or ambrosia for excellence. At last, he thought to himself—"There will be a crowd here, now that every one knows of me." So the two brothers with Síta took leave of all the saints and went on their way. When the Lord drew near to Atri's hermitage, the holy man was rejoiced at the news, and quivering in every limb he sprang up and ran to meet him. On seeing him, Ráma advanced hurriedly and was falling to the ground before him, but the saint took him to his bosom. Both wept tears of affection. At the sight of Ráma's beauty, his eyes were gladdened and he reverently conducted him to his cell, where doing him every honour he addressed him in gracious terms and offered him roots and fruits such as his soul relished.

*Sorathá 3.*

As the Lord took his seat, the great saint supremely wise, gazed with streaming eyes upon his beauty, and joining his hands in supplication he thus hymned his praise:—

*Chhand 1.*

"I reverence thee, the lover of the devout; the merciful, the tender-hearted; I worship thy lotus feet, which bestow upon the unsensual thine own abode in heaven. I adore thee, the wonderously dark and beautiful ; the mount Mandar to churn the ocean of existence; with eyes like the full blown lotus; the dispeller of pride and every other vice; the long-armed hero of immeasurable power and glory; the mighty Lord of the three spheres, equipped with quiver and bow and

arrows; the ornament of the Solar race; the breaker of Siva's bow; the delight of the greatest sages and saints; the destroyer of all the enemies of the gods; the adored of Kámadev's foe (*i.e.*, of Siva); the revered of Bráhma and the other divinities; the home of enlightened intelligence; the dispeller of all error; Lakshmi's lord; the mine of felicity; the salvation of the saints. I worship thee with thy spouse and thy brother, thyself the beloved younger brother of Sachi's lord.<sup>1</sup> Men, who unselfishly worship thy holy feet, sink not in the ocean of existence, tost with the billows of controversy. They who in the hope of salvation, with subdued passions, ever delightedly<sup>2</sup> worship thee, having discarded every object of sense, are advanced to thy own sphere in heaven. I worship thee, the one, the mysterious Lord, the unchangeable and omnipresent power, the eternal governor of the world, the one absolute and universal spirit: the joy of all men day after day. I reverently adore thee, the king of incomparable beauty, the lord of the earth-born Síta; be gracious to me and grant me devotion to thy lotus feet." They who reverently repeat this hymn, full of faith in thee, will undoubtedly attain to thy heaven.<sup>3</sup>

### *Dohá 2.*

Again with bowed head and folded hands the saint made supplication and cried, 'Never, O Lord, may my soul abandon thy lotus feet.'

### *Chaupái.*

The amiable and modest Síta clasped Anasúyá<sup>4</sup> by the feet with frequent embraces. The soul of the Rishi's wife was filled with joy; she gave her her blessing and seated her by her side. Then arrayed her in heavenly robes and jewels

1 This epithet is a peculiar one; but it would seem to be intended simply as a periphrasis for Upendra, 'the lesser Indra,' a well-known title of Vishnu, who, in the dwarf incarnation, was born as a son of Kasyapa; Indra, here called 'Sachi's lord,' being accounted the eldest of Kasyapa's sons.

2 *Mudá* is here the instrumental case of *mud*, 'delight.'

3 The whole of this *Chhand* is in loose and occasionally ungrammatical Sanskrit, like the language of the *Gáthas* in Buddhist literature.

4 The interview with Atri and Anasúyá is narrated at the end of the *Ayodhyá Kánd* in one recension of the Sanskrit *Rámáyana*.

which remained ever bright and beautiful. In simple and affectionate phrase the saintly dame spoke and instructed her in matters of wifely duty. "Hearken, royal lady ; mother, father, brethren and friends are all good in a limited degree ; but a husband, Vaidehi, is an unlimited blessing ; and vile is the woman who worships him not. Courage, virtue, a friend and a woman are four things that are tried in time of adversity. Though her lord be old, diseased, impotent and poor, blind, deaf, passionate and utterly vile, yet even so the wife who treats him with disrespect shall suffer many torments in hell. Her one duty, her one fast and penance consist in a devotion of body, word and thought to her husband's feet. There are four kinds of faithful wife in the world, as the Vedas, Purāṇas and saints all say. The best is so firmly settled in mind that she could not even dream of there being any other man living ; the next regards another's husband as her own brother or father, or son ; she who is restrained by thought of duty and consideration for her family is said in the scriptures to be a woman of low character ; but reckon her the very lowest of all, who is restrained only by fear and want of opportunity. She who deceives her husband and carries on an intrigue with another man shall be cast for a hundred ages into the hell called the terrible. Who such a wretch as she, who for a moment's pleasure considers not the torment that shall endure through a hundred million lives ? Without any difficulty a woman attains to salvation, if only without guile she adhere to her duty as a faithful wife ; while she, who lives to despise her spouse, becomes a widow while still a girl.

*Sorathī 4.*

An utterly wicked woman who is faithful to her husband has a happy fate when she dies ; so sing the four Vedas and so too in these days sings Hari's poor friend, Tulsi. Hearken, Sita ; a woman will be kept faithful, if she invoke your name ; for you love Rāma like your own life ; these words that I say are for the good of the world."

*Champi.*

On hearing this Jánaki was overjoyed and reverently bowed her head at her feet. Then the All-merciful said to the saint, "With your permission I would go to some other wood. Continue to be ever gracious to me and knowing me to be your servant, cease not your kindness." On hearing this speech of the Lord, the champion of righteousness, the wise saint affectionately replied: "O Ráma, you are he whose favour is desired by Bráhma, Siva, Sanat-kumára, and the other gods and by all the preachers of salvation; the passionless, the kindly, the friend of the helpless, who thus modestly be speak me. Now I understand the cleverness of Lakshmi, who has left every other god and worships you alone. Of a truth there is none your equal; how then could your goodness be other than it is? How can I, my lord, tell you what wood to visit? Say, master, for you read the heart." Having thus spoken, the saint strong-minded as he was, trembled in every limb and his eyes streamed with tears as he gazed upon the Lord.

*Chhand 2.*

Trembling exceedingly in every limb he fixed his loving eyes upon his lotus face: "It is the reward of prayer and penance that I have beheld the Lord, who transcends the senses and every faculty of thought and reason." By prayer and meditation and religious observances, men attain to the crowning virtue of faith; therefore day and night Tulsi Dás sings the holy acts of Raghubír.

*Dohá 3.*

Ráma's praises remove the pollution of this wicked age, subdue the soul, are the source of beatitude; and Ráma continues gracious to all who reverently hear them.

*Sorathá 5.*

Grievous is the burden of the sin of the world; nor religion, nor knowledge, nor meditation, nor penance avails against it; they are wise who discard trust in all else and worship Ráma only.

*Chaupái.*

The Lord of gods and men and saints, after bowing his head at the lotus feet of the sage, proceeded to the wood. Ráma first and after him his brother, in the garb of hermits all full and complete. Between the two the incarnation of Lakshmi shone forth like Máya between God and the soul. The rivers and thickets and precipitous mountain-passes all recognized their lord and made the way smooth for him. Wherever the divine Raghurái passed, the clouds made a canopy in the heaven. As they went along the road the demon Virádha met them. While he was yet coming Raghubír overthrew him, then at once he assumed a beauteous form; and Ráma seeing him sorrowful dismissed him to his own sphere.<sup>1</sup> Then the All-beautiful with his brother and Jánaki visited the sage Sarabhanga.

*Dohá 4.*

At the sight of Ráma's lotus face the bee-like eyes of the saint reverently drank thereof; blessed indeed was Sarabhanga to have been born.

*Chaupái.*

Said the saint: "Hearken, gracious Raghubír, the swan of Sankara's lake. I had taken my departure to the halls of the Creator,<sup>2</sup> but I heard say that Ráma is coming into the forest. Day and night I have been watching the road; now I have seen my lord and my heart is at rest. I am deficient my lord, in all that is good, but you have graciously acknowledged me as your humble servant. Now, sire, I have no request to make; I have accomplished my vow, O ravisher of the soul of the faithful, to wait in expectation of the suppliant's friend till I saw you and then to discard my body. I have practised meditation, sacrifice, prayers, penance and fasting, and have received the gift of faith as a boon of the lord. In this manner with his funeral pile all ready prepared, saint

<sup>1</sup> The encounter with Virádha, which is here so very baldly told, occupies more than a hundred lines in Válmiki's poem.

<sup>2</sup> Válmiki represents Indra as having come with his chariot and horses to carry off the sage to Bráhma's sphere at the very time of Ráma's arrival.

Sarabhaṅga has sat and waited, with a heart freed from every attachment.

*Dohā 5.*

May the Lord, whose body is dark of hue as a sombre raincloud, incarnate in form as the divine Rāma, dwell for ever in my soul together with Sīta and his brother!"

*Chaupāī.*

When he had thus said, the fire of his devotion consumed his body, and by Rāma's favour he ascended to Vaikunth.<sup>1</sup> The saint was not absorbed into the divinity for this reason, that he had already received the mysterious gift of faith.<sup>2</sup> When the assembled Rishis saw the great saint's translation, they were mightily rejoiced at heart and all broke forth into hymns of praise, 'Glory to the champion of the humble, the fountain of mercy.' Then Raghunāth went on further into the forest, and a great company of holy men with him. Seeing a heap of bones, he asked the saints about them and was moved with much compassion. "I know, but why ask, Master? You are all-seeing and know even our thoughts. These are all saints whom the demon hosts have devoured." On hearing this, Raghubīr's eyes filled with tears.

*Dohā 6.*

He raised his arms and vowed to rid the earth of demons; then gladdened the saints by visiting them all in turn at their hermitages.

*Chaupāī.*

Saint Agastya had a learned disciple, by name Sūtīkṣhna devoted to God; in thought, word and deed one of Rāma's faithful servants, who had never even dreamt of any other hope or divinity. When he heard of the Lord's approach, he rushed out hurriedly, full of longing desire: "O God, the

<sup>1</sup> According to Vālmīki it was not Vaikunth, but Brāhma's sphere, to which he was translated. III. 2. 36.

<sup>2</sup> The reward of faith (*bhakti*) is the admission to the actual presence of the divinity in the sphere where he specially reigns. Absorption into the divinity implies the extinction of individual existence and individual consciousness, and therefore, though the *saṁsāra* *bandham* of many Hindu sects, it is not so of those who cherish a personal love for any particular incarnation, a love which can only be satisfied by a consciousness of the presence of the beloved.

compassionate Raghurái will be gracious to even a wretch like me. The holy Ráma and his brother will receive me as their own servant. I have no assured confidence of heart, no faith, nor command over self, nor wisdom of intellect ; no communion with saints, no practice in meditation, prayer, or vigil, and no steadfast devotion to his lotus feet; only the promise of the All-merciful: 'He is my friend who goeth to none other.' To-day my eyes will be blest with the sight of the lotus-faced, the deliverer from the bondage of existence." The saint, philosopher as he was, was so utterly overwhelmed with love that his state, Bhaváni, was beyond all discription. He could not see his way either in this direction or in that, nor remember who he was, or where he was going ; at one time he would turn and go back, at another would dance and sing songs of praise. The saint's love and faith waxed yet more vehement as the Lord watched him sterlthily from behind a tree. Then Raghubír, who removes all the troubles of the world, after witnessing his exceeding devotion, manifested himself in his soul. The saint was struck motionless in the middle of the road, and his body bristled like the jack-fruit with every hair on end. Then Raghunáth drew near, rejoicing to witness the emotion of his servant, and tried many ways to rouse him ; but he neither awoke nor derived any happiness from the vision; till Ráma doffed his kingly guise and mentally revealed himself as the four-armed god. The saint thereupon started up in alarm, like a poor snake that has been robbed of its jewel; but seeing before him the dark-hued Ráma with Síta and his younger brother, the abode of delight, he fell like a log at his feet, drowned in love and supremely happy. With his strong arms he took and lifted him and clasped him to his bosom with the utmost affection. As he embraced the saint, the All-merciful showed forth like a *tamála* tree clasped by a tree of gold: and the saint as he gazed on Ráma's face stood so still that you would take him for a figure painted in a picture.

*Dohá 7.*

At last the saint growing bolder at heart, after again and again clasping his feet, conducted the Lord to his hermitage and did everything in his honour.

*Chaupái*

Said the saint : " Harken, Lord, to my supplication ; but how can I hymn thy praise ? Thy greatness is immeasurable and my wit is scant, as ineffectual as a fire-fly in the presence of the sun, I adore without ceasing the divine Raghubír, with body dark of hue as a string of lotuses, with his knotted hair for a crown and an anchorite's dress for his robe, with bow and arrows in hand and quiver by his side. A fire to consume the dense forest of delusion, a sun to animate lotus growth of the saints, a lion against the elephant herd of demons, hawk to scatter the birds of metempsychosis, may he ever protect us with eyes bright as the lotus ; apparelled with glory ; the moon of Sita's partridge-like eyes ; the swan in the lake of Siva's soul ; the broad-chested, strong-armed Ráma, him I adore. A Garúr to devour the serpents of doubt ; the queller of violence, wrangling and pain ; the conqueror of death ; the delight of the company of heaven : the home of compassion, may he ever protect us. At once bodiless and embodied, like and unlike, endowed with form and formless ; transcending all thought, speech and perception ; pure, all-pervading, faultless, illimitable, Ráma, the loosener of earth's, burdens, him I adore. A forest of trees of Paradise for his faithful people ; the dispeller of passion, avarice, pride and lust ; the All-beautiful ; the bridge to cross the ocean of life, the champion of the Solar race, may he ever protect us. With unlimited might of arm, the home of strength ; the true disperser of the manifold impurities of this iron age ; the shield of righteousness ; the giver of delights, the assemblage of all good qualities ; may he, my Ráma, ever grant us prosperity. Though he be passionless, all-pervading, eternal, and ever dwelleth in the hearts of all ; yet in his character of the wood-roaming conqueror of Khara, with his brother and bride,

may he abide in my thoughts. They who understand, know him to be the Lord, though embodied, the bodiless ruler of the soul, the lotus-eyed sovereign of Kosala ; then make thy abode in my heart, O Rāma. Never be this sentiment forgotten ; I am his servant and Raghupati is my Lord." Rāma was pleased at heart on hearing the saint's speech, and in his delight pressed him again to his bosom : " Know, O Saint, that I am highly gratified : ask any boon and I will grant it you." Said the saint : " I have never begged a boon, nor can I discern between true and false. Whatever seems good to you, O Raghurāi, that bestow upon me, for you are your servant's benefactor." " I give you steadfast faith, self-control, and wisdom, and make you a storehouse of all virtue and knowledge." " I have received, my lord, the boon that you have given, now grant me my own wish.

*Dohá 8.*

O my lord Rāma, with your brother and Jānaki, yourself equipt with bow and arrows, for ever abide like the moon in the heaven of my soul."<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupái.*

'So be it,' said Lakshmi's lord, as he joyously started on his visit to the Rishi Agastya. "It is a long time since I last saw my *guru* and since I came to live in this hermitage ; now, my lord, I will go and see him with you ; I am not putting you under any obligation." The Fountain of mercy saw

1 Tulsi Dās's theory as the principal that should regulate man's prayers to Heaven is enforced by the example of the famous sages and ascetics, whom he so frequently brings before his readers and whose aspirations refer exclusively to spiritual blessings. An exact parallel is afforded by the teaching of the great English moralist of the last century as inculcated in the following lines :—

" Yet when the scene of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervour for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions and a will resigned,  
For love which scarce collective man can fill,  
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,  
For faith, that—panting for a happier seat—  
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat."

Detachment from the world, subjugation of the passions, love for the divinity, patience under suffering, and, to crown all, an unhesitating faith are the highest boons that man can secure ; the last being followed after death by the beatific vision of the godhead, a joy for all eternity, an everlasting harmony, in which God will know Himself, and all will know God.

through the saint's craftiness, and both brothers smiled as they took him with them. Discoursing on the excellence of faith in himself, the king of the gods arrived at the saint's hermitage. Sutrishna at once went to the guru and after prostrating himself thus addressed him: "My lord, the son of the sovereign of Kosala, the refuge of the world, has come to see you, even Ráma, with his brother and Vaidehi, to whom, sir, you make your prayer night and day." As soon as he heard this, Agastya started up and ran, and at the sight of Hari, his eyes filled with tears. The two brothers fell at the saint's holy feet, but he took and clasped them to his bosom with the utmost affection. After courteously enquiring of their welfare, the holy sage conducted them to a seat and then again did all homage to his lord, saying: 'There is no other man so blessed as I am.' So long as the other hermits stayed, their delight was to gaze upon the root of joy.

*Dohá 9.*

As he sat in their midst with their eyes all fastened upon his person, they seemed like a bevy of partridges gazing on the autumnal moon.

*Chaupái.*

Then said Raghubír to the saint: "My lord, nothing is hid from you; you know why I have come, and therefore, sire, there is no need to inform you. Give me now some charm by which I may destroy the persecutors of the saints." The sage smiled when he heard the lord's speech: "You ask me, sire; but what do I know? By virtue of my devotion to you, O destroyer of sin, I understand a little of your greatness. Your delusive power is a vast fig<sup>1</sup> tree, its clustering fruit the countless multitude of worlds, while all things animate and inanimate are like the insects that dwell inside, and think their own particular fig the only one in existence. This fruit is devoured by harsh and inexorable fate, but even he

<sup>1</sup> The word in the text is *áruvri* which represents the Sanskrit *udumbara*, the *ficus glomerata*. It bears large clusters of fruit, and every single fig in every cluster is always full of insects.

trembles in fear of you. You, sire, are the sovereign of all the spheres, and you ask of me, as though you were only a man. O fountain of mercy, I beg this boon; dwell in my heart Lakshmi and your brother, and grant me steadfast faith, pity, fellowship with the saints, and unbroken love for your lotus feet. Though you are supreme spirit, indivisible and eternal, beyond the reach of perception, the adoration of the saints, yet I declare and recognize your incarnation, and again and again adore the embodiment of Brahm and Rati. You always exalt your own servants, and this, Raghurâi, is the reason why you consult me. There is, my lord, a very charming and holy spot called Panchavati. Sanctify the whole Dandaka forest, in which it is, and relieve it of the saint's grievous curse,<sup>1</sup> by taking up your abode there, Râma; and thus show mercy to all the saints." On receiving his permission, Râma set out and quickly arrived at Panchavati

*Dohâ 10.*

After meeting the king of the vultures<sup>2</sup> and warmly renewing old friendship, Râma stayed near the Godâvari, where he made himself a thatched cottage.

*Chaupâi.*

From the time that Râma took up his abode there, the saints lived happily and without fear. The mountains, woods, rivers and lakes were suffused with beauty and day by day grew yet more exceedingly lovely. The many birds and deer were full of joy and the bees added a charm by their sweet buzzing. Not even the serpent-king would be able to describe the forest, in which the glorious Râma had manifested himself. One day, as the Lord was sitting at ease, Lakshman most humbly addressed him thus: "Sovereign of gods, men and saints, and of all animate and inanimate creation, I have

<sup>1</sup> The curse had been pronounced by Bhârgava, whose daughter Abjâ had been violated by Danda, son of Ikshvâku, who was then king of country. His populous realm at once became a wild forest waste, inhabited only by wild beasts and demons.

<sup>2</sup> The interview with the vulture-king Jatâyû, thus briefly despatched in two lines, occupies the whole of the 20th canto in the Sanskrit Aranya-kând. It was on this occasion that he made the promise to protect Sita which subsequently cost him his life.

a question to ask of you as of my own special master. Speak, sire, and answer it for me, for I have left all to serve the dust of your feet. Explain to me knowledge, self-governance, and the delusion of *Máya*; tell me what is that faith to which you extend mercy.

*Dohá 11.*

Instruct me, my lord, in all the difference between God and the soul, that I may be entirely devoted to your feet and free from grief, ignorance and error."

*Chaupái.*

"I will explain the whole matter in brief; hearken, brother, with attention of mind and soul. It is from ego-ism and distinctions between mine and thine, that the illusion is produced which has subjugated all classes of existence. The senses and the objects of the senses, as far as the mind can reach, are all a delusion, brother; understand that. Now learn its divisions: they are two, *viz.*, knowledge and ignorance; the one utterly bad and calamitous, which forces the principle of life down into the pit of transmigration; the other, the power by virtue of which the world is created, being sent by God, and having no strength of itself. Knowledge, in which there is no particle of self-consciousness, sees the supreme spirit equally in all things; and he, brother, is to be reckoned chief of stoics, who abandons fortune, and the three elements of which the universe, is composed as if of no more account than a blade of grass.

*Dohá 12.*

That is to be called soul which, through the power of delusion, does not recognize itself as being really God;<sup>1</sup> God the giver of bondage and of deliverance, the head of all things, the sender forth of delusion, the one goal.

*Chaupái.*

After piety, asceticism; and after ascetic meditation knowledge; and knowledge, as the *Vedas* declare, is the giver

<sup>1</sup> Or it may be thus translated: "That is to be called soul, which doubts regarding itself whether it be a delusive manifestation or really God."

of salvation. But that at which I melt more quickly, brother, is faith, which is the blessing of my votaries; it stands by itself without other support, and is above all knowledge whether spiritual or profane. Faith, brother, is an incomparable source of happiness, and only to be 'acquired by the favour of a saint. But I will explain the means towards it, the easy path by which men may find me. In the first place, an exceeding devotion to Bráhmans and in every action a close adherence to scriptural prescription. Secondly, the fruit of this will be detachment from the world, and then will spring up a delight in my worship. The nine kinds of faith as exercised by the ears, &c., will strengthen; there will be an exceeding love in the soul for my manifestations, a great affection for the lotus feet of the saints, a persistency in prayer—in deed and in heart as well as in tongue—and faithfulness in service done to one's guru, or father and mother, or family, or lords and masters, knowing it to be really done to me. While singing my praises the body quivers, the voice trembles, the eyes flow with tears; and neither lust, pride, nor deceit, finds a place in the soul; I am ever, brother, at the command of such a one as this.

### *Dohá 13.*

I take up my abode for ever in the lotus heart of those who in thought, word and deed make their fervent prayer to my incarnation.

### *Chaupái.*

On hearing the doctrine of faith and devotion<sup>1</sup> thus expounded, Lakshman was greatly rejoiced and bowed his head at his lord's feet. In this manner several days were spent in discourses on asceticism, wisdom, virtue and morality. One

<sup>1</sup> *Yoga*, the word here rendered 'devotion,' is one of the systems of Hindu philosophy. Its chief aim is to teach the means by which the human soul may attain complete union with the Supreme Being. It is defined by Patanjali, the founder of the school, as 'the prevention' of the modifications of thought by the practice of self-mortification and by keeping the mind constantly unaffected by all external influence. The final beatitude, which is held out as the reward of such devotion, consists in the cessation of all idea of self and of any distinction between matter and spirit.

day Rávan's sister, Súrpa-nakhá, foul-hearted and venomous as a serpent, came to Panchavati and was excited by the sight of the two princes. A woman, Garúr, must needs look after a handsome man, whether he be brother, father or son.<sup>1</sup> In her excitement she could not contain herself, like the sun-stone that melts at the sight of the sun. Having assumed a beautiful form, she went to the Lord and with many smiles thus addressed him: "There is not another man like you, nor a woman like me; here is a match that God has taken some pains to make. I have searched the three spheres, but have not found anywhere in the world a man with beauty to equal mine. And for this reason I have till now remained a virgin, but now that I have seen you I am fairly satisfied." The Lord looked at Síta and said in reply: "My younger brother is a bachelor." The demon's sister took the hint and went to Lakshman. He looked to his lord and said in gentle tones: "Hearken, fair lady, I am his servant; it is not right that you should be in subjection to any one. My lord is the mighty king of Kosala, and whatever he does is all done at his own pleasure. A servant who expects to take his ease, a beggar who expects honour, a spendthrift who hopes for wealth, a profligate who hopes for heaven, or an avaricious man who expects renown, these are four dreamers, men who would expect milk from milking the air." Again she turned and came to Ráma, but he sent her back once more to Lakshman. Said Lakshman, "The bridegroom for you must be a man lost to all sense of shame." Then in a fury she went to Ráma, revealing herself in a shape of terror. Raghurái, seeing that Síta was frightened, made a sign to his brother;

*Dohá 14.*

And Lakshman with the greatest ease struck off her nose<sup>2</sup> and ears: her hands he sent to Rávan in defiance.

<sup>1</sup> That is to say apparently, whatever his age may be, whether he be of the same age or old enough to be a father, or young enough to be a son.

<sup>2</sup> The traditionary scene of this event is laid at Násik, which is supposed to derive its name from Náśika, 'a nose.' The suburb on the opposite bank of the river Godávári is still called Panchavati.

*Chaupái.*

Without nose and ears she was as hideous to look upon as a mountain flowing with torrents of red ochre. She went moaning to Khara and Dúshan; "A curse, a curse, I say, on your manhood and strength, brother." They questioned and she told them all. When they heard, the demons gathered an army, and a swarming multitude of fiends rushed forth like so many winged mountains of darkness, on diverse vehicles, of diverse shapes, armed with diverse weapons, terrible and beyond number. At the head went Súrpa-nakhá in hideous guise, without ears and nose. Many fearful omens of ill occurred, but the host heeded them not, being all death-doomed. They shouted, they defied the enemy, they leaped in the air, their captains inspected the ranks and rejoiced exceedingly. Said one, 'Capture the two brothers alive and then take and kill them and carry off the bride.' The vault of heaven was filled with the dust of them. Râma called his brother and said: "Take Jânaki away to some mountain-cave; a terrible array of demons has come; remain on your guard." Obedient to his lord's command he took his bow and arrows in hand and led Síta away. When Râma saw that the hostile force had drawn near, he smiled as he strung his massive bow.

*Chhand 3.*

As he strung his massive bow and bound up his long hair in a knot on his head, he seemed as it were a sapphire rock encircled with flashes of lightning and with two snakes entwining its summit. As the Lord girded up his quiver by his side and clasped the bow in his mighty arm and fitted the arrow to the string, he glared with the glance of a lion on a herd of elephants.

*Sorathí 6.*

The warriors came on with a rush, shouting 'seize him, seize him,' for they saw that he was alone: the demons closed round upon him, but he stood as the rising sun,

*Chaupái.*

and at the sight of his majesty they could not discharge their

arrows; the whole demon host became powerless. Khara and Dúshan summoned their ministers and said: "This ornament of the human race must be some king's son. Nāgas, demons, gods, men and saints of all sorts I have seen, conquered and slain; but in the whole of my life—mark me my brethren all—I have never seen such beauty. Though he has disfigured my sister, so incomparable a hero is not worthy of death. 'At once put away and surrender your bride and return home alive, you and your brother.' Declare to him this that I have said and quickly come back with his answer." The heralds went and told Rāma. He smiled to hear them and said: "I am a warrior by caste and am hunting this wood; wretches like you are the game that I am tracking. I am not dismayed at the sight of the enemy's strength, but am ready to do combat with death himself. Though a man, I am the exterminator of the race of demons; and though a mere child I am the protector of the saints and the destroyer of the wicked. If there is no strength in you, turn and go home; I will never turn my back upon the battle. If you have come up to fight, show now your cunning and dexterity; mercy to an enemy is the height of weakness." The heralds immediately went and repeated all this: Khara and Dúshan's heart was on fire when they heard it.

*Chhand 4.*

Their heart was on fire and they cried: "Rush upon him and seize him, ye mighty demon warriors, with your bows and arrows, clubs, pikes, spears, scymetars, maces and axes." The lord gave his bow one twang; in a moment, at the awful and terrible sound the demons were deafened and dismayed, they had no sense left in them.

*Dohá 15.*

When they had recovered themselves they made a rush, for they knew the strength of their foe; and shafts and weapons of all kinds began to rain upon Rāma. But Raghubír cleft them in twain, making them of no more account than so

many sesamum seeds, and then drawing the bowstring to his ear he let fly his own arrows.

*Chhand 5—6.*

Then the terrible arrows sped forth, hissing like many serpents. The holy Ráma waxed wrath in battle; his arrows flew of exceeding sharpness. When they saw his shafts so keen, the demon leaders turned to flight; but the three brothers became furious: 'Whoever runs from the field I will slay with my own hand; let him stay then and make up his mind to die.' Weapons of diverse kinds beat upon him from the front, and the Lord perceiving that the foe was exceedingly furious fitted an arrow to his bow. He let fly the huge bolts; the hideous demons were cut to pieces; bodies, heads, arms, hands and feet were scattered about all over the ground. The shrill arrows struck; like mountains the bodies fall. The leaders had their frames cut into a hundred pieces, yet they stood up again by power of magic. Many arms and heads flew through the air and headless trunks ran to and fro. Kites, crows and Jackals made an awful and horrible wrangling.

*Chhand 7.*

Jackals wrangled; ghosts, goblins and demons made cups of the skulls; more warlike devils clashed skulls together for music, and witches danced. Raghubír's mighty arrows smote off the leaders' bodies, arms and heads: they fell on every side, but stood up again to fight with terrible cries of 'strike, strike.' Vultures flew away with men's entrails in their claws, goblins scampered off with hands that they had seized; one might fancy all the children of Battle-town were flying kites. The mighty champions lay dead and vanquished, with mangled bodies. Seeing their army routed, Khara and Dúshan, with Trisira and the other champions, stood at bay, and all at once demons innumerable hurled furiously against Raghubír arrow and spear, club, axe, javelin and dagger. In the twinkling of an eye the Lord had warded off all his enemies' missiles and sent forth his own arrows, slaying all

the demon leaders with ten shafts planted in the breast of each of them. Though they fell to the ground, they rose again in their valour and joined in the fray, and would not die, but made the strangest sight. The gods feared, when they saw the demons fourteen thousand in number, and the king of Avadh alone ; till the Lord perceiving alarm of gods and saints, and having power over all illusion, wrought a prodigy, and while they were yet looking at one another he finished the battle, and the army of the enemy all perished fighting,

*Dohá 16.*

crying ' Râma, Râma,' as their soul left their body; they thus attained beatitude. In a moment the Fountain of mercy slew all his enemies by magic. The gods in their joy rained down flowers, instruments of music sounded in the air, and with cries of ' Glory, glory,' they all departed, each in his own splendid carriage.

*Chaupâi.*

When Raghunâth had vanquished his foes in the battle, gods, men and saints were all relieved from fear. Lakshman then brought back Sîta. As she fell at her lord's feet, he took and rapturously clasped her to his bosom, and she fixed her gaze upon his dark and delicate form, but so vehement was her love that her eyes could never be satisfied. Thus the blessed Râma stayed at Panchavati, delighting gods and saints by the deeds that he did. But Sûrpa-nakhâ, when she saw the death of Khara and Dûshan, went and called Râvan. In tones full of fury she cried: " You have lost all thought of realm and treasure ; you drink and sleep day and night and do not consider that the enemy is at your gate. A kingdom without policy, wealth without religion, good works without consecration to Hari, knowledge without discretion, these all bring no fruit save trouble to the student, the doer, or the possessor. An ascetic is quickly undone by attachment, a king by ill-counsel, wisdom by conceit, modesty by

drinking, friendship by want of consideration, and good sense by pride; so goes the saying.

*Sorathá 7.*

An enemy, sickness, fire, sin, a master and a serpent are never to be accounted trifles." So saying and with much lamentation beside she set to weeping.

*Dohá 17.*

In her distress she threw herself down in the midst of the assembly with many tears and cries, "O Rávan, to think that you should live and see me thus treated!"

*Chaupái.*

When they heard this, the assembly rose in confusion and took her by the hand and lifted her up and consoled her. Said the king of Lanká: "Why do you not tell me what has happened? who has cut off your nose and ears?" "The sons of Dasarath, the lord of Avadh, very lions of men, have come to hunt the forest. I understood what they were about; they would rid the earth of demons. Relying on the might of their arm, O Rávan, the saints roam the woods without any fear. They are children to look at, but in fact resistless as Death himself, the most intrepid of archers, with many strings to their bow.<sup>1</sup> Both brothers are glorious with incomparable might, and have devoted themselves to the extermination of the wicked and the relief of gods and saints. Rama—for such is his name—is the very perfection of beauty, and with him is a young girl, whom the Creator has made the loveliest of the sex: a hundred million Ratis would be no match for her. It is his younger brother who cut off my ears and nose and made a mock of me, when he heard I was your sister. When Khara and Dúshan were told of this, they gave him challenge; but in an instant he slew the whole of their army." When he heard of the defeat of Khara, Dúshan and Trisira, the Ten-headed was on fire all over.

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<sup>1</sup> In the word *guna-nana*, *guna* is intended to be understood in its two senses of, 1st, a virtue, 2ndly a bowstring.

be the death of me, poor wretch: for how can I escape when smitten by Raghupati's shaft?" With these thoughts at heart, he accompanied Rāvan, staunch in his devotion to Rāma's feet and with an exceeding gladness of heart that he would not show: "To-day I shall behold my best beloved,

*Chhand 8.*

My eyes will be rewarded with the sight of my best beloved, and I shall be happy. I shall imprint upon my soul the feet of the All-merciful with Sīta too and his brother, Hari, the ocean of beatitude, whose very wrath confers salvation, who gives himself up entirely to the will of his worshippers, will with his own hands fit an arrow to the string and slay me.

*Dohi 22.*

As he runs after me to seize me with his bow and arrows, I shall ever and again turn and get a sight of my lord: there is none else so blessed as I am."

*Chaupai*

When the Ten-headed drew near to the wood, Mārīcha took the form of a deer, so beautifully spotted as to defy description, with a body of gold, all bespangled with jewels. When Sīta saw the wonderously beautiful creature clothed with loveliness in its every limb, she cried: "O Raghubir, hearken, kind sir, this deer has a most charming skin; I pray you, shoot it, most amiable lord, and bring me the hide." Thereupon Rāma, who understood the meaning of it all, arose with joy to execute the purpose of the gods. Having marked the deer, he girded up his waistbelt, took his bow in his hand and trimmed his shapely arrows. Then the lord cautioned Lakshman: "Many demons, brother, roam the forest; take care of Sīta with all thought and consideration and with force too, if occasion require it." The deer seeing the Lord, took to flight: Rāma pursued with ready bow: even he, to whom the Veda cannot attain, nor Siva is able to contemplate, hastened in pursuit of a mimic deer. Now close at hand, now fleeing at a distance, at one time in sight, at

another hid, alternately showing and concealing itself and practising every kind of wile, in this manner it took the Lord far away. At last Ráma aimed and let fly the fatal shaft; the deer fell to the ground with a terrible cry, first calling aloud to Lakshman, but afterwards mentally invoking Ráma. As life ebbed, he resumed his natural form and devoutly repeated the name of Ráma, who in his wisdom recognizing his inward love, gave him such a place in heaven as saints can scarcely attain to.

*Dohá 23.*

The gods rained down abundant flowers and hymned the Lord's high virtue: "Raghunáth, the suppliant's friend, raises to his own sphere even a demon!"

*Chaupái.*

As soon as he had slain the monster, Raghubír returned; the bow gleaming in his hand and the quiver by his side. When Síta heard the agonizing cry, she called to Lakshman in the greatest alarm: "Go in haste, your brother is in some sad strait." Lakshman answered with a smile. "Hearken, mother; he, by the play of whose eyebrows the world is annihilated, cannot be imagined as having fallen into any difficulty." But when Síta urged him with taunting words, Lakshman's resolution—for such was Hari's will—was shaken; he made over charge of everything to the forest and its gods, and went after the Ráhu of the moon-like Rávan. When the Ten-headed saw the ground vacant he drew near in the guise of an anchorite. He, for fear of whom gods and demons trembled and could neither sleep by night nor eat food by day, even that Rávan came looking this side and that, as furtively as a cur bent on thieving. After he had turned his steps, Garúr, to this vile course, not a particle of his majesty, or intellect, or strength of body was left in him. After repeating a variety of legends and moral sentiments, he had recourse to threats and blandishments. Said Síta, "Hearken, reverend Father; what you say is hateful to me." Then

of mine." When he found the hermitage bereft of Síta, he was as agitated as any common man. "Alas! Jánaki, my precious Síta, so beautiful and amiable, so divinely pious and devoted!" Lakshman did all he could to comfort him. As he went along, he questioned all the trees and flowers by the way: "O ye birds and deer, O ye swarms of bees, have you seen the fawn-eyed Síta? The wagtails, parrots, and pigeons; the deer and fish; swarming bees and clever cuckoos: the jasmine and pomegranate flowers; the lightning, the lotus, the autumn moon; the gliding serpent; the meshes of Varuna, the bow of Kàmadeva; the swan, the elephant and the lion can now hear themselves praised; the cocoanut, the champa, and the plantain can now rejoice, without any doubt or misgiving at heart.<sup>1</sup> Hearken, Jánaki, now that you are away, they are all as glad as if they had gotten a kingdom. How can I endure this cruelty at your hands; why do you not at once disclose yourself, my beloved?" In this manner the lord searched and lamented, like a fond lover distressed by separation. Ráma who has no wish unsatisfied, the perfection of bliss, the uncreated and the everlasting, acted the part of a man. Further on he saw the vulture-king lying, with his thoughts fixed on the prints of Ráma's feet.

*Dohá 26.*

The compassionate Raghubír laid his lotus hands upon his head. At the sight of Ráma's lovely face all his pain was forgotten,

*Chaupáí.*

and the vulture recovered himself and spoke as follows :  
 "Hearken Ráma, remover of life's troubles. My lord, this is Rávan's doing; he is the wretch, who has carried off Janak's daughter. He took her away, sire, to the south, crying as

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<sup>1</sup> The different objects here mentioned from the Hindu poet's stock in trade upon which he invariably draws for comparisons when he wishes to describe the charms of a lovely woman: with clustering hair like swarms of bees, teeth white as buds of jasmine, lips like the pomegranate, eyes bright as flashes of lightning, breasts swelling like cocoanuts, waist like a lion's, a gait like an elephant's &c., &c. Now that Síta is gone, who excelled each of them in the very point on which they most prided themselves, they may again hear themselves quoted as perfect.

piteously as an osprey. I have kept alive, my lord, only to see you; now, O most merciful, I would depart." Said Rāma: "Remain alive, father." He smiled and answered: "He, by the repetition of whose name at the hour of death the vilest sinner, as the scriptures declare, attains salvation, has come in bodily form before my eyes; what need is there, sire, for me to live any longer?" Raghurāi's eyes filled with tears as he replied: "Father, it is your own good deeds that have saved you. There is nothing in the world beyond the reach of those who devote their soul to the good of others. When you pass out of the body, father, ascend to my sphere in heaven. What more can I give you? your every wish is gratified." Dropping the form of a vulture, he appeared in all the beauty of Hari, bedecked with jewels and in gorgeous yellow attire, with dark-hued body and four mighty arms, and with his eyes full of tears he chanted this hymn of praise:

*Chhand 9.*

"Glory to Rāma of incomparable beauty; the bodiless, the embodied; the veritable source of every bodily element; who with mighty arrows has broken the might of the arm of the ten-headed demon; the ornament of the earth. With his body dark as a rain-cloud, with his lotus face and his eyes large as the lotus flower, I unceasingly worship Rāma the merciful, the mighty-armed, the dispeller of all life's terrors; of immeasurable strength; without beginning and unborn; the indivisible; the one; beyond the reach of all the senses; the incarnate Govinda; the annihilator of duality; the profound in wisdom; the supporter of the earth; an everlasting delight to the soul of the saints, who practise the spell of Rāma's name. I unceasingly worship Rāma, the friend of the unsensual, the destroyer of lust and every other wickedness. He, whom the scriptures hymn under the name of the passionless Brahm, the all-pervading, the supreme spirit, the unbegotten; to whom the saints attain after infinite study and contemplation, penance and abstraction; he the all-merciful, the all-radiant, the unapproachable, has now become manifest for the delight of

the world. He who is at once inaccessible and accessible, like and unlike, the essentially pure, the unfailing comforter, whom ascetics behold only when they have laboriously subdued their mind and senses; even Ráma, the spouse of Lakshmi, who is ever at the command of his servants, though the lord of the three spheres, may he abide in my heart, the terminator of transmigration, whose praises make pure."

*Dohá 27.*

After asking the boon of perfect faith, the vulture departed for Hari's sphere. Ráma with his own hands performed his funeral rites with all due ceremony.

*Chaupái.*

The tender-hearted and compassionate Raghunáth, who shows mercy even on the undeserving, bestowed upon a vulture, an unclean flesh-eating bird, such a place in heaven as the greatest ascetics desire. Harken, Uma; the most miserable of men are they who abandon Hari and become attached to objects of sense.

The two brothers in their search for Sita visited and examined many woods, tangled with creepers, dense with trees, and swarming with birds, deer, elephants and lions. As they went on their way they overthrew Kabandha, who declared the whole history of the curse. "Durvásas<sup>1</sup> cursed me, but now that I have seen my lord's feet, my sin has been blotted out." "Harken, Gandharva; those who trouble Bráhmans are displeasing to me.

*Dohá 28.*

They who without guile in thought, word and deed do

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<sup>1</sup> The reference to Durvásas is obscure. According to the legend as told by Válmiki, Kabandha had been a beautiful youth by name Danu, who as a reward for penance obtained from heaven the boon of a long life. On the strength of this promise he ventured to challenge Indra to battle, who launched his thunderbolt against him and drove his head and shoulders down into his body, which was thus made a horrible headless shapeless trunk. To keep him from starving, since he needs must live, his arms were made a league long; and a huge mouth was opened in his belly. In the text as translated by Griffith, there is mention of a sage Sthúla-Síras (Great-head) who had been annoyed by Danu and therefore cursed him; but the passage has rather the air of an interpolation, and does not appear in Gorresio's edition. The meaning of the word *kabandha* is 'a headless trunk.'

service to the gods of earth, subdue unto themselves Bráhma, Siva, myself and every other divinity.

*Chaupái.*

A Bráhma, though he curse, beat and abuse you, is still an object of reverence; so declare the saints. A Bráhma must be honoured, though devoid of every virtue and merit: but a Śūdra never, though distinguished for all virtue and learning." So saying, he instructed him in his doctrine and was pleased to see his devotion to his feet. When the beneficent Ráma had given him beatitude, he passed on to the hermitage of Savari.<sup>1</sup> When she saw that Ráma had come to her abode, she remembered the saint's promise and was glad of heart. With lotus eyes, mighty arms, hair fastened up in a knot on their head, and a garland of wild flowers upon their breast, one dark of hue, the other fair, stood the two brothers. Savari fell and embraced their feet. She was so drowned in love that no speech came to her lips, but again and again she bowed her head at their lotus feet, then reverently brought water and laved their feet and finally conducted them to a seat of honour.

*Dohá 29.*

Then she brought and presented to Ráma the most delicious fruits and herbs and roots, and the lord graciously ate of them, again and again thanking her.

*Chaupái.*

She stood before him with folded hands and as she gazed upon the Lord her love waxed yet more vehement. "How can I hymn thy praises, seeing that I am of meanest descent and of dullest wit: the lowest of the low and a woman to boot; nay among the lowest of woman the one who is of all most ignorant, O sinless god." Said Raghupati: "Hearken, lady, to my words: I recognize no kinsmanship save that of faith; neither lineage, family, religion, rank, wealth, power, con-

<sup>1</sup> *Savara*, in the feminine *savari*, is, strictly speaking, not the distinctive name of any one particular person, but of a whole savage tribe. The word is probably connected with *sara*, 'a corpse.'

nections, virtue, nor ability. A man without faith is of no more account than a cloud without water. I will explain to you the nine kinds of faith; hearken attentively and lay them up in your mind. The first step in faith is communion with the saints; the second a love for the legends relating to me ;

*Dohá 30.*

The third,—an incalculable step—devotion to the lotus feet of the guru; the fourth, singing my praises with a guileless purpose.

*Chaupái. \**

The fifth, as the Vedas have expounded, prayer and the repetition, with an assured confidence, of mystic spells: the sixth, self-governance, kindness, detachment from the world and in every action a loving and persevering piety; the seventh, seeing the whole world full of me, and holding the saints in yet greater account than myself; the eighth, contentment with what one has, without ever a thought of spying out fault in others; the ninth, a guileless simplicity towards all, and a hearty confidence in me without either exultation or dejection. Verily, lady, whoever possesses any one of these, whether he be man or woman, rational or irrational, is my friend; and you have them all in the highest degree. The heavenly prize, which the greatest ascetics scarcely win, is to-day within your easy reach. The result of seeing me is something most marvellous; every creature at once attains its proper consummation. But lady, have you any tidings of Jánaki; tell me, fair dame, all that you know." "Go, Raghubarai, to the lake Pampá; there make friends with Sugriva;<sup>1</sup> he will tell you all. You know it already my god Raghubir, yet have the patience to ask him." After again and again bowing her head at the Lord's feet, she lovingly repeated the whole story.

*Chhand 10.*

After repeating the whole story, as she gazed on Hari's

<sup>1</sup> According to the Sanskrit Rámáyana it was not Savari, but Kaban-dha, who directed Ráma to apply to Sugriva.

face and imprinted his lotus feet on her heart, she left her body in the sacrificial fire and became absorbed in Hari's feet beyond return. O men, abandon all your religious observances, which are unrighteousness, and your many sects, which yield only sorrow, and with all confidence (says Tulsi Dás) lovingly embrace the feet of Râma.

*Dohâ 31.*

He gave salvation to a woman of such low descent and so altogether born in sin as even this Savari was: foolish indeed are they who desire peace of mind after forgetting such a lord.

*Chaupâi.*

When they had left this wood, they went on their way Râma and his brother, two lions among men, of immeasurable strength. The Lord, like a bereaved lover, kept making lamentation and turning his discourse to many topics: "Observe, Lakshman, the beauty of the forest; whose heart is not moved to see it? The birds and deer, all accompanied by their mates, seem to laugh and jeer at me. When the deer see me and would scamper away, the does cry; 'Have no fear, enjoy yourselves, for you are genuine deer, and it is only a golden deer that these people have come to look for.' The female elephants, as they take aside their lords, seem to be giving me this caution; 'The scriptures, however well studied, must be read over and over again; a king, however well served, is never to be depended upon; and a woman like the scriptures and the king, though you cherish her in your bosom, is never thoroughly mastered.' See, brother, how beautiful the spring is; yet to me without my beloved it is frightful.

*Dohâ 32.*

Love, finding me tortured by separation, powerless and absolutely alone, has made a raid upon me with the bees and birds of the forest. His spy has seen me with only my brother, and on his report the amorous god has, as it were, resolutely encamped against me with his army.

*Chaupái.*

The huge trees and tangled creepers are as it were the diverse pavillions that he has spread ; the plantains and state-ly palms his pennons and standards, that none but the stoutest could see without amazement; the many kinds of different flowering shrubs are his warriors, arrayed in all their various kinds of panoply; the magnificent forest-trees, that stand here and there, are the separate encampments of warrior chiefs; the murmuring cuckoos are his infuriated elephants, and the herons his bulls, camels and mules; the peacocks, chakors and parrots are his war horses; the pigeons and swans his Arab steeds ; the partridges and quails his foot soldiers; but there is no describing the whole of Love's host. The mountains and rocks are his chariots, the waterfalls his kettle-drums, the *chítaks* the bards that sing his praises, the garrulous bees are his trumpets and clarions, and the three kinds of wind his scouts. With an army complete in all its four branches, he goes about and exhorts every one. O Lakshman, they who can see Love's battle-array and stand firm, they are men of mark in the world. His greatest strength lies in woman; any one who can escape her is a mighty champion indeed.

*Dohá 33.*

Brother, there are three evils of surpassing strength, love, anger, and greed : in an instant they upset the souls of the wisest philosopher. The weapons of greed are desire and pride; of love, nothing but woman ; while anger's weapon is harsh speech ; so thoughtful sages have declared."

*Chaupái.*

O Umá, Ráma is without attributes, the Lord of all animate and inanimate creation, and knows all secrets ; yet he exhibited all the distress of a lover no less than the detachment and steadfastness of a philosopher. Anger, love, greed, pride, delusion, all are dissipated by the grace of Ráma, and the only man superior to all this jugglery is he to whom the great conjuror has shown favour.<sup>1</sup> I tell you, Umá, what is

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, whom he has taken behind the scenes.

my conclusion ; the worship of Hari is real and all the world is a dream.

The Lord went on from there to the shore of the deep and beautiful lake called Pampá; its water as clear as the soul of the saints; with charming flights of steps on each of its four sides ; where beasts of different kinds came as they listed, to drink of the flood, like crowds of beggars at a good man's gate.

*Dohá 34.*

Under its cover of dense lotus leaves the water was as difficult to distinguish as is the unembodied supreme spirit under the veil of delusive phenomena. The happy fish were all in placid repose at the bottom of the deep pool, like the days of the righteous that are passed in peace.

*Chaupái*

Lotuses of many colours displayed their flowers; there was a buzzing of garrulous bees, both honey-makers and humble-bees; while swans and waterfowl were so noisy you would think they had recognized the Lord and were telling his praises. The geese and cranes and other birds were so numerous that only seeing would be believing, no words could describe them. The delightful voice of so many beautiful birds seemed as an invitation to the wayfarers. The saints had built themselves a house near the lake with magnificent forest-trees all round, the *champa*, the *málsari*, the *kadamb* and *tamála*, the *pátala*, the *kathal*, the *dhák* and the mango.<sup>1</sup> Every tree had put forth its new leaves and flowers and was resonant with swarms of bees. A delightful air, soft, cool and fragrant, was ever in delicious motion, and the cooing of the cuckoos was so pleasant to hear that a saint's meditation would be broken by it.

*Dohá 35.*

The trees laden with fruit bowed low to the ground; like

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<sup>1</sup> The *champa*, or *champaka*, is the *Michelia champaka*, a handsome tree with sweet-scented golden flowers.

a generous soul whom every increase of fortune renders only more humble than before.

*Chaupái.*

When Ráma saw this most beautiful lake, he bathed in it with great delight, and then with his brother sat down in the shade of the magnificent trees. There all the gods and saints came once more to hymn his praises and then returned each to his own home. The All-merciful rested in supreme content and addressed his brother in edifying discourse. When Nárad saw the Lord God thus sorrowing for the loss of his beloved, his soul was much disturbed. "In submission to my curse<sup>1</sup> Ráma endures all this weight of woe. I must go and visit so noble a lord, for I may never have such an opportunity again." Having thus reflected, Nárad with his lute in his hand,<sup>2</sup> approached the spot where the lord was sitting at ease. In dulcet tones he sang his acts, affectionately dwelling upon them in all detail. As he prostrated himself, Ráma took and lifted him up, and again and again clasped him to his bosom and asked him of his welfare and seated him by his side. Then Lakshman reverently laved his feet.

*Dohá 36.*

Perceiving that his lord was well pleased, Nárad made much supplication and clasping his lotus hands addressed him in these words :

The *málsari*, called in the text by another of its Sanskrit names, *vahula*, is the *Mimusops elengi*. Its fragrant star-shaped flowers are much used by Hindus for garlands and supply the native silversmiths with a very favourite pattern.

The *kadamb* is the *Naucllea cadamba*, a large and handsome forest tree, which grows wild in the Mathurá district and figures in many of Krishna's pastoral adventures.

The *tamála* is a tree with dark bark and white blossoms.

The *patála* is the *Bignonia* or *Stereospermum suaveolens*, a large tree common in South India, with dark dull-crimson, exquisitely fragrant flowers.

The *kathal*, called in the text by its Sanskrit name *panasa*, is the *Artocarpus integrifolia*, or jack-tree. The fruit is an important article of food in South India and Ceylon.

The *dhák*, called in the text by its Sanskrit name *palāsa*, is the *Butea frondosa*, a tree with scarlet flowers, which precede the new leaves, and when in full bloom make a striking sight, like a fire on the horizon. Hence the vernacular name, *dhák*, from the Sanskrit *dagha*, 'on fire.'

1 For the explanation of Nárad's curse see Book I *chaupái* 143.

2 Nárad is the reputed inventor of the *vina*, or India lute.

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, most generous Raghu-náyak, beautiful and beneficent, at once unapproachable and easy of approach, grant me, my lord, the one boon that I ask; though you know it without my asking, since you know the secrets of all hearts." "Reverend father, you understand my character; can I ever turn away my face from any one of my worshippers? There is nothing I hold so dear that you, most excellent of saints, may not ask it of me. There is nothing of mine that I would refuse to a believer; never allow yourself to abandon this confidence in me." Then Nárad was glad and said: "This is the boon that I presume to ask. Though my lord has many names, each more glorious than the other, as declared in the scriptures, may the name RAMA, sire, surpass all names, exterminating the whole brood of sin, as when a fowler ensnares an entire flock of birds.

*Dohá 37.*

May your name Ràma be as the moon in the bright night of cloudless faith, and your other names as brilliant stars in the heaven of the believer's soul." Raghunáth, the ocean of mercy, said to the saint, 'so be it.' Then was Nárad's soul rejoiced exceedingly and he bowed his head at his lord's feet.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing Raghunáth so gracious, Nárad spoke again in winning tones: "O Ràma, when you sent forth your delusive power and infatuated me—hearken, O Raghurái—I was anxious to accomplish a marriage, why was it, my lord, that you did not allow me to do so?" "Hearken, O saint, and I will tell you, if you will not be angry: If men will abandon all other hope and worship me only, I always keep watch over them as a mother over her infant child. If an infant child run to lay hold of the fire or a snake, the mother at once rescues it; when her son has grown up, the mother does not show her affection to him in the same way as before. The wise are, as it were, my grown up sons and humble worshippers my infant children. The latter are protected by my

strength, the former by their own, and both have to fight against love and anger. Philosophers know this and worship me, and though they have acquired wisdom, still they do not discard faith.

*Dohá 38.*

Lust, anger, greed and all other violent passions form a rushing torrent of deception; but among them all the most formidable and the most calamitous is that incarnation of vanity, woman.

*Chaupái.*

Hearken, O saint, to the teaching of the Puránas, the Vedas and the saints : Woman is like the season of spring to the forest of infatuation; like the heat of summer to dry up the pools and waterfalls of prayer, penance and devotional exercises; like the rains to rejoice the gnats<sup>1</sup> and frogs of lust, anger and pride; like the autumn to revive the lilylike growth of evil propensities; like the winter to distress and deaden all the lotus beds of piety; and lastly, like the dewy season<sup>2</sup> to foster the *jawisa* weeds of selfishness. Woman, again, is like a dark and murky night, in which owls and deeds of darkness delight, or like a hook to catch the fish of sense and strength and honour and truth ; so say the wise.

*Dohá 39.*

Wanton woman is the root of all evil, a source of torment, a mine of all unhappiness; therefore, O saint, knowing all this, I prevented your marriage."

*Chaupái.*

As the saint listened to Raghubati's delightful discourse, his body quivered with emotion and his eyes filled with tears. "Tell me, is there any other lord, whose wont it is to be so kind and considerate to his servants. All, who will not abandon their errors, nor worship such a lord as this, are indeed dull and witless fools." Nárada the sage reverentially enquired

<sup>1</sup> *Matsara*, translated 'gnats,' also means 'selfishness,' and may be intended in that sense here, as both meanings suit the context equally well.

<sup>2</sup> *Sistra*, 'the dewy season,' consists of the months, Mágh and Phálgun, that come between the winter and the spring.

further : "Hearken Ráma, versed in all wisdom : tell me, my lord Ragbubír, lightener of earth's burdens, what are the marks of a saint ?" "Listen, reverend sir, and I will tell you what are the qualities of the saints, by virtue of which they hold me in their power. They have overcome the six disturbing influences<sup>1</sup> ; are sinless, passionless, and imperturbable ; have no worldly goods, but live a life of chastity and contentedness ; their wisdom is immeasurable ; they are without desires and temperate in enjoyment ; oceans of truth, inspired bards, practised in meditation ; circumspect ; void of pride and arrogance ; persevering and eminently wise in the mystery of salvation :

*Dohá 40.*

Mines of virtue, free from the troubles of the world and with all their doubts solved ; who, rather than abandon my lotus feet, account neither life nor home precious ;

*Chaupái.*

Who are abashed when they hear themselves praised, and exceedingly glad to hear the praises of others ; who are always equable and calm, consistent in virtuous practice ; honest and kindly disposed to all men ; distinguished for prayer, penance, religious observances, temperance, self-denial, and performance of pious vows ; for devotion to their guru, to Gobinda and to Bráhmans ; for faith, forbearance, charitableness and compassion ; for a rapturous love of my feet ; a superiority to all material delusions ; an absolute composure, discrimination, humility and knowledge ; and for doctrine in strict accordance with the Vedas and Puránas ; who never display ostentation, arrogance, or pride, nor ever by any chance set their foot on the way of wickedness ; who are always either hearing or singing my acts and have no selfish object, but are devoted to the good of others ; in short, reverend sir,

<sup>1</sup> According to the Sankhya philosophy there is an original eternal germ, or primal source of all things, except soul, which is called Prakriti. From it are evolved certain *vibhátas*, or productive products, or modifications, which occasion all the diversity of material phenomena, and which may therefore be designated 'disturbing influences.'

the characteristics of the saints are so numerous that not even Sáradá or the scriptures could tell them all.

*Chhand 11.*

Not Sáradá nor Sheshnág could tell them." Hearing this, Nárad clasped his lotus feet, crying, "Thus the friend of the suppliant, the all-merciful, has with his own mouth declared the characteristics of his worshippers." After again and again bowing his head at his feet, Nárad returned to the city of Bráhma. Blessed, says Tulsi Dás, are all they who abandon other hope and attach themselves to Hari.

*Dohá 41.*

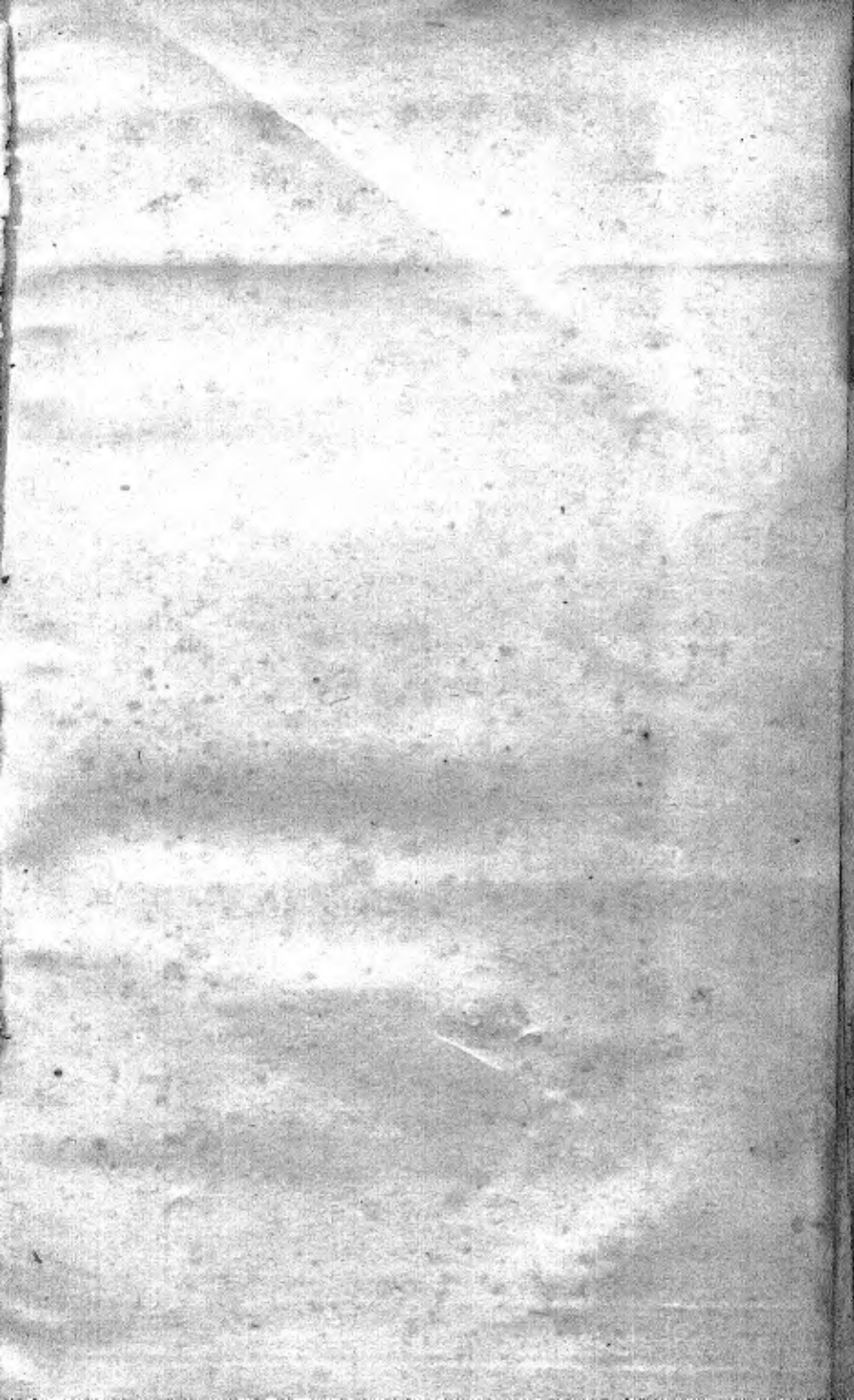
People who hear or recite the sanctifying praises of Rávan's foe, even without asceticism, prayer and meditation, are rewarded with steadfast faith in Ráma. Woman is like the flame of a candle; let not your soul be as the moth, but discard love and intoxication, worship Ráma and hold communion with the saints.

(110) End

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[Thus endeth the book entitled THE FOREST, composed by Tulsi Dás for the bestowal of pure wisdom and continence; being the third descent 'into the holy lake of Ráma's deeds,' that cleanses from every defilement of the world.]

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